00052973

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016

THE

# DRAMATICK WORKS

B 36

OF

# BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. VII.

THE

# DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

# *BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;*

Collated with all the Former Editions,

*AND CORRECTED;*

*With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,*

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

*And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.*

IN TEN VOLUMES.

---

VOLUME THE SEVENTH;

CONTAINING,

*LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE;*
*DOUBLE MARRIAGE;*
*MAID IN THE MILL;*
*KNIGHT OF MALTA;*
*LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.*

52973

---

LONDON,

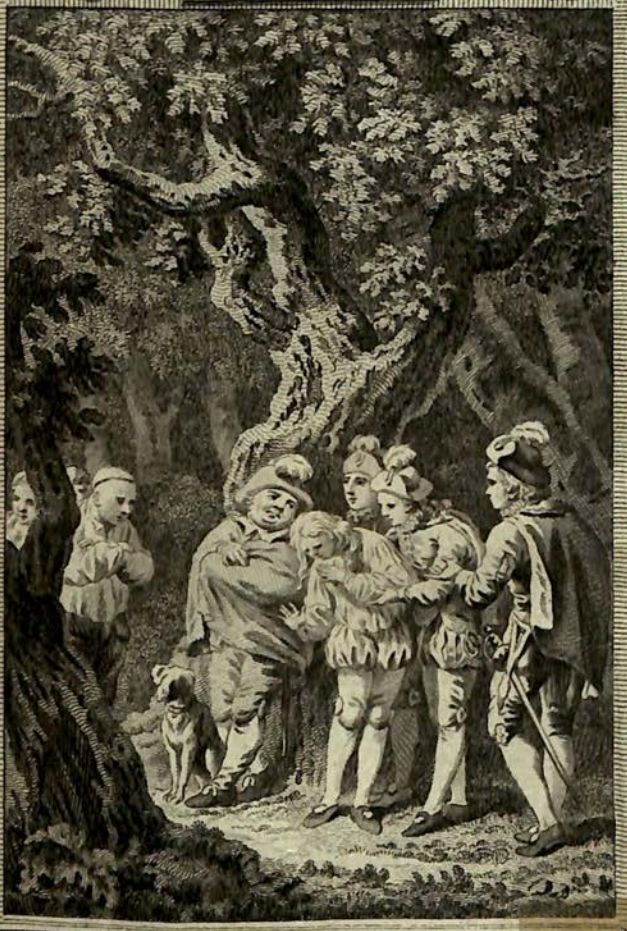
*Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;*
For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;
J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,
Fleet-Street; and W. FOX, Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

00052973

THE
ROYAL
BRANCH
OF THE
STATIC SOCIETY

# LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.



Theod. — Alas, he's cold! — Mine Host,
We must entreat your Cloak.
Host. Can ye entreat it? Act. II.

M.A. Rooker delin. C. Grignion sculp.

Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May. 1777.

# LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## A COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this Play to Fletcher alone; the Prologue to both Writers. It was originally printed in the folio edition; has not been performed for many years paſt; nor do we know of its ever having received any alterations.*

# PROLOGUE.

TO this place, gentlemen, full many a day
We've bid ye welcome, and to many a play:
And thoſe whoſe angry ſouls were not diſeas'd
With law, or lending money, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This night,
No mighty matter, nor no light[1],
We muſt entreat you look for: A good tale,
Told in two hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearſe ye. New
I'm ſure it is, and handſome; but how true
Let them diſpute that writ it. Ten to one
We pleaſe the women, and I'd know that man
Follows not their example! If ye mean
To know the play well, travel with the ſcene,
For't lies upon the road: If we chance tire,
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire;
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but 'hoa,'
And we'll ſtay for ye. When our journey ends,
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

[1] *Nor no light.*] The context, as well as the meaſure, ſeems to require us to read,

*No mighty matter, nor no* very *light,*
*We muſt entreat you look for;*

or ſomething to that purpoſe.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Governor *of Barcelona.*
Leonardo, *a noble Genoeſe.*
Sanchio, *an old lame angry ſoldier.*
Alphonſo, *a cholerick don.*
Philippo, *ſon to Alphonſo; lover of Leocadia.*
Marc-Antonio, *ſon to Leonardo.*
Pedro, *friend to Leonardo.*
Rodorigo, *general of the Spaniſh gallies.*
Incubo, *bailiff of Caſtel-Blanco.*
Diego, *hoſt of Oſſuna.*
Lazaro, *hoſtler to Diego.*
Hoſt *of Barcelona.*
Bailiff *of Barcelona.*
Chirurgeons.
Soldiers.
Townſmen.
*Attendants.*

### WOMEN.

Theodoſia, *daughter to Alphonſo,* } *in love with Marc-*
Leocadia, *daughter to Sanchio,* } *Antonio.*
Eugenia, *wife to the Governor of Barcelona.*
Hoſteſs, *wife to Diego.*
Wife *to the Hoſt of Barcelona.*

SCENE, BARCELONA and the Road.

# LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Incubo and Diego.*

*Incubo.* SIGNOR don Diego, and mine hoſt, ſave thee!

*Diego.* I thank you, maſter Baily.

*Inc.* Oh, the block!

*Diego.* Why, how ſhould I have anſwer'd?

*Inc.* Not with that
Negligent rudeneſs; but, 'I kiſs your hands,
'Signor don Incubo de Hambre;' and then
My titles; 'maſter Baily of Caſtel-Blanco.'
Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an hoſt;
I ſorrow for thee, as my friend and goſſip!—
No ſmoak, nor ſteam out-breathing from the kitchen?
There's little life i' th' hearth then.

*Diego.* Ay; there, there!
That is his friendſhip, hearkening for the ſpit,
And ſorry that he cannot ſmell the pot boil.

*Inc.* Strange
An inn ſhould be ſo curs'd, and not the ſign
Blaſted nor wither'd; very ſtrange! three days now,
And not an egg eat in it, nor an onion.

*Diego.* I think they ha' ſtrew'd th' highways with caltraps, I;
No horſe dares paſs 'em; I did never know,
A week of ſo ſad doings, ſince I firſt
Stood to my ſign-poſt.

*Inc.* Goſſip, I have found
The root of all: Kneel, pray; it is thyſelf
Art cauſe thereof; each perſon is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad: But mend it;
Call for thy cloak and rapier.
*Diego.* How!
*Inc.* Do, call,
And put 'em on in haſte: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Doſt thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuerpo?*
In ſingle body, thus? in hoſe and doublet,
The horſe-boy's garb? baſe blank, and half-blank *cuerpo?*
Did I, or maſter dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in *cuerpo*, think'ſt thou?
In ſquirting hoſe and doublet? Signior, no;
There went more to't: There were cloaks, gowns, caſſocks,
And other *paramentos:* Call, I ſay.
His cloak and rapier here!

*Enter Hoſteſs.*

*Hoſteſs.* What means your worſhip?
*Inc.* Bring forth thy huſband's ſword. So! hang it on.
And now his cloak! here, caſt it up. I mean,
Goſſip, to change your luck, and bring you gueſts.
*Hoſteſs.* Why, is there charm in this?
*Inc.* Expect. Now walk;
But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an hoſt is odious.
You may remember, goſſip, if you pleaſe,
(Your wife being then th' infanta of the gipſies,
And yourſelf governing a great man's mules then)
Me a poor 'ſquire at Madrid, attending
A maſter of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight); and ſuch,
Have I heard him oft ſay, ought ev'ry hoſt
Within the Catholick king's dominions

Be,

Be, in his own houſe.

*Diego.* How?

*Inc.* A maſter of ceremonies;
At leaſt, vice-maſter, and to do nought in *cuerpo*;
That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him:
He would not ſpeak with an ambaſſador's cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,
In *cuerpo*: Had a dog but ſtay'd without,
Or beaſt of quality, as an Engliſh cow,
But to preſent itſelf, he would put on
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agat,
The Milan ſword, the cloak of Genoa, ſet
With Flemiſh buttons; all his given pieces,
To entertain 'em in; and compliment [*Knock within.*
With a tame cony, as with the prince that ſent it.

*Diego.* Liſt! who is there?

*Inc.* A gueſt, an't be thy will!

*Diego.* Look, ſpouſe; cry 'luck,' an we be encounter'd. Ha?

*Hoſteſs.* Luck then, and good; for 'tis a fine brave gueſt,
With a brave horſe.

*Inc.* Why now, believe of *cuerpo*
As you ſhall ſee occaſion. Go, and meet him.

*Enter Theodoſia.*

*Theod.* Look to my horſe, I pray you, well.

*Diego.* He ſhall, Sir.

*Inc.* Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now!
Your horſe ſhall be entreated as becomes
A horſe of faſhion, and his inches.

*Theod.* Oh!

*Inc.* Look to the cavalier! What ails he? Stay!
If it concern his horſe, let it not trouble him;
He ſhall have all reſpect the place can yield him,
Either of barley, or freſh ſtraw.

*Diego.* Good Sir,

Look up.

*Inc.* He ſinks! Somewhat to caſt upon him;
He'll go away in *cuerpo* elſe.

*Diego.* What, wife!
Oh, your hot waters quickly, and ſome cold
To caſt in his ſweet face.

*Hoſteſs.* Alas, fair flower! [*Exit.*

*Inc.* Does any body entertain his horſe?

*Diego.* Yes; Lazaro has him.

*Enter Hoſteſs, with a glaſs of water.*

*Inc.* Go you ſee him in perſon. [*Exit Diego.*

*Hoſteſs.* Sir, taſte a little of this; of mine own water,
I did diſtill't myſelf. Sweet lily, look upon me;
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip;
Faint not upon your ſtalk. 'Tis firm, and freſh.
Stand up: So! bolt upright. You're yet in growing.

*Theod.* Pray you let me have a chamber.

*Hoſteſs.* That you ſhall, Sir.

*Theod.* And where I may be private, I entreat you.

*Hoſteſs.* For that, in troth, Sir, we've no choice:
Our houſe
Is but a vent of need[2], that now and then
Receives a gueſt between the greater towns,
As they come late; only one room——

*Inc.* She means, Sir, it is none
Of thoſe wild ſcatter'd heaps call'd inns, where ſcarce
The hoſt's heard, tho' he wind his horn t' his people;
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, ſervants, all do live within the whiſtle.

*Hoſteſs.* Only one room——

*Inc.* A pretty modeſt quadrangle!
She will deſcribe to you.

*Hoſteſs.* (Wherein ſtand two beds, Sir)
We have; and where, if any gueſt do come,
He muſt of force be lodg'd; that is the truth, Sir.

*Enter Diego.*

*Theod.* But if I pay you for both your beds, methinks,

[2] *Venta.*] An inn. *Hiſpanicè.* *Theobald.*

That

That ſhould alike content you.
*Hoſteſs.* That it ſhall, Sir:
If I be paid, I'm paid.
*Theod.* Why, there's a ducat;
Will that make your content?
*Hoſteſs.* Oh, the ſweet face on you!
A ducat? yes: An there were three beds, Sir,
And twice ſo many rooms, which is one more,
You ſhould be private in them all, in all, Sir:
No one ſhould have a piece of a bed with you;
Not maſter dean of Sevil himſelf, I ſwear,
Tho' he came naked hither, as once he did,
When h'had like t'have been ta'en a-bed with the Moor,
And gelt by'r maſter; you ſhall be as private
As if you lay in's own great houſe that's haunted,
Where nobody comes, they ſay.
*Theod.* I thank you, Hoſteſs.
Pray you, will you ſhew me in?
*Hoſteſs.* Yes, marry will I, Sir;
And pray that not a flea, or a chinch[3] vex you.
[*Exeunt Hoſteſs and Theod.*
*Inc.* You forget ſupper! Goſſip, move for ſupper.
*Diego.* 'Tis ſtrange what love to a beaſt may do! his horſe
Threw him into this fit.
*Inc.* You ſhall excuſe me;
It was his being in *cuerpo* merely caus'd it.
*Diego.* Do you think ſo, Sir?
*Inc.* Moſt unlucky *cuerpo!*
Nought elſe. He looks as he would eat partridge,
This gueſt; ha' you 'em ready in the houſe?
And a fine piece of kid now? and freſh garlick,

*Enter Hoſteſs.*

With a ſardina and Zant oil[4]?—How now?

[3] *Chinch.*] Stevens's Spaniſh Dictionary explains *chinche* in this manner: 'An inſect breeding in wood, and particularly in bedſteads. 'We call them *bugs*, and from the French *punaiſes*, Latin *cimex*, 'thence corruptly *chinche*.' *R.*

[4] *With a ſardina and Zant oil?*] A *ſardina*, or *ſardiny*, is an anchovy. *Sympſon.*

Has

Has he beſpoke? what, will he have a brace,
Or but one partridge? or a ſhort-leg'd hen,
Daintily carbonado'd?

*Hoſteſs.* 'Las, the dead
May be as ready for a ſupper as he.

*Inc.* Ha?

*Hoſteſs.* H' has no mind to eat, more than his ſhadow.

*Inc.* Say you?

*Diego.* How does your worſhip?

*Inc.* I put on
My left-ſhoe firſt to-day, (now I perceive it)
And ſkipt a bead in ſaying them over, elſe
I could not be thus croſs'd! He cannot be
Above ſeventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a ſtomach?

*Hoſteſs.* And in ſuch good cloaths too!

*Diego.* Nay, thoſe do often make the ſtomach worſe, wife;
That is no reaſon.

*Inc.* I could, at his years, goſſips,
(As temperate as you ſee me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half-gooſe, my cony,
And drank my whole twelve marvedis in wine,
As eaſy as I now get down three olives.

*Diego.* And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your worſhip would put to't at ſix and thirty [5],
For a good wager; and the meal in too.

*Inc.* I do not know what mine old mouth can do;
I have not prov'd it lately.

*Diego.* That's the grief, Sir.

*Inc.* But is he, without hope then, gone to-bed?

*Hoſteſs.* I fear ſo, Sir; h' has lock'd the door cloſe to him:
Sure he is very ill.

[5] *Your worſhip would put to't at* ſix and thirty.] Sympſon ſays, 'This is not an age for a man to be called *old* at: *Six and fifty*, I 'imagine, was what our Authors wrote.' We ſee no reaſon for this variation; thirty-ſix is *old* to ſeventeen.

*Inc.*

*Inc.* That is with faſting.
You ſhould ha' told him, goſſip, what you had had,
Given him the inventory of your kitchen;
It is the picklock in an inn, and often
Opens a cloſe-barr'd ſtomach. What may he be, trow?
Has he ſo good a horſe?
*Diego.* Oh, a brave jennet,
As e'er your worſhip ſaw.
*Inc.* And *he* eats?
*Diego.* Strongly.
*Inc.* A mighty ſoleciſm! Heav'n give me patience!
What creatures has he?
*Hoſteſs.* None.
*Inc.* And ſo well cloath'd,
And ſo well mounted?
*Diego.* That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he ſhould be: He is attir'd and hors'd
For the conſtable's ſon of Spain.
*Inc.* My wonder's more
He ſhould want appetite.—Well, a good night
To both my goſſips! I will for this time
Put off the thought of ſupping. In the morning,
Remember him of breakfaſt, pray you.
*Hoſteſs.* I ſhall, Sir.
*Diego.* A hungry time, Sir.
*Inc.* We that live like mice
On others' meat, muſt watch when we can get it. [*Exit.*
*Hoſteſs.* Yes, but I would not tell him, our fair gueſt
Says, tho' he eat no ſupper, he will pay
For one.
*Diego.* Good news! we'll eat it, ſpouſe, t' his health.
'Twas politickly done t'admit no ſharers.

*Enter Philippo.*

*Phil.* Look to the mules there! Where's mine hoſt?
*Diego.* Here, Sir.—
Another fairy?
*Hoſteſs.* Bleſs me!
*Phil.* From what, ſweet Hoſteſs?

Are

Are you afraid o' your gueſts?

*Hoſteſs.* From angels, Sir;
I think there's none but ſuch come here to-night.
My houſe had never ſo good luck before,
For brave fine gueſts: And yet, the ill luck on't is,
I cannot bid you welcome.

*Phil.* No?

*Hoſteſs.* Not lodge you, Sir.

*Phil.* Not, Hoſteſs?

*Hoſteſs.* No, in troth, Sir; I do tell you,
Becauſe you may provide in time; my beds
Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier,
That will and muſt be private.

*Diego.* He has paid, Sir,
For all our chambers.

*Hoſteſs.* Which is one; and beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two. But, Sir,
So ſweet a creature—I am very ſorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look ſo like him!
You're both the loveliеſt pieces——

*Phil.* What train has he?

*Diego.* None but himſelf.

*Phil.* And will no leſs than both beds
Serve him?

*Hoſteſs.* H'has giv'n me a ducat for 'em.

*Phil.* Oh,
You give me reaſon, Hoſteſs. Is he handſome,
And young, d'you ſay?

*Hoſteſs.* Oh, Sir, the delicat'ſt fleſh,
And fineſt cloaths withal, and ſuch a horſe,
With ſuch a ſaddle!

*Phil.* She's in love with all,
The horſe, and him, and ſaddle, and cloaths. Good woman,
Thou juſtifieſt thy ſex, lov'ſt all that's brave.

*Enter Incubo.*

Sure, tho' I lie o'th' ground, I'll ſtay here now,
And have a ſight of him: You'll give me houſe-room, Fire,

Fire, and freſh meat, for money, gentle Hoſteſs,
And make me a pallet?
*Inc.* Sir, ſhe ſhall do reaſon.—
I underſtood you had another gueſt, goſſips:
Pray you let his mule be look'd-to, have good ſtraw,
And ſtore of bran. And, goſſip, do you hear,
Let him not ſtay for ſupper: What good fowl ha' you?
This gentleman would eat a pheaſant.
*Hoſteſs.* 'Las, Sir,
We ha' no ſuch.
*Inc.* I kiſs your hands, fair Sir.—
What ha' you then? ſpeak what you have.—I'm one, Sir,
Here for the Catholic king, an officer
T' enquire what gueſts come to theſe places: You, Sir,
Appear a perſon of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated.—Why ſpeak you not?
What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
*Phil.* This is a moſt ſtrange man,
T' appoint my meat!
*Hoſteſs.* The half of a cold hen, Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i'th' houſe.
*Inc.* Why, all's but cold. Let him ſee't forth; cover,
And give the eye ſome ſatisfaction:
A traveller's ſtomach muſt ſee bread and ſalt;
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—
Cold hen's a pretty meat, Sir.
*Phil.* What you pleaſe.—
I am reſolv'd t' obey.
*Inc.* So is your kid,
With pepper, garlick, and the juice of an orange;
She ſhall with ſallads help it, and clean linen.—
Diſpatch!—What news at court, Sir?
*Phil.* Faith, new tires
Moſt of the ladies have, the men old ſuits;
Only the king's fool has a new coat

To

To ſerve you.

*Inc.* I did gueſs you came from thence, Sir.

*Phil.* But I do know I did not.

*Inc.* I miſtook, Sir.

What hear you of the archdukes?

*Phil.* Troth, your queſtion.

*Enter Hoſteſs and Servants, with a table.*

*Inc.* Of the French buſineſs what?

*Phil.* As much.

*Inc.* No more?

They ſay the French—Oh, that's well; come, I'll help you.

Have you no giblets now? or a broil'd raſher?

Or ſome ſuch preſent diſh t'aſſiſt?

*Hoſteſs.* Not any, Sir.

*Inc.* The more your fault! you ne'er ſhould be without

Such aids: What cottage would ha' lack'd a pheaſant

At ſuch a time as this? Well, bring your hen

And kid forth quickly.

*Phil.* That ſhould be my prayer,

To 'ſcape his inquiſition.

*Inc.* Sir, the French,

They ſay, are divided 'bout their match with us:

What think you of it?

*Phil.* As of nought to me, Sir.

*Inc.* Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love

To aſk after theſe things, to know th' affections

Of ſtates and princes, now and then, for bettering—

*Phil.* Of your own ignorance.

*Inc.* Yes, Sir.

*Phil.* Many do ſo.

*Inc.* I cannot live without it. What d' you hear

Of our Indian fleet? they ſay, they're well return'd.

*Phil.* I had no venture with 'em, Sir; had you?

*Enter Hoſteſs and Servants, with meat.*

*Inc.* Why do you aſk, Sir?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* 'Cauſe it might concern you;
It does not me.
*Inc.* Oh, here's your meat come.
*Phil.* Thanks!
I welcome it at any price.
*Inc.* Some ſtools here!
And bid mine hoſt bring wine.—I'll try your kid,
If he be ſweet: He looks well. Yes; he's good.
I'll carve you, Sir.
*Phil.* You uſe me too, too princely;
Taſte, and carve too!
*Inc.* I love to do theſe offices.
*Phil.* I think you do; for whoſe ſake?
*Inc.* For themſelves, Sir;
The very doing of them is reward.
*Phil.* H'had little faith would not believe you, Sir.
*Inc.* Goſſip, ſome wine!

*Enter Diego, with wine.*

*Diego.* Here 'tis, and right St. Martin.
*Inc.* Meaſure me out a glaſs.
*Phil.* I love the humanity
Us'd in this place.
*Inc.* Sir, I ſalute you here.
*Phil.* I kiſs your hands, Sir.
*Inc.* Good wine! it will beget an appetite;
Fill him, and ſit down, goſſip; entertain
Your noble gueſt here, as becomes your title.
*Diego.* Pleaſe you to like this wine, Sir?
*Phil.* I diſlike
Nothing, mine hoſt, but that I may not ſee
Your conceal'd gueſt. Here's to you!
*Diego.* In good faith, Sir,
I wiſh y' as well as him; 'would you might ſee him!
*Inc.* And wherefore may he not?
*Diego.* H' has lock'd himſelf, Sir,
Up; and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinary rate.
*Phil.* I'll give as much

(If

(If that will do't) for one, as he for both:
What ſay you, mine hoſt? The door once open,
I'll fling myſelf upon the next bed to him,
And there's an end of me till morning; noiſe
I will make none.
*Diego.* I wiſh your worſhip well; but——
*Inc.* His honour is engag'd; and my ſhe-goſſip
Hath paſt her promiſe, hath ſhe not?
*Diego.* Yes, truly.
*Inc.* That toucheth to the credit of the houſe:
Well, I will eat a little, and think. How ſay you, Sir,
Unto this brawn o' th' hen?
*Phil.* I ha' more mind
To get this bed, Sir.
*Inc.* Say you ſo? why then,
Give't me again, and drink to me. Mine hoſt,
Fill him his wine! Thou'rt dull, and doſt not praiſe it.
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.
*Phil.* Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber,
I'll give mine hoſt two ducats for his bed,
And you, Sir, two reals. Here's to you!
*Inc.* Excuſe me;
I am not mercenary. Goſſip, pledge him for me.
I'll think. A little more; but ev'n one bit;
And then—Talk on; you cannot interrupt me.
*Diego.* This piece of wine, Sir, coſt me——
*Inc.* Stay! I've found——
This little morſel, and then.—Here's excellent garlick!
Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or ſome bacon,
To give the mouth a reliſh?
*Diego.* Wife, d' you hear?
*Inc.* It is no matter. Sir, give mine hoſt your ducats.
*Diego.* How, Sir!
*Inc.* Do you receive 'em: I will ſave
The honeſty of your houſe; and yours too, goſſip;
And I will lodge the gentleman. Shew the chamber.
*Diego.* Good Sir, d' you hear?
*Inc.* Shew me the chamber,

*Diego.*

"*Diego.* Pray you, Sir,
Do not diſturb my gueſt [7].
*Inc.* Diſturb? I hope
The Catholick king, Sir, may command a lodging,
Without *diſturbing*, in his vaſſal's houſe,
For any miniſter of his, employ'd
In buſineſs of the ſtate. Where is the door?—
Open the door! Who are you there? Within!
In the king's name!
*Theod.* [*within.*] What would you have?
*Inc.* Your key, Sir,
And your door open: I have here command
To lodge a gentleman, from the juſtice, ſent
Upon the king's affairs.
*Theod.* Kings and neceſſities
Muſt be obey'd: The key's under the door.
*Inc.* How now, Sir? are you fitted? you ſecur'd?
*Phil.* Your two reals are grown a piece of eight.
*Inc.* 'Excuſe me, Sir!
*Phil.* 'Twill buy a hen, and wine,
Sir, for tomorrow. [*Exit.*
*Inc.* I do kiſs your hands, Sir.—
Well, this will bear my charge yet to the gallies,
(Where I am owing a ducat) whither this night,
By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the morning
Early, they put from Port St. Mary's,
*Diego.* Lazaro! [*Exeunt all but Diego.*

*Enter Lazaro.*

How do the horſes?
*Laz.* 'Would you would go and ſee, Sir!
A plague of all jades [8], what a clap h' has given me!

[7] *Gueſts.*] Former editions.

[8] *A plague of all jades*, &c.] The ſcene ow coming on likewiſe occurs in Jonſon's comedy of the New Inn, with ſcarce any variation in the ſentiment, though a good deal in the dialogue. The following is Mr. Whalley's note on this ſubject:

'What follows in thi ſcene, about the tricks of oſtlers, occurs 'likewiſe in the firſt act of Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage; and perhaps there may be ſome difficulty in accounting for this coincidence. 'We

As ſure as you live, maſter, he knew perfectly
I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me,
And then he ſneer'd, as who ſhould ſay, 'Take heed,
ſirrah!'
And when he ſaw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-diſh, Lord, how he ſtampt!
I thought 't had been for joy; when ſuddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels,
And takes me juſt o' th' crupper; down came I,
And all my ounce of oats: Then he neigh'd out,
As tho' h' had had a mare by th' tail.

*Diego.* Faith, Lazaro,
We are to blame, to uſe the poor dumb ſervitors
So cruelly.

*Laz.* Yonder's this other gentleman's horſe,
Keeping Our Lady eve; the devil a bit
H' has got ſince he came in yet; there he ſtands,
And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleaſure, Sir,
He ſhall look lean enough. H' has hay before him,
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as ſoon choak him,
Unleſs he eat it butter'd. He had four ſhoes,
And good ones, when he came; 'tis a ſtrange wonder,
With ſtanding ſtill he ſhould caſt three.

---

'We are told that ſome plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being 'left imperfect, they were fitted for the ſtage by Shirley, who added 'what he thought neceſſary to complete them: And that it is pro-'bable he here borrowed from our Author's New Inn, what paſſes 'between Lazaro and Diego in Love's Pilgrimage: And this he 'thought, perhaps, might be done with ſafety enough, as the New 'Inn met with ill ſucceſs in the repreſentation. Could we certainly 'know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I ſhould 'readily admit the ſolution: But I think it more probable, this ſcene 'was originally given to Fletcher by Jonſon himſelf: Fletcher died 'in 1625, and the New Inn was not brought upon the ſtage till '1629. Our Author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own 'property, when ſo fair an occaſion occurred for employing it him-'ſelf: Otherwiſe, I do not ſee how we can account for part of this 'play's appearing *long before*, in the performance of another author. 'It will not, I believe, be ſaid that Jonſon was the borrower; for 'the whole ſcene is entirely in his manner: And we have an inſtance 'in our Author's Sejanus, how extremely ſcrupulous he was in 'claiming to himſelf what was the production of another perſon.'

*Diego.*

*Diego.* Oh, Lazaro,
The devil's in this trade! Truth never knew it;
And to the devil we ſhall travel, Lazaro,
Unleſs we mend our manners. Once ev'ry week
I meet with ſuch a knock to mollify me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conſcience,
Yet ſtill I ſleep ſecurely.

*Laz.* Certain, maſter,
We muſt uſe better dealing.

*Diego.* 'Faith, for mine own part,
(Not to give ill example to our iſſues)
I could be well content to ſteal but two girths,
And now and then a ſaddle-cloth; change a bridle,
Only for exerciſe.

*Laz.* If we could ſtay there,
There were ſome hope on's, maſter; but the devil is
We're drunk ſo early, we miſtake whole ſaddles,
Sometimes a horſe; and then it ſeems to us too
Ev'ry poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean ſtraw; and every bottle
Shews at the leaſt a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no ſuch matter, not a ſmell of provender,
Not ſo much ſtraw as would tie up a horſe-tail,
Nor any thing i' th' rack, but two old cobwebs,
And ſo much rotten hay as had been a hen's neſt.

*Diego.* Well, theſe miſtakings muſt be mended, Lazaro,
Theſe apparitions, that abuſe our ſenſes,
And make us ever apt to ſweep the manger,
But put in nothing; theſe fancies muſt be forgot,
And we muſt pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whoſe horſe we ought, in conſcience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A parſon's horſe may ſuffer
A little greaſing in his teeth, 'tis wholeſome,
And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle; and his ſaddle
May want a ſtirrup, and it may be ſworn
His learning lay on one ſide, and ſo broke it:
H' has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us[9],

9 *To prevent us.*] Jonſon in his New Inn, reads what may be the right here, *to* affront *us*. The corruption was eaſy. *Sympſon.*

And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tithe him ſoundly.

*Laz.* And a grazier may
(For thoſe are pinching puckfoiſts [10], and ſuſpicious)
Suffer a miſt before his eyes ſometimes too,
And think he ſees his horſe eat half-a-buſhel;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with ſalt,
'Till all the ſkin come off, he ſhall but mumble
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

*Diego.* That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial: But, good Lazaro,
Have you a care of underſtanding horſes,
Horſes with angry heels, gentlemens' horſes,
Horſes that know the world! Let them have meat
'Till their teeth ache, and rubbing 'till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils——

*Laz.* And look into our dealings. As ſure as we live,
Theſe courtiers' horſes are a kind of Welch prophets;
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind ſhall be founder'd,
And of all four too; I'll no more ſuch compliments
Upon my crupper.

*Diego.* Steal but a little longer,
'Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together;
It will not be above two days.

*Laz.* By that time
I ſhall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.

*Diego.* Why then, I'll ſtay for thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Theodoſia and Philippo diſcovered on ſeveral beds.*

*Theod.* Oh—ho! oh—ho!

*Phil.* Ha!

*Theod.* Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart, heart!

*Phil.* What's that?

*Theod.* When wilt thou break, break, break, break?

[10] *Puckfoiſts.*] *Puckball*, or *puckfiſt*, a kind of muſhroom full of duſt. *Johnſon*

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Ha!
I would the voice were ſtronger [11], or I nearer.
*Theod.* Shame, ſhame, eternal ſhame! what have I done——
*Phil.* Done?
*Theod.* And to no end! what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken!
*Phil.* Journey?
*Theod.* How, without counſel, care, reaſon, or fear!
*Phil.* Whither will this fit carry?
*Theod.* Oh, my folly!
*Phil.* This is no common ſickneſs.
*Theod.* How have I left
All I ſhould love, or keep! Oh, Heav'n!
*Phil.* Sir!
*Theod.* Ha!
*Phil.* How do you, gentle Sir?
*Theod.* Alas, my fortune!
*Phil.* It ſeems your ſorrów oppreſſes: Pleaſe your goodneſs,
Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen
Is ſo made lighter.
*Theod.* Oh!
*Phil.* That ſigh betrays
The fullneſs of your grief.
*Theod.* Ay, if that grief
Had not bereft me of my underſtanding,
I ſhould have well remember'd where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.
*Phil.* Worthy Sir,
Let it not add t' your grief, that I have heard
A ſigh or groan come from you; that is all, Sir.
*Theod.* Good Sir, no more! you've heard too much, I fear:
'Would I had taken poppy when I ſpake it!
*Phil.* It ſeems you have an ill belief of me,

[11] *Were* ſtrong.] I imagine we ſhould read here for improving both metre and ſenſe thus, *were* ſtronger, *or I nearer.* *Sympſon.*

And would have fear'd much more, had you ſpoke aught
I could interpret. But, believe it, Sir,
Had I had means to look into your breaſt,
And ta'en you ſleeping here, that ſo ſecurely
I might have read all that your woe would hide,
I would not have betray'd you.

*Theod.* Sir, that ſpeech
Is very noble, and almoſt would tempt
My need to truſt you.

*Phil.* At your own election;
I dare not make my faith ſo much ſuſpected
As to proteſt again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.

*Theod.* Sir, I will truſt you;
But you ſhall promiſe, Sir, to keep your bed,
And, whatſoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beſeech you, from me——

*Phil.* Sir, I will not.

*Theod.* Then I am prone to utter.

*Phil.* My faith for it!

*Theod.* If I were wiſe, I yet ſhould hold my peace.
You will be noble?

*Phil.* You ſhall make me ſo,
If you'll but think me ſuch.

*Theod.* I do. Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd ſo long:
I am a moſt unfortunate loſt woman.

*Phil.* Ha!

*Theod.* Do not ſtir, Sir! I have here a ſword.

*Phil.* Not I, ſweet lady. Of what blood or name?

*Theod.* You'll keep your faith?

*Phil.* I'll periſh elſe.

*Theod.* Believe, then,
Of birth too noble for me, ſo deſcended—
I am aſham'd, no leſs than I'm affrighted.

*Phil.* Fear not: By all good things, I will not wrong you!

*Theod.* I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,
Born

Born in this part of Spain; my father's name, Sir—
But why ſhould I abuſe that reverence,
When a child's duty has forſaken me?
*Phil.* All may be mended, in fit time too: Speak it.
*Theod.* Alphonſo, Sir.
*Phil.* Alphonſo? What's your own name?
*Theod.* Any baſe thing you can invent.
*Phil.* Deal truly.
*Theod.* They call me Theodoſia.
*Phil.* Ha! And Love
Is that hath chang'd you thus [11]?
*Theod.* You have obſerv'd me
Too nearly, Sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, Sir:
And love of him—oh, Heav'ns, why ſhould men deal thus?
Why ſhould they uſe their arts to cozen us
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us;
And ever that too late too; no diſſembling
Or double way; but doting, too much loving?
Why ſhould they find new oaths, to make more wretches?
*Phil.* What may his name be?
*Theod.* Sir, a name that promiſes,
Methinks, no ſuch ill uſage; Marc-Antonio,
A noble neighbour's ſon. Now I muſt deſire you
To ſtay a while; elſe my weak eyes muſt anſwer.
*Phil.* I will.—Are you yet ready? What's his quality?
*Theod.* His beſt, a thief, Sir; that he would be known by
Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman;
Next, of a handſome body, had Heav'n made him
A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,
Drawn to it by as many ſhows of ſervice
And ſigns of truth, as ever falſe tongue utter'd:
Heav'n pardon all!
*Phil.* 'Tis well ſaid! Forward, lady.

[11] *Is that* that *hath chang'd you thus?*
*Theod.* You've *obſerv'd me.*] The lection of the former editions.

*Theod.* Contracted, Sir, and by exchange of rings
Our ſouls deliver'd; nothing left unfiniſh'd
But the laſt work, enjoying me, and ceremony;
For that, I muſt confeſs, was the firſt wiſe doubt
I ever made. Yet, after all this love, Sir,
All this profeſſion of his faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bleſs'd prieſt,
He left me like a dream, as all this ſtory
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;
Yet I have call'd my conſcience to confeſſion,
And every ſyllable that might offend
I've had in ſhrift: Yet neither love's law, ſignor,
Nor tie of maiden's duty, but deſiring,
Have I tranſgreſs'd in. Left his father too;
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any tongue reſolve me. All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would perſuade me
I may be once more happy, and thus ſhapes me
A ſhame to all my modeſt ſex) is this, Sir;
I have a brother, and his old companion,
Student in Salamanca; there my laſt hope,
If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which travel,
In this ſuit left at home of that dear brother's,
Thus as you find me, without fear, or wiſdom,
I've wander'd from my father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of Hope and Danger.
You are now ſilent, Sir; this tedious ſtory
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:
'Tis fit it ſhould do ſo; for that and I
Can be but troubles.

*Phil.* No; I ſleep not, lady:
I would I could! Oh, Heav'n, is this my comfort?

*Theod.* What ail you, gentle Sir?

*Phil.* Oh!

*Theod.* Why d'you groan ſo?

*Phil.* I muſt, I muſt! oh, miſery!

*Theod.* But now, Sir,
You were my comfort: If any thing afflict you,
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me——
But 'tis not in your power.
*Theod.* I fear intemperance.
*Phil.* Nay, do not ſeek to ſhun me! I muſt ſee you,
By Heav'n, I muſt. Hoa there, mine hoſt! a candle!
Strive not; I will not ſtir you.
*Theod.* Noble Sir,
This is a breach of promiſe.
*Phil.* Tender lady,
It ſhall be none but neceſſary. Hoa there!
Some light [12], ſome light!
*Theod.* For Heav'n's ſake! Will you betray me?
Are you a gentleman?
*Phil.* Good woman——
*Theod.* Sir!

*Enter Diego, with a light.*

*Phil.* If I be prejudicial to you, curſe me!
*Diego.* You're early ſtirring, Sir.
*Phil.* Give me your candle;
And ſo, good-morrow for a while.
*Diego.* Good-morrow, Sir. [*Exit.*
*Theod.* My brother don Philippo? Nay, Sir, kill me!
I aſk no mercy, Sir, for none dare know me;
I can deſerve none. As you look upon me,
Behold in infinite theſe foul diſhonours
My noble father, then yourſelf, laſt all
That bear the name of kindred, ſuffer in me!
I have forgot whoſe child I am, whoſe ſiſter;
Do you forget the pity tied to that,
Let not compaſſion ſway you! you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the ſame brand with me,
A favourer of my fault. You have a ſword, Sir,
And ſuch a cauſe to kill me in——
*Phil.* Riſe, ſiſter!
I wear no ſword for women, nor no anger,

[12] *Some light, ſome light*, for Heav'n's ſake.
*Theod. Will you*, &c.] So all the former editions; but it ſeems very unlikely that the words *for Heav'n's ſake* ſhould be ſpoke by *Philippo*; we have given them to *Theodoſia*, to whoſe diſtreſs they are perfectly ſuitable.

While

While your fair chaſtity is yet untouch'd.
*Theod.* By thoſe bright ſtars, it is, Sir.
*Phil.* For my ſiſter
I do believe you; and ſo near blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,
That I will be a brother to your griefs too.
Be comforted: 'Tis no diſhonour, ſiſter,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a gentleman
Of as ſweet hopes as years, as many promiſes
As there be growing truths, and great ones.
*Theod.* Oh, Sir!
*Phil.* Do not deſpair.
*Theod.* Can you forgive?
*Phil.* Yes, ſiſter,
Tho' this be no ſmall error, a far greater.
*Theod.* And think me ſtill your ſiſter?
*Phil.* My dear ſiſter.
*Theod.* And will you counſel me?
*Phil.* To your own peace too:
You ſhall love ſtill.
*Theod.* How good you are!
*Phil.* My buſineſs,
And duty to my father, which now drew me
From Salamanca, I will lay aſide,
And only be your agent [12]. To perſuade you
To leave both love, and him, and well retire you—
*Theod.* Oh, gentle brother!
*Phil.* I perceive 'tis folly:
Delays in love, more dangerous [13]——
*Theod.* Noble brother!
*Phil.* Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you,

[12] *And only be your agent to perſuade ye*
*To leave*, &c.] The punctuation amended by a friend of Mr. Sympſon.

[13] *Delays in love*, more *dangerous*.] More dangerous than what? Here is nothing ſeemingly to which this *more* has any relation: I would therefore propoſe reading thus,
*Delays in love* are *dangerous*. *Sympſon.*
He means MORE *dangerous* than perſuading her to quit her lover. It is plain, by the anſwer and reply, ſhe interrupts him. We have therefore made it a broken ſpeech.

(Love

(Love having rack'd your paſſions beyond counſel)
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither ſhall we venture?
*Theod.* Alas, I know not, Sir.
*Phil.* Come, 'tis bright morning;
Let's walk out, and conſider. You will keep this habit?
*Theod.* I would, Sir.
*Phil.* Then it ſhall be: What muſt I call you?
Come, do not bluſh; pray ſpeak; I may ſpoil all elſe.
*Theod.* Pray call me Theodoro.

*Enter Diego.*

*Diego.* Are you ready?
The day draws on apace. Once more, good-morrow!
*Theod.* Good-morrow, gentle hoſt. Now I muſt thank you.
*Phil.* Who doſt thou think this is?
*Diego.* Were you a wench, Sir,
I think you'd know before me.
*Phil.* Mine own brother.
*Diego.* By th' maſs, your noſes are akin! Should I then
Have been ſo barbarous to have parted brothers?
*Phil.* You knew it then?
*Diego.* I knew 'twas neceſſary
You ſhould be both together: Inſtinct, ſignor,
Is a great matter in an hoſt.
*Theod.* I'm ſatisfied.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Is not mine hoſt up yet?
*Phil.* Who's that?
*Diego.* I'll ſee.
*Phil.* Sifter, withdraw yourſelf.
*Pedro.* Signor Philippo!
*Phil.* Noble don Pedro! where have you been this way?
*Pedro.* I came from Port St. Maries, whence the gallies
Put this laſt tide; and bound for Barcelona, I brought

I brought Marc-Antony upon his way.
*Phil.* Marc-Antony?
*Pedro.* Who is turn'd ſoldier,
And entertain'd in the new regiment
For Naples.
*Phil.* Is it poſſible?
*Pedro.* I aſſure you.
*Phil.* And put they in at Barcelona?
*Pedro.* So
One of the maſters told me.
*Phil.* Which way go you, Sir?
*Pedro.* Home.
*Phil.* And I for Sevil. Pray you, Sir, ſay not
That you ſaw me, if you ſhall meet the queſtion;
I have ſome little buſineſs.
*Pedro.* Were it leſs, Sir,
It ſhall not become me to loſe the caution.
Shall we breakfaſt together?
*Phil.* I'll come to you, Sir. [*Exit Pedro.*
Siſter, you hear this; I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire
Mules of mine hoſt here; if we can, himſelf
To be our guide, and ſtraight to Barcelona.
This was as happy news as unexpected.
Stay you 'till I rid him away.
*Theod.* I will. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Alphonſo and a Servant.*

*Alph.* KNOCK at the door.
*Serv.* 'Tis open, Sir.
*Alph.* That's all one;
Knock when I bid you.
*Serv.* Will not your worſhip enter?
*Alph.* Will not you learn more manners, Sir, and do that

Your

Your maſter bids you? Knock, you knave, or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate——I enter
Under his roof, or come to ſay 'God ſave you'
To him, the ſon of whoſe baſe dealings has undone me [14]?
(Knock louder! louder yet!) I'll ſtarve and rot firſt;
This open air is every man's.

2 *Serv.* [*within.*] Come in, Sir.

*Enter Second Servant.*

*Alph.* No, no, Sir; I'm none of theſe 'Come-in-Sirs,'
None of thoſe viſitants: Bid your wiſe maſter
Come out; I have to talk unto him; go, Sir!

2 *Serv.* Your worſhip may be welcome.

*Alph.* Sir, I will not;
I come not to be welcome. Good my three ducats,
My pickled ſprat a-day, and no oil to't,
And once a-year a cotten coat! leave prating,
And tell your maſter I am here.

2 *Serv.* I will, Sir.—
This is a ſtrange old man. [*Exit.*

*Alph.* I welcome to him?
I'll be firſt welcome to a peſt-houſe. Sirrah,
Let's have your valour now cas'd up, and quiet,
When an occaſion calls; 'tis wiſdom in you,
A ſervingman's diſcretion: If you do draw,

*Enter Leonardo, and Sanchio (carried by two ſervants in a chair).*

Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five nobles' worth of fury.

*Leo.* Signor Alphonſo,
I hope no diſcontent from my will given;

[14] *The ſon of whoſe baſe dealings*—] The oddneſs of the phraſe, *the ſon of baſe dealings*, and the length of the line, make me mightily inclin'd to believe the original might have been expreſſed thus,

*To him*, whoſe ſon's *baſe dealings has undone me*. *Sympſon.*

Although the text is ſomewhat licentious, it is probably genuine, and, we think, preferable to Sympſon's variation.

Ha.

Has made you ſhun my houſe: I ever lov'd you[15];
And credit me, amongſt my fears 'tis greateſt
To miniſter offences.

*Alph.* Oh, good ſignor,
I know you for Italian breed, fair-tongu'd!
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;
As little for your love, Sir: I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and ſleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon you.
I come to aſk my daughter.

*Leo.* Gentle Sir!

*Alph.* I am not gentle, Sir; nor gentle will be,
'Till I have juſtice, my poor child reſtor'd
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with,
Young ſignor Smooth-face; he that takes up wenches
With ſmiles and ſweet behaviours, ſongs, and ſonnets;
Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold:
They ſay you bred him for a ſtallion.

*Sanc.* Fy, ſignor! there be times, and terms of honour
To argue theſe things in, decidements able
To ſpeak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.

*Alph.* I am too tame, Sir.

*Leo.* Will you hear but reaſon?

*Alph.* No, I will hear no reaſon: I come not hither
To be popt off with reaſon; reaſon then.

*Sanc.* Why, ſignor, in all things there muſt be method;
You choke the child of Honour elſe, Diſcretion.
Do you conceive an injury?

*Alph.* What then, Sir?

*Sanc.* Then follow it in fair terms; let your ſword bite,
When time calls, not your tongue.

*Alph.* I know, Sir,
Both when and what to do; without directions,

[15] *I ever lov'd you.*] Theſe words are only in firſt folio, from which we have recovered them.

And

And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd;
My cauſe is no man's but mine own. You, ſignor!
Will you reſtore my daughter?
*Leo.* Who detains her?
*Alph.* No more of theſe ſlight ſhifts!
*Leo.* You urge me, ſignor,
With ſtrange injuſtice: Becauſe my ſon has err'd——
*Sanc.* Mark him.
*Leo.* Out of the heat of youth, does't follow
I muſt be father of his crimes?
*Alph.* I ſay ſtill,
Leave off your rhet'rick, and reſtore my daughter,
And ſuddenly; bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commiſſion,
That I may ſee him puniſh'd, and ſeverely;
Or, by that holy Heav'n, I'll fire your houſe!
And there's my way of honour.
*Sanc.* Pray give me leave.
Was not man made the nobleſt creature?
*Alph.* Well, Sir?
*Sanc.* Should not his mind then anſwer to his making,
And to his mind his actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancel our diſcretions, doing thoſe things
To cure offences, are the moſt offences?
We've rules of juſtice in us; to thoſe rules
Let us apply our angers: You can conſider
The want in others of theſe terminations,
And how unfurniſh'd they appear.
*Alph.* Hang others!
And, where the wrongs are open, hang reſpects!
I come not to conſider.
*Leo.* Noble Sir,
Let's argue coolly, and conſider like men.
*Alph.* Like men?
*Leo.* You are too ſudden ſtill.
*Alph.* Like men, Sir?
*Sanc.* It is fair language, and allied to honour.

*Alph.*

*Alph.* Why, what ſtrange beaſt would your grave reverence
Make me appear? Like men?
*Sanc.* Taſte but that point, Sir,
And you recover all.
*Alph.* I tell thy wiſdom
I am as much a man, and as good a man——
*Leo.* All this is granted, Sir.
*Alph.* As wiſe a man——
*Sanc.* You are not tainted that way.
*Alph.* And a man
Dares make thee no man; or, at beſt, a baſe man.
*Sanc.* Fy, fy! here wants much carriage.
*Alph.* Hang much carriage!
*Leo.* Give me good language.
*Alph.* Sirrah ſignor, give me my daughter.
*Leo.* I am as gentle as yourſelf, as free born——
*Sanc.* Obſerve his way.
*Leo.* As much reſpect ow'd to me——
*Sanc.* This hangs together nobly.
*Leo.* And for civil,
A great deal more, it ſeems. Go look your daughter!
*Sanc.* There you went well off, ſignor.
*Leo.* That rough tongue
You underſtand at firſt. You never think, Sir,
Out of your mightineſs, of my loſs; here I ſtand,
A patient anvil to your burning angers,
Made ſubject to your dangers; yet my loſs equal:
Who ſhall bring home my ſon?
*Alph.* A whipping beadle.
*Leo.* Why, is your daughter whoriſh?
*Alph.* Ha, thou dar'ſt not——
By Heav'n, I know thou dar'ſt not——
*Leo.* I dare more, Sir,
If you dare be uncivil.
*Alph.* Laugh too, pigeon?
*Sanc.* A fitter time, for Fame's ſake! two weak nurſes
Would laugh at this. Are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? No ſwords left,

Nor

Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies!
Alas! it ſhews too weakly.
*Alph.* Let it ſhew!
I come not here for ſhows. Laugh at me, ſirrah?
I'll give you cauſe to laugh.
*Leo.* You are as like, Sir,
As any man in Spain.
*Alph.* By Heav'n, I will;
I will, brave Leonardo!
*Leo.* Brave Alphonſo,
I will expect it then.
*Sanc.* Hold ye there both!
Theſe terms are noble.
*Alph.* You ſhall hear ſhortly from me.
*Sanc.* Now diſcreetly.
*Alph.* Aſſure yourſelf you ſhall. Do you ſee this ſword, Sir?
He has not caſt his teeth yet.
*Sanc.* Rarely carried!
*Alph.* He bites deep, moſt times mortal: Signor,
I'll hound him at thee; fair and home.
*Sanc.* Still nobly.
*Alph.* And at all thoſe that dare maintain you.
*Sanc.* Excellent!
*Leo.* How you ſhall pleaſe, Sir, ſo it be fair; tho' certain
I'd rather give you reaſon.
*Sanc.* Fairly urg'd too!
*Alph.* This is no age for reaſon; prick your reaſon
Upon your ſword's point——
*Sanc.* Admirably follow'd!
*Alph.* And there I'll hear it. So, 'till I pleaſe, live, Sir. [*Exit.*
*Leo.* And ſo, farewell! you're welcome.
*Sanc.* Th' end crown all things.
Signor, ſome little buſineſs paſt, this cauſe I'll argue,
And be a peace between ye, if't ſo pleaſe you,
And by the ſquare of honour to the utmoſt.
I feel the old man's maſter'd by much paſſion,

And too high rack'd, which makes him overſhoot all
His valour ſhould direct at, and hurt thoſe
That ſtand but by as blenchers. This he muſt know too,
As neceſſary to his judgment; doting women
Are neither ſafe nor wiſe adventurers, conceive me,
If once their wills have wander'd: Nor is't then
A time to uſe our rages; for why ſhould I
Bite at the ſtone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that women are moſt wooers,
Tho' cloſeſt in their carriage? Don't all men know,
Scarce all the compaſs of the globe can hold 'em,
If their affections be a-foot? Shall I then covet
The follies of a ſhe-fool, that by nature
Muſt ſeek her like, by reaſon be a woman?
Sink a tall ſhip, becauſe the ſails defy me?
No, I diſdain that folly; he that ventures
Whilſt they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlaſting motion in his ſcabbard [16].
I doubt not to make peace. And ſo, for this time,
My beſt love and remembrance!

*Leo.* Your poor ſervant! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodoſia.*

*Phil.* Where will our horſes meet us?

*Diego.* Fear not you, Sir;
Some half-mile hence my worſhip's man will ſtay us.
How is it with my young bloods? Come, be jovial;
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild geeſe,
Every tongue talking.

*Phil.* We are very merry.
But do you know this way, Sir?

*Theod.* Is't not dangerous?
Methinks theſe woody thickets ſhould harbour knaves.

*Diego.* I fear none but fair wenches; thoſe are thieves

[16] *He that ventures*, &c.] This is rather obſcure; but ſignifies, 'He that will draw his ſword as often as womens' conduct gives 'him cauſe, will never let it reſt in the ſcabbard.'

May

May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry *ſtand* once. But the beſt is, ſignors,
They cannot bind my hands; for any elſe,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my paſſport.
I've ſeen fine ſport in this place; had theſe trees tongues,
They'd tell ye pretty matters: Don't you fear tho';
They are not every day's delights.

*Phil.* What ſport, Sir?

*Diego.* Why, to ſay true, the ſport of all ſports.

*Phil.* What was't?

*Diego.* Such turning-up of taffetaes! and you know
To what rare whiſtling tunes they go, far beyond
A ſoft wind in the ſhrouds; ſuch *ſtand* there,
And *down* i' th' other place! ſuch ſupplications
And ſub-diviſions for thoſe toys their honours!
One, 'As you are a gentleman,' in this buſh;
And 'Oh, ſweet Sir, what mean you? There's a bracelet,
'And uſe me, I beſeech you, like a woman!'
And her petition's heard; another ſcratches,
And cries ſhe'll die firſt, and then ſwoons; but certain
She's brought to life again, and does well after.
Another, 'Save mine honour, oh, mine honour!
'My huſband ſerves the duke, Sir, in his kitchen;
'I have a cold pie for you; fy, fy, fy, gentlemen!
'Will nothing ſatisfy you? where's my huſband?'
Another cries, 'D'ye ſee, Sir, how they uſe me?
'Is there no law for theſe things?'

*Theod.* And, good mine hoſt,
Do you call theſe fine ſports?

*Diego.* What ſhould I call 'em?
They've been ſo call'd theſe thouſand years and upwards.

*Phil.* But what becomes o' th' men?

*Diego.* They're ſtript and bound,
Like ſo many Adams, with fig-leaves afore 'em,
And there's their innocence.

*Theod.* 'Would we had known this,
Before we reach'd this place!

*Phil.* Come, there's no danger;
Theſe are but ſometimes chances.

*Enter Incubo*[17].

*Diego.* Now we muſt through.
*Theod.* Who's that?
*Diego.* Stand to it, ſignors!
*Phil.* No, it needs not;
I know the face, 'tis honeſt.
*Inc.* What, mine hoſt,
Mine everlaſting honeſt hoſt?
*Diego.* Maſs, Baily?
Now, in the name of an ill reckoning,
What make you walking this round?
*Inc.* A pox of this round,
And of all buſineſs too, thro' woods! and, raſcals,
They've rounded me away a dozen ducats,
Beſides a fair round cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Elſe they had cas'd me like a cony too,
As they have done the reſt, and I think roaſted me,
For they began to baſte me ſoundly. My young ſignors,
You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly,
You ſet not out ſo early; y' had been ſmoak'd elſe,
By this true hand ye had, Sirs, finely ſmoak'd;
Had ye been women, ſmock'd too.
*Theod.* Heav'n defend us!
*Inc.* Nay, that had been no prayer; there were thoſe
That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too.
There was a friar, now you talk of prayer,
With an huge bunch of beads, like a rope of onions,
(I'm ſure as big) that, out of fear and prayer,
In half-an-hour wore 'em as ſmall as bugles;
Yet he was ſtead too.
*Phil.* At what hour was this?
*Inc.* Some two hours ſince.
*Theod.* D' you think the paſſage ſure now?
*Inc.* Yes, a rope take 'em (as it will) and bleſs 'em!
They've done for this day ſure.
*Phil.* Are many rifled?

[17] *Enter* Bailiff.] The former editions make ſtrange confuſion with *Incubo*'s character, calling him in ſome ſcenes by his name, and in others *Bailiff*, as if they were two diſtinct characters. This error is now corrected.

*Inc.*

*Inc.* At the leaſt a dozen,
And there left bound.
*Theod.* How came you free?
*Inc.* A courteſy
They uſe, out of their rogueſhips, to bequeath
To one, that, when they give a ſign from far,
(Which is from out of danger) he may preſently
Releaſe the reſt: As I met you, I was going,
Having the ſign from yonder hill to do it.
*Theod.* Alas, poor men!
*Phil.* Mine hoſt, pray go unty 'em.
*Diego.* Let me alone for cancelling! where are they?
*Inc.* In every buſh, like black-birds; you can't miſs 'em.
*Diego.* I need not ſtalk unto 'em. [*Exit.*
*Inc.* No, they'll ſtand you,
My buſy life for yours, Sir. You would wonder
To ſee the ſeveral tricks and ſtrange behaviours
Of the poor raſcals in their miſeries:
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monſtrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, 'Go to! this is no time;' he laughs ſtill;
A fourth exhorts to patience; him a fifth man
Curſes for tameneſs; him a friar ſchools;
All hoot the friar; here one ſings a ballad;
And there a little curate confutes him:
And in this linſey-woolſey way, that would make a dog
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,
They rub out for their ranſoms. Amongſt the reſt,
There is a little boy robb'd, a fine child,
It ſeems a page: I muſt confeſs my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a man of my place
To ſhew compaſſion) ſtirr'd at him; ſo finely,
And without noiſe, he carries his afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dream'd of loſing.

*Enter Diego, and Leocadia and others as robb'd.*

This boy's the glory of this robbery;
The reſt but ſhame the action. Now ye may hear 'em.
*Diego.* Come, lads, 'tis holy-day; hang cloaths; 'tis hot,

And ſweating agues are abroad.
1 *Paſſenger.* It ſeems ſo;
For we have met with rare phyſicians
To cure us of that malady.
*Diego.* Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now, my boys! Maſter Friar,
How does your holineſs? Bear up, man! what,
A cup of neat ſack now, and a toaſt? ha, Friar?
A warm plaiſter to your belly, father!
There were a bleſſing now!
*Friar.* You ſay your mind, Sir.
*Diego.* Where's my fine boy, my pointer?
*Inc.* There's the wonder.
*Diego.* A rank whore ſcratch their ſides till the pox follow
For robbing thee! thou haſt a thouſand ways
To rob thyſelf, boy; dice, and a chamber-devil.
*Leoc.* You are deceiv'd, Sir.
*Diego.* And thy maſter too, boy.
*Phil.* A ſweet-fac'd boy, indeed! what rogues were theſe,
What barbarous, brutiſh ſlaves, to ſtrip this beauty?
*Theod.* Come hither, my boy. Alas! he's cold: Mine hoſt,
We muſt entreat your cloak.
*Diego.* Can you entreat it?
*Phil.* We do preſume ſo much; you've other garments.
*Diego.* Will you entreat thoſe too?
*Theod.* Your mule muſt too
To the next town; you ſay 'tis near: In pity,
You cannot ſee this poor boy periſh; I know
You have a better ſoul. We'll ſatisfy you.
*Diego.* 'Tis a ſtrange fooliſh trick I have, but I can't help it;
I'm ever cozen'd with mine own commendations;
It is determin'd then I ſhall be robb'd too,
To make up vantage to this dozen. Here, Sir;
Heav'n has provided you a ſimple garment

To

To ſet you off; pray keep it handſomer
Than you kept your own, and let me have it render'd,
Bruſh'd and diſcreetly folded.
*Leoc.* I thank you, Sir.
*Diego.* Who wants a doublet?
2 *Paſſ.* I.
*Diego.* Where will you have it?
2 *Paſſ.* From you, Sir, if you pleaſe.
*Diego.* Oh, there's the point, Sir.
*Phil.* My honeſt friends, I'm ſorry for your fortunes;
But that's but poor relief: Here are ten ducats;
And to your diſtribution, holy Sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To ſee 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
*Diego.* Plain dealing now, my friends; and, father Friar,
Set me the ſaddle right! no wringing, Friar,
Nor tithing to the church! theſe are no duties;
Scour me your conſcience! if the devil tempt you,
Off with your cord, and ſwinge him!
*Friar.* You ſay well, Sir.
*All.* Heav'n keep your goodneſs!
*Theod.* Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!
*Diego.* Farewell, light-horſe-men! [*Exe. the robbed.*
*Phil.* Which way travel you, Sir?
*Inc.* To the next town.
*Theod.* Do you want any thing?
*Inc.* Only diſcretion to travel at good hours,
And ſome warm meat to moderate this matter;
For I am moſt outrageous, cruel hungry.
*Diego.* I have a ſtomach too, ſuch as it is,
Would poſe a right good paſty; I thank Heav'n for't.
*Inc.* Cheeſe, that would break the teeth of a new handſaw,
I could endure now like an oſtrich [17]; or ſalt beef,

[17] *Cheeſe*——
*I could* endure *now*——] What my hoſt means is plain and eaſy, *viz.* That he could digeſt cheeſe which would break an handſaw's teeth, his ſtomach being as ſtrong as that of an oſtrich. But I believe no dictionary of our language will furniſh us with ſuch a ſenſe of the word *endure*. I have therefore taken the liberty to ſubſtitute what I

That Cæſar left in pickle.
*Phil.* Take no care;
We'll have meat for you, and enough. I' th' mean time,
Keep you the horſe-way, leſt the fellow miſs us;
We'll meet you at the end o' th' wood.
*Diego.* Make haſte then. [*Exe. Diego and Inc.*
*Theod.* My pretty Sir, till your neceſſities
Be full ſupplied, ſo pleaſe you truſt our friendſhips!
We muſt not part.
*Leoc.* You've pull'd a charge upon you;
Yet ſuch a one as ever ſhall be thankful.
*Phil.* You've ſaid enough. May I be bold to aſk you,
What province you were bred in? and of what parents?
*Leoc.* You may, Sir: I was born in Andaluzia,
My name Franciſco, ſon to don Henriques
De Cardinas,
*Theod.* Our noble neighbour!
*Phil.* Son to don Henriques?
I know the gentleman: And, by your leave, Sir,
I know he has no ſon.
*Leoc.* None of his own, Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his brother
Don Sanchio's children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
*Phil.* Still you do, Sir,
For neither has don Sanchio any ſon:
A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir,
Which, tho' I never was ſo bleſt to ſee,
Yet I have heard great good of.
*Theod.* Urge no further!
He is aſhamed, and bluſhes.
*Phil.* Sir,
If 't might import you to conceal yourſelf,
I aſk your mercy, I have been ſo curious.

really believe was the original reading, *viz. endue*, or *endew*. 'Tis a term in Falconry which Bloome explains thus, *Endew*, is when an hawk digeſteth her meat, that ſhe not only diſchargeth her gorge thereof, but likewiſe cleanſeth her pannel. *Sympſon.*

We think this variation too forced to have place in the text.

*Leoc.*

*Leoc.* Alas! I muſt aſk yours, Sir, for theſe lies;
Yet they were uſeful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties
Would ſhew more gracious. The plain truth is, gentlemen,
I am don Sanchio's ſteward's ſon, a wild boy,
That for the fruits of his unhappineſs
Is fain to ſeek the wars.

*Theod.* This is a lie too,
If I have any ears.

*Phil.* Why?

*Theod.* Mark his language,
And you ſhall find it of too ſweet a reliſh
For one of ſuch a breed. I'll pawn my hand,
This is no boy.

*Phil.* No boy? what would you have him?

*Theod.* I know no boy: I watch'd how fearfully,
And yet how ſuddenly, he cur'd his lies,
The right wit of a woman; now I'm ſure——

*Phil.* What are you ſure?

*Theod.* That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in't.

*Phil.* Now I conſider better, and take counſel,
Methinks he ſhews more ſweetneſs in that face,
Than his fears dare deliver.

*Theod.* No more talk on't!
There hangs ſome great weight by it; ſoon at night
I'll tell you more.

*Phil.* Come, Sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.

*Leoc.* All my poor ſervice
Shall be at your command, Sir, and my prayers.

*Phil.* Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Enter Rodorigo and Marc-Antonio*[18]; *two chairs ſet out.*

*Rod.* Call up the maſter.

*Maſter* [*within*]. Here, Sir.

*Rod.* Honeſt maſter,
Give order all the gallies with this tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The port of Barcelona, without parting.

*Maſter* [*within*]. Your pleaſure's done, Sir.

*Rod.* Signor Marc-Antonio,
'Till meat be ready, let's ſit here, and prepare
Our ſtomachs with diſcourſes.

*Marc.* What you pleaſe, Sir.

*Rod.* Pray you anſwer me to this doubt.

*Marc.* If I can, Sir.

*Rod.* Why ſhould ſuch plants as you are, Pleaſure's children,
That owe their bluſhing years to gentle objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fullneſs,
Deſire the ſtubborn wars?

*Marc.* In thoſe 'tis wonder,
That make their eaſe their god, and not their honour:
But, noble general, my end is other;
Deſire of knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Diſcretion to my time, which only ſhews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more

[18] *Enter Rodorigo, Marc-Antonio,* and a Ship-maſter.] But if the latter entered with the two former, what occaſion for Rodorigo's ordering him to be called up? The direction in the folio of 1647, is more ridiculous ſtill; becauſe theſe three perſons are placed at the head of the ſcene as in the octavo, and yet the Maſter is made to anſwer, *within*. *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon is here very ſevere on the Editors who preceded him, and yet ſeems more reprehenſible himſelf; for (in his edition) he omits the Maſter's *entrance*, yet mentions his *departure*; he calls it 'ridiculous' for the firſt folio to make him ſpeak *within*, and yet allows him *to ſpeak*, tho' neither *within* nor *preſent*.

Which

Which we call handſome; the reſt is but boy's beauty,
And with the boy conſum'd.
*Rod.* You argue well, Sir.
*Marc.* Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,
For object, but for uſe; my ſtrength for danger,
(Which is the liberal part of man) not dalliance:
The wars muſt be my miſtreſs, Sir.
*Rod.* Oh, ſignor,
You'll find her a rough wench.
*Marc.* When ſhe is won once,
She'll ſhew the ſweeter, Sir.
*Rod.* You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?
*Marc.* 'Tis a truth, Sir;
So ſhe be handſome, and not ill-condition'd.
*Rod.* A ſoldier ſhould not be ſo curious.
*Marc.* I can make ſhift with any for a heat, Sir.
*Rod.* Nay, there you wrong your youth too; and however
You're pleas'd t'appear to me, which ſhews well, ſignor,
A tougher ſoul than your few years can teſtify;
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my ſpring was, I'm able to confute you,
And ſay, y'had rather come to th' ſhock of eyes,
And boldly march up to your miſtreſs' mouth,
Than to the cannon's.
*Marc.* That's as their lading is, Sir.
*Rod.* There be trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and ſafer,
Than where the bullet plays.
*Marc.* There's it I doubt, Sir.
*Rod.* You'll eaſily find that faith. But come, be liberal;
What kind of woman could you make beſt wars with?
*Marc.* They're all but heavy marches.
*Rod.* Fy, Marc-Antonio!
Beauty in no more reverence?

*Marc.*

*Marc.* In the ſex, Sir,
I honour it, and next to honour, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that ſweetneſs,
That was firſt meant for modeſty, ſever it,
And put it in one woman, it appears not;
'Tis of too rare a nature, ſhe too groſs
To mingle with it——

*Rod.* This is a mere hereſy.

*Marc.* Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloſs
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward ſhow of things well ſet, no more:
For heav'nly beauty is as Heav'n itſelf, Sir,
Too excellent for object, and what's ſeen
Is but the veil then, airy clouds[19]: Grant this,
It may be ſeen, 'tis but like ſtars in twinklings.

*Rod.* 'Twas no ſmall ſtudy in their libraries
Brought you to this experience. But what think you
Of that fair red and white, which we call beauty?

*Marc.* Why, 'tis our creature, Sir; we give it 'em
Becauſe we like thoſe colours; elſe 'tis certain
A blue face with a motley noſe would do it,
And be as great a beauty, ſo we lov'd it:
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair mind.

*Rod.* By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.

*Marc.* Except the dull end, doing.

---

[19] ——*what is ſeen*
*Is but the vail* then, *airy clouds*;—] The monoſyllable *then* ſeems not to have any good authority for ſtanding here, as having nothing to which it refers. I ſuſpect a corruption as well in the ſenſe, as in the pointing; and that it ſtood originally thus:
——*what is ſeen*
*Is but the vail*, thin, *airy clouds*, &c. *Sympſon.*
The variation is not amiſs; but the old text is good ſenſe, and we believe genuine. *Then* is very naturally placed here, and follows up the argument; which is, 'Beauty is inviſible; what is ſeen *then* is but the veil.'

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Then all to you ſeem equal?
*Marc.* Very true, Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.
*Rod.* How long love you, ſignor?
*Marc.* 'Till I have other buſineſs.
*Rod.* Do you never
Love ſtedfaſtly one woman?
*Marc.* 'Tis a toil, Sir,
Like riding in one road perpetually;
It offers no variety.
*Rod.* Right youth!
He muſt needs make a ſoldier. Nor do you think
One woman can love one man?
*Marc.* Yes, that may be,
Tho' it appear not often; they're things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that ſuperſtition
Of doting fondneſs. Yet, of late years, ſignor,
That world's well mended with 'em; fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark; all
Stir now, as the time ſtirs; fame and faſhion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiſer ages held ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's ſurveying who beſt promiſes,
Who has done beſt, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neateſt
Either in new-ſtampt cloaths, or courteſies,
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they theſe things
Longer than new are making, nor that ſucceſſion
Beyond the next fair feather. Take the city,
There they go to't by gold-weight, no gain from 'em,
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be love,
'Tis ſhew'd ye by ſo dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old ſtains in't, that ye may purchaſe
French velvet better cheap; all loves are endleſs.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Faith, if you have a miſtreſs, 'would ſhe heard you!

*Marc.* 'Twere but the vent'ring of my place, or ſwearing

I meant it but for argument, as ſchoolmen
Diſpute high queſtions.

*Rod.* What a world is this,
When young men dare determine what thoſe are,
Age and the beſt experience ne'er could aim at!

*Marc.* They were thick-eye'd then, Sir; now the print is bigger,
And they may read their fortunes without ſpectacles.

*Rod.* Did you ne'er love?

*Marc.* Faith, yes, once after ſupper,
And the fit held 'till midnight.

*Rod.* Hot, or ſhaking?

*Marc.* To ſay true, both.

*Rod.* How did you rid it?

*Marc.* Thus, Sir;
I laid my hand upon my heart, and bleſs'd me,
And then ſaid over certain charms I'd learn'd
Againſt mag dogs (for love and they're all one);
Laſt, thought upon a windmill, and ſo ſlept,
And was well ever after.

*Rod.* A rare phyſician!
What would your practice gain you!

*Marc.* The wars ended,
I mean to uſe my art, and have theſe fools
Cut in the head like cats; to ſave the kingdom
Another inquiſition.

*Rod.* So old a ſoldier,
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practis'd.

*Marc.* I ſhall mend every day. But, noble general,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, diſcourſes.

*Rod.* Oh, you're a cunning gameſter.

*Marc.* Mirths and toys
To cozen time withal; for, o' my troth, Sir,
I can love; I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of women as they are,

Pretty

Pretty fantaſtic things, ſome more regardful,
And ſome few worth a ſervice: I'm ſo honeſt,
I wiſh 'em all in Heaven; and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.
*Rod.* Well, Marc-Antonio, I'd not loſe thy company
For the beſt galley I command.
*Marc.* Faith, general,
If theſe diſcourſes pleaſe you, I ſhall fit you
Once every day.
*Rod.* Thou canſt not pleaſe me better. Hark, they call [*Knock within.*
Below to dinner: You're my cabbin gueſt;
My boſom's, ſo you pleaſe, Sir.
*Marc.* Your poor ſervant! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Hoſt and his Wife.*

*Hoſt.* Let 'em have meat enough, woman, half a hen;
There be old rotten pilchards, put 'em off too;
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a ſtrong onion, that confounds the ſtink.
*Wife.* They call for more, Sir.
*Hoſt.* Knock a dozen eggs down;
But then beware your wenches.
*Wife.* More than this too.
*Hoſt.* Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge; pop 'em up, wench;
But they ſhall pay for culliſes.
*Wife.* All this is nothing;
They call for kid and partridge.
*Hoſt.* Well remember'd;
Where's the falconer's half dog he left?
*Wife.* It ſtinks, Sir;
Paſt all hope that way.
*Hoſt.* Run it o'er with garlick,
And make a Roman diſh on't.
*Wife.* Pray you be patient,
And get proviſion in: Theſe are fine gentlemen,

And

And liberal gentlemen; they've *unde quare*;
No mangy muleteers, nor pinching poſts,
That feed upon the parings of muſk-melons
And radiſhes, as big and tough as rafters.
Will you be ſtirring in this buſineſs? Here's your brother,
Mine old hoſt of Oſſuna, as wiſe as you are,
That is, as knaviſh; if you put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.

*Hoſt.* I'll be wagging. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* 'Tis for your own commodity. Why, wenches!

*Serv.* [*within.*] Anon forſooth.

*Wife.* Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water?
Let Oliver go to the juſtice, and beſeech his worſhip
We may have two ſpits going; and, do you hear, Druce?
Let him invite his worſhip, and his wife's worſhip,
To the left meat tomorrow.

*Enter Incubo.*

*Inc.* Where's this kitchen?

*Wife.* E'en at the next door, ſignor. What, old don!
We meet but ſeldom.

*Inc.* Prithee be patient, hoſteſs;
And tell me where the meat is.

*Wife.* Faith, maſter Baily,
How have you done? and how, man——

*Inc.* Good ſweet hoſteſs,
What ſhall we have to dinner?

*Wife.* How does your woman?
And a fine woman ſhe is, and a good woman.
Lord, how you bear your years!

*Inc.* Is't veal or mutton,
Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheaſant? or all theſe?
And are they ready all?

*Wife.* The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!

*Inc.* Hoſteſs,
Dear hoſteſs, do but hear! I am hungry.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* You're merrily diſpos'd, Sir.
*Inc.* Monſtrous hungry,
And hungry after much meat! I've brought hither
Right worſhipful to pay the reckoning;
Money enough too with 'em; deſire enough
To have the beſt meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point, ſweet wench; and ſo I kiſs thee.
*Wife.* You ſhall have any thing, and inſtantly,
Ere you can lick your ears, Sir.
*Inc.* Portly meat,
Bearing, ſubſtantial ſtuff, and fit for hunger,
I do beſeech you, hoſteſs, firſt; then ſome light garniſh,
Two pheaſants in a diſh; if you have leverets,
(Rather for way of ornament, than appetite)
They may be look'd upon, or larks; for fiſh,
As there's no great need, ſo I would not wiſh you
To ſerve above four diſhes; but thoſe full ones.
You have no cheeſe of Parma?
*Wife.* Very old, Sir.
*Inc.* The leſs will ſerve us; ſome ten pound.
*Wife.* Alas, Sir,
We have not half theſe dainties.
*Inc.* Peace, good hoſteſs,
And make us hope you have.
*Wife.* You ſhall have all, Sir——
*Inc.* That may be got for money.

*Enter Diego and a Boy.*

*Diego.* Where's your maſter?
Bring me your maſter, Boy! I muſt have liquor
Fit for the myrmidons; no daſhing now, child,
No conjurings by candle-light! I know all;
Strike me the oldeſt ſack, a piece that carries
Point-blank to this place, Boy, and batters. Hoſteſs,
I kiſs thy hands, thro' which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
*Wife.* Still mine old brother.
*Diego.* Set thy cellar open,
For I muſt enter, and advance my colours,

I've brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons with
ducats,
And thoſe dons muſt have dainty wine, pure Bacchus,
That bleeds the life-blood. What, is your cure ended?
*Inc.* We ſhall have meat, man.
*Diego.* Then we will have wine, man,
And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine.
*Wife.* Ye ſhall have all, and more than all.
*Inc.* All well then [21].
*Diego.* Away, about your buſineſs! you with her,
For old acquaintance ſake, to ſtay your ſtomach!
[*Exeunt Wife and Incubo.*
And, Boy, be you my guide, *ad inferos*;
For I will make a full deſcent in equipage.
*Boy.* I'll ſhew you rare wine.
*Diego.* Stinging geer?
*Boy.* Divine, Sir.
*Diego.* Oh, divine Boy! march, march, my child.
Rare wine, boy?
*Boy.* As any is in Spain, Sir.
*Diego.* Old, and ſtrong too [22]?
Oh, my fine boy! clear too?
*Boy.* As chryſtal, Sir, and ſtrong as truth.
*Diego.* Away, boy!
I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.
Stay no where, child, not for thy father's bleſſing,
I charge thee, not to ſave thy ſiſter's honour,
Nor to cloſe thy dam's eyes, were ſhe a-dying,
'Till we arrive; and, for thy recompenſe,
I will remember thee in my will.
*Boy.* You have ſaid, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

[21] *All, well then.*] Sympſon reads, ALL'S *well then.*

[22] Boy. *As any* is *in Spain, Sir.*
Diego. *Old and ſtrong too?*] Sympſon would read,
Boy. *As any in Spain, Sir, old and ſtrong too.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Philippo and Hoſt.*

*Phil.* MINE Hoſt, is that apparel got you ſpoke of?
You ſhall have ready money.
*Hoſt.* 'Tis come in, Sir;
He has it on, Sir, and I think it will
Be fit; and, o' my credit, it was never
Worn but once, Sir, and for neceſſity
Pawn'd to the man I told you of.
*Phil.* Pray bargain for't,
And I will be the paymaſter.
*Hoſt.* I will, Sir.
*Phil.* And let our meat be ready when you pleaſe; I mean as ſoon.
*Hoſt.* It ſhall be preſently.
*Phil.* How far ſtands Barcelona?
*Hoſt.* But two leagues off, Sir;
You may be there by three o'clock.
*Phil.* I'm glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Theodoſia and Leocadia.*

*Theod.* Signor Franciſco, why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not; for, truſt me,
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing;
And as you have a noble temper, ſtart not
Into offence, at any thing my knowledge,
And for your ſpecial good, would be inform'd of;
Nor think me vainly curious.
*Leoc.* Worthy Sir,
The courteſies you and your noble brother,
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,

I mean in want, ſo freely ſhower'd upon me,
So truly, and ſo timely miniſter'd,
Muſt, if I ſhould ſuſpect thoſe minds that made 'em [23],
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,
Or worſe, a baſe believer. Speak your mind, Sir,
Freely, and what you pleaſe; I am your ſervant.

*Theod.* Then, my young Sir, know, ſince our firſt acquaintance,
Induc'd by circumſtances that deceive not,
To clear ſome doubts I have (nay, bluſh not, ſignor!)
I have beheld you narrowly. More bluſhes?
Sir, you give me ſo much light, I find you
A thing confeſs'd already. Yet more bluſhes?
You would ill cover an offence might ſink you,
That cannot hide yourſelf. Why do you ſhake ſo?
I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand
Was never made for hardneſs, nor thoſe eyes
(Come, do not hide 'em) for rough objects. Hark ye,
You have betray'd yourſelf; that ſigh confirms me.
Another? and a third too? Then I ſee
Theſe boy's cloaths do but pinch you. Come, be liberal;
You've found a friend that has found you; diſguiſe not
That loaden ſoul that labours to be open.
Now you muſt weep, I know it, for I ſee
Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another
Manifeſt token that my doubts are perfect:
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were theſe holes left open? there was an error,
A foul one, my Franciſco! Have I caught you?
Oh, pretty Sir, the cuſtom of our country
Allows men none in this place. Now the ſhow'r comes.

*Leoc.* Oh, ſignor Theodoro!

*Theod.* This ſorrow ſhews ſo ſweetly,
I cannot chuſe but keep it company.
Take truce and ſpeak, Sir: And I charge your goodneſs,
By all thoſe perfect hopes that point at virtue,

[23] *Minds that* made *'em.*] *i. e.* Did *'em.* *Sympſon.*

By

By that remembrance theſe fair tears are ſhed for,
If any ſad misfortune have thus form'd you,
That either care or counſel may redeem,
Pain, purſe, or any thing within the power
And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labours.

*Leoc.* I have found you noble,
And you ſhall find me true: Your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more diſſemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you muſt give me leave to ſhew my ſex.—
And now, to make you know how much your credit
Has won upon my ſoul, ſo't pleaſe your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate ſad ſtory.

*Theod.* Sit down and ſay on, lady.

*Leoc.* I am born, Sir,
Of good and honeſt parents, rich, and noble,
And, not to lie, the daughter of don Sanchio,
If my unhappy fortune have not loſt me;
My name call'd Leocadia, e'en the ſame
Your worthy brother did the ſpecial honour
To name for beautiful, and without pride
I have been often made believe ſo, ſignor;
But that's impertinent! Now to my ſorrows:
Not far from us a gentleman of worth,
A neighbour, and a noble viſitor,
Had his abode, who often met my father
In gentle ſports of chace, and river-hawking,
In courſe and riding; and with him often brought
A ſon of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection;
A ſprightly man, of underſtanding excellent,
Of ſpeech and civil 'haviour no leſs powerful;
And of all parts, elſe my eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into affection; from affection
Into belief.

*Theod.* Well?

*Leoc.* Then we durſt kiſs.

*Theod.* Go forward!

*Leoc.* But oh, man, man, unconſtant, careleſs man,
Oh, ſubtle man, how many are thy miſchiefs!
Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curſe thoſe kiſſes!

*Theod.* What did you call him, lady?

*Leoc.* Marc-Antonio;
The name to me of miſery.

*Theod.* Pray, forward!

*Leoc.* From theſe we bred deſires, Sir; but loſe me, Heav'n,
If mine were luſtful!

*Theod.* I believe.

*Leoc.* This nearneſs
Made him importunate: When, to ſave mine honour,
(Love having full poſſeſſion of my powers)
I got a contract from him.

*Theod.* Seal'd?

*Leoc.* And ſworn too;
Which ſince, for ſome offence Heav'n laid upon me,
I loſt amongſt my monies in the robbery
(The loſs that makes me pooreſt): This won from him,
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I 'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour——

*Theod.* Pray ſtay there, lady!—
And when the night came, came he? kept he touch with you?
(Be not ſo ſhame-fac'd!) had ye both your wiſhes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye?
Were you in one another's arms abed? the contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with you?
Anſwer to that! ha? Did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred, privy to't[24]?
And had you their conſents? did that night's promiſe
Make you a mother?

*Leoc.* Why d'you aſk ſo nearly?
Good Sir, does it concern you any thing?

[24] Or *kindred privy to't?*] I can't help thinking but that *or* is corrupted for *were*. *Sympſon.*

*Theod.*

*Theod.* No, lady;
Only the pity why you ſhould be us'd ſo
A little ſtirs me. But did he keep his promiſe?
*Leoc.* No, no, ſignor;
Alas, he never came, nor never meant it!
My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My expectation flouted; and gueſs you, Sir,
What dor unto a doting maid this was [25],
What a baſe breaking-off?
*Theod.* All's well then.—Lady,
Go forward in your ſtory.
*Leoc.* Not only fail'd, Sir,
(Which is a curſe in love; and may he find it
When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To ſtoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms!) not only thus, Sir,
But more injurious, faithleſs, treacherous,
Within two days Fame gave him far remov'd
With a new love; which, much againſt my conſcience,
But more againſt my cauſe, which is my hell,
I muſt confeſs a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable ſweetneſs, daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbours;
The thief call'd Theodoſia, whoſe perfections
I'm bound to ban for ever, curſe to wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will make 'em ſoon, and aches;
For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy wench,
Of all, of all, Sir, all that was my glory,
And left me nothing but theſe tears, and travel.
Upon this certain news, I quit my father,
(And, if you be not milder in conſtruction,
I fear mine honour too) and like a page
Stole to Oſſuna; from that place to Sevil;
From thence to Barcelona I was travelling
When you o'er-took my miſery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for Italy; for never

[25] *Dor.*] *i. e.* Balk, diſappointment. If the reader would ſee an account of the ſeveral ſorts of *dors*, I will refer him to Ben Jonſon, [Whalley's edit. vol. i. p. 383, 384.] *Sympſon.*

Will I leave off the ſearch of this bad man,
This filcher of affections, this love-pedlar!
Nor ſhall my curſes ceaſe to blaſt her beauties,
And make her name as wandring as her nature,
'Till, ſtanding face to face before their luſts,
I call Heav'n's juſtice down.

*Theod.* This ſhews too angry;
Nor can it be her fault ſhe is belov'd:
If I give meat, muſt they that eat it ſurfeit?

*Leoc.* She loves again, Sir, there's the miſchief of it,
And in deſpite of me, to drown my bleſſings,
Which ſhe ſhall dearly know——

*Theod.* You are too violent.

*Leoc.* Sh' has devils in her eyes, to whoſe devotion
He offers all his ſervice.

*Theod.* Who can ſay
But ſhe may be forſaken too? He that once wanders
From ſuch a perfect ſweetneſs as you promiſe,
Has he not ſtill the ſame rule to deceive?

*Leoc.* No, no; they are together, love together,
Paſt all deceit of that ſide; ſleep together,
Live, and delight together; and ſuch deceit
Give me in a wild deſert!

*Theod.* By your leave, lady,
I ſee no honour in this cunning.

*Leoc.* Honour?
True, none of her part; honour? ſhe deſerves none;
'Tis ceas'd with wandring ladies, ſuch as ſhe is,
So bold and impudent.

*Theod.* I could be angry,
Extremely angry now, beyond my nature, [*Aſide.*
An 'twere not for my pity: What a man
Is this, to do theſe wrongs!—Believe me, lady,
I know the maid, and know ſhe is not with him—

*Leoc.* I would you knew ſhe were in Heaven!

*Theod.* And ſo well know her, that I think you're cozen'd.

*Leoc.* So I ſay, Sir.

*Theod.* I mean, in her behaviour; for, truſt my faith,

So

So much I dare adventure for her credit,
She never yet delighted to do wrong.
*Leoc.* How can ſhe then delight in him? Dare ſhe think
(Be what ſhe will, as excellent as angels)
My love ſo fond, my wiſhes ſo indulgent,
That I muſt take her prewnings[26]? ſtoop at that
Sh' has tir'd upon? No, Sir; I hold my beauty,
(Waſh but theſe ſorrows from it) of a ſparkle,
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
My youth as much unblown; and, for our worths
And weight of virtue——
*Theod.* Do not taſk her ſo far.
*Leoc.* By Heav'n ſhe's cork, and clouds! light, light, Sir, vapour!
But I ſhall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
Her paintings, and her pouncings; for 'tis art,
And only art preſerves her, and mere ſpells
That work upon his pow'rs. Let her but ſhew me
A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
(And writes but ſixteen years) in ſpite of ſorrows,
An unbath'd body, ſmiles that give but ſhadows,
And wrinkle not the face! Beſides, ſhe's little,
A demy dame, that makes no object.
*Theod.* Nay,
Then I muſt ſay you err; for, credit me,
I think ſhe's taller than yourſelf.
*Leoc.* Why, let her!
It is not that ſhall mate me; I but aſk
My hands may reach unto her,
*Theod.* Gentle lady,
'Tis now ill time of further argument;
For I perceive your anger void of counſel,
Which I could wiſh more temperate.

[26] *Take her prewnings; ſtop at that*
*Sh'as tir'd upon?*] Mr. Theobald, with whom I had the good fortune to agree, reads *ſtoop* for *ſtop*, which is undoubtedly the true lection, and is a term in falconry that needs no explanation. *Sympſon.*
Very *fortunate* indeed, ſince STOOP is the lection of the firſt folio.

*Leoc.*

*Leoc.* Pray forgive me,
If I have ſpoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beſeech you
Impute it love's offence, not mine; whoſe torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my croſſes,
You muſt confeſs are ſeldom tied to patience:
Yet I could wiſh I had ſaid leſs.

*Theod.* No harm then;
You've made a full amends. Our company
You may command, ſo pleaſe you, in your travels,
With all our faith and furtherance; let it be ſo.

*Leoc.* You make too great an offer.

*Theod.* Then it ſhall be.
Go in, and reſt yourſelf; our wholeſome diet
Will be made ready ſtraight. But hark you, lady!
One thing I muſt entreat; your leave and ſufferance,
That theſe things may be open to my brother,
For more reſpect and honour.

*Leoc.* Do your pleaſure.

*Theod.* And do not change this habit, by no means,
Unleſs you change yourſelf.

*Leoc.* Which muſt not yet be.

*Theod.* It carries you conceal'd and ſafe.

*Leoc.* I'm counſell'd. [*Exit.*

*Enter Philippo.*

*Phil.* What's done?

*Theod.* Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble ſtrain too: Gueſs!

*Phil.* I cannot.

*Theod.* You have heard often of her.

*Phil.* Stay; I think not.

*Theod.* Indeed you have; 'tis the fair Leocadia,
Daughter unto don Sanchio, our noble neighbour.

*Phil.* Nay?

*Theod.* 'Tis ſhe, Sir, o' my credit.

*Phil.* Leocadia?
Piſh! Leocadia it muſt not be.

*Theod.* It muſt be, or be nothing.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Pray give me leave to wonder: Leocadia?
*Theod.* The very ſame.
*Phil.* The damſel Leocadia?
I gueſs'd it was a woman, and a fair one.
I ſee it thro' her ſhape, tranſparent, plain;
But that it ſhould be ſhe! tell me directly.
*Theod.* By Heav'ns, 'tis ſhe.
*Phil.* By Heav'n, then, 'tis a ſweet one,
*Theod.* That's granted too.
*Phil.* But hark you, hark you, ſiſter!
How came ſhe thus diſguis'd?
*Theod.* I'll tell you that too;
As I came, on the ſelf-ſame ground, ſo us'd too.
*Phil.* By the ſame man?
*Theod.* The ſame too.
*Phil.* As I live,
You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine ones!
*Theod.* Pray Heav'n, you never make one!
*Phil.* Faith, I know not:
But, in that mind I am, I'd rather cobble;
'Tis a more Chriſtian trade. Pray tell me one thing;
Are not you two now monſtrous jealous
Of one another?
*Theod.* She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me moſt unmercifully,
And to my face; and, o' my conſcience,
Had ſhe but known me, either ſhe or I,
Or both, had parted with ſtrange faces,
She was in ſuch a fury.
*Phil.* Leocadia?
Does ſhe ſpeak handſomely?
*Theod.* Wondrous well, Sir,
And all ſhe does becomes her, e'en her anger.
*Phil.* How ſeem'd ſhe when you found her?
*Theod.* Had you ſeen
How ſweetly fearfully her pretty ſelf[28]
Betray'd herſelf; how neat her ſorrow ſhew'd,

[28] *How ſweetly* fearful *her pretty ſelf.*] We have ventured to aſſiſt this verſe, by the addition of a ſyllable.

And

And in what handſome phraſe ſhe put her ſtory;
And as occaſion ſtirr'd her how ſhe ſtarted,
Tho' roughly, yet moſt aptly, into anger;
You would have wonder'd.

*Phil.* Does ſhe know you?

*Theod.* No,
Nor muſt not by no means.

*Phil.* How ſtands your difference?

*Theod.* I'll tell you that ſome fitter time; but, truſt me,
My Marc-Antonio has too much to anſwer.

*Phil.* May I take knowledge of her?

*Theod.* Yes, ſhe's willing.

*Phil.* Pray uſe her as ſhe is, with all reſpects then;
For ſhe's a woman of a noble breeding.

*Theod.* You ſhall not find me wanting.

*Phil.* Which way bears ſhe?

*Theod.* Our way, and to our end.

*Phil.* I am glad on't. Hark you!
She keeps her ſhape?

*Enter Leocadia.*

*Theod.* Yes, and I think, by this time,
Has mew'd her old——

*Phil.* She's here: By Heav'n, a rare one!
An admirable ſweet one! what an eye!
Of what a full command ſhe bears! how gracious
All her aſpect ſhews? Bleſs me from a fever!
I am not well o' th' ſudden.

*Leoc.* Noble friends,
Your meat and all my ſervice waits upon ye.

*Phil.* You teach us manners, lady; all which ſervice
Muſt now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Bluſh not we know you; for, by all our faiths,
With us your honour is in ſanctuary,
And ever ſhall be.

*Leoc.* I do well believe it:
Will you walk nearer, Sir? [*Exit.*

*Theod.* She ſhews ſtill fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:

I know

I know not; I may fool myſelf, and finely
Nouriſh a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain,
As ſhe appears now, ſhe appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would ſhe do then
In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her,
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt,
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forſaken her, ſay what ſhe pleaſe;
I know his curious eye: Or, ſay he had,
Put caſe he could be ſo boy-blind and fooliſh,
Yet ſtill I fear ſhe keeps the contract with her,
Not ſtol'n, as ſhe affirms, nor loſt by negligence;
She'd loſe herſelf firſt, 'tis her life; and there
All my hopes are diſpatch'd. Oh, noble Love,
That thou couldſt be without this jealouſy,
Without this paſſion of the heart, how heav'nly
Wouldſt thou appear upon us! Come what may come,
I'll ſee the end on't: And ſince chance has caſt her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely ſhall command, except the man. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Leonardo and Pedro.*

*Leo.* Don Pedro, do you think aſſuredly
The gallies will come round to Barcelona
Within theſe two days?

*Pedro.* Without doubt.

*Leo.* And think you
He will be with 'em certainly?

*Pedro.* He is, Sir;
I ſaw him at their ſetting off.

*Leo.* Muſt they needs
Touch there for water, as you ſay?

*Pedro.* They muſt, Sir,
And for freſh meat too; few or none go by it.
Beſide, ſo great a fleet muſt needs want trimming,
If they have met with foul ſeas; and no harbour
On this ſide Spain is able, without danger,

To

To moor 'em, but that haven.
*Leo.* Are the wars
His only end?
*Pedro.* So he profeſſes.
*Leo.* Bears he
Any command amongſt 'em?
*Pedro.* Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
*Leo.* Pray, Sir, tell me,
And as you are a gentleman be liberal.
*Pedro.* I will, Sir, and moſt true.
*Leo.* Who ſaw you with him?
*Pedro.* None but things like himſelf; young ſoldiers,
And gentlemen deſirous to ſeek honour.
*Leo.* Was there no woman there, nor none diſguis'd
That might be thought a woman? In his language,
Did he not let ſlip ſomething of ſuſpicion
Touching that wanton way?
*Pedro.* Believe me, Sir,
I neither ſaw, nor could ſuſpect that face
That might be doubted woman's; yet I'm ſure
Aboard him I ſee all that paſt: And 'tis impoſſible
Among ſo many high-ſet bloods there ſhould be
A woman, let her cloſe herſelf within a cockle,
But they would open her: He muſt not love
Within that place alone; and therefore ſurely
He would not be ſo fooliſh, had he any,
To truſt her there. For his diſcourſe, 'twas ever
About his buſineſs, war, or mirth, to make us
Reliſh a can of wine well; when he ſpoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his ſervice,
And hope of your good prayers for his health, Sir;
And ſo I gave him to the ſeas.
*Leo.* I thank you,
And now am ſatisfied. And, to prevent
Suſpicions that may nouriſh dangers, ſignor,
(For I have told you how the mad Alphonſo
Chaſes like a ſtag i'th' toil, and bends his fury

'Gainſt

'Gainſt all, but his own ignorance) I'm determin'd,
For peace ſake and the preſervation
Of my yet-untouch'd honour, and his cure,
Myſelf to ſeek him there, and bring him back,
As teſtimony of an unſought injury
By either of our actions; that the world
And he, if he have reaſon, may ſee plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all fames
Founders of truths. In the mean time, this courteſy
I muſt entreat of you, Sir; be myſelf here,
And as myſelf command my family.

*Pedro.* You lay too much truſt on me.

*Leo.* 'Tis my love, Sir.
I will not be long from you. If this queſtion
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return,
I leave your care to anſwer. So, farewell, Sir!

*Pedro.* You take a wiſe way; all my beſt endeavours
Shall labour in your abſence. Peace go with you!

[*Exit Leo.*

A noble honeſt gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open faith, much loving and much lov'd,
And father of that goodneſs only Malice
Can truly ſtir againſt; what dare befall
'Till his return I'll anſwer. [*Exit.*

*Enter Alphonſo and Servant.*

*Alph.* Walk off, ſirrah;
But keep yourſelf within my call.

*Serv.* I will, Sir.

*Alph.* And ſtir my horſe, for taking cold.—Within there!
Hoa, people! you that dwell there! my brave ſignor!
What, are ye all aſleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Sir, who ſeek you?

*Alph.* Not you, Sir. Where's your maſter?

*Pedro.* I ſerve no man

In

In way of pay, Sir.
*Alph.* Where's the man o' th' houſe then?
*Pedro.* What would you have with him, Sir?
*Alph.* Do you ſtand here, Sir,
To aſk men queſtions when they come?
*Pedro.* I would, Sir,
Being his friend, and hearing ſuch alarms,
Know how men come to viſit him.
*Alph.* You ſhall, Sir:
Pray tell his Mightineſs here is a gentleman,
By name Alphonſo, would entreat his conference
About affairs of ſtate, Sir. Are you anſwer'd?

*Enter Sanchio carried.*

*Pedro.* I muſt be, Sir.
*Sanc.* Stay; ſet me down. Stay, ſignor!
You muſt ſtay, and you ſhall ſtay.
*Alph.* Meaning me, Sir?
*Sanc.* Yes, you, Sir; you I mean; I mean you.
*Alph.* Well, Sir?
Why ſhould I ſtay?
*Sanc.* There's reaſon.
*Alph.* Reaſon, Sir?
*Sanc.* Ay, reaſon, Sir;
My wrong is greateſt, and I will be ſerv'd firſt.
Call out the man of fame.
*Alph.* How ſerv'd, Sir?
*Sanc.* Thus, Sir.
*Alph.* But not before me?
*Sanc.* Before all the world, Sir,
As my caſe ſtands.
*Alph.* I've loſt a daughter, Sir.
*Sanc.* I've loſt another, worth five ſcore of her, Sir.
*Alph.* You muſt not tell me ſo.
*Sanc.* I have; and, hark ye,
Make it up five ſcore more. Call out the fellow;
And ſtand you by, Sir.
*Pedro.* This is the mad morris.
*Alph.* And I ſtand by?

*Sanc.*

*Sanc.* I ſay, ſtand by, and do it.
*Alph.* Stand by, among thy lungs[29]?
*Sanc.* Turn preſently,
And ſay thy prayers; thou art dead.
*Alph.* I ſcorn thee!
And ſcorn to ſay my prayers more than thou doſt!
Mine is the moſt wrong, and my daughter deareſt,
And mine ſhall firſt be righted.
*Sanc.* Shall be righted?
*Pedro.* A third may live, I ſee. Pray hear me, gentlemen.
*Sanc.* Shall be?
*Alph.* Ay, ſhall be righted.
*Sanc.* Now?
*Alph.* Now.
*Sanc.* Inſtantly?
*Alph.* Before I ſtir.
*Sanc.* Before me?
*Alph.* Before any.
*Sanc.* Doſt thou conſider what thou ſayſt? Haſt thou friends here
Able to quench my anger, or perſuade me
(After I've beaten thee into one main bruiſe[30],
And made thee ſpend thy ſtate in rotten apples)
Thou canſt at length be quiet? Shall I kill thee?
Divide thee like a rotten pompion,
And leave thee ſtinking to poſterity?
There's not the leaſt blow I ſhall give, but does this.
Urge me no further: I am firſt.
*Alph.* I'll hang firſt!
No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual honour, nor ſoldadoſhip——
*Sanc.* Set me a little nearer.
*Alph.* Let him ſally!—

[29] *Lungs.*] Probably this is an accidental corruption of the word *loons*, (i. e. *low people*) derived from the Iriſh *liun*, *ſluggiſh*. See Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, Gloſſary to vol. i.

[30] *One main* bruiſt.] The variation was recommended by Theobald. The mention of *rotten apples* (eſteemed beneficial in *bruiſes*) induces us to think him right.

Lin'd with your quirks of carriage and diſcretion[31],
Can blow me off my purpoſe. Where's your credit,
With all your ſchool-points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing? where are theſe toys,
Theſe wiſe ways and moſt honourable courſes,
To take revenge? How dar'ſt thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but ſquirts,
When lechery has dry-founder'd thee?

*Sanc.* Nearer yet!
That I may ſpit him down!—Thou lookeſt like a man.

*Pedro.* I would be thought ſo, Sir.

*Sanc.* Prithee do but take me,
And fling me upon that puppy.

*Alph.* Do, for Heaven's ſake,
And ſee but how I'll hug him.

*Sanc.* Yet take warning!

*Pedro.* Faith, gentlemen, this is a needleſs quarrel.

*Sanc.* And d'you deſire to make one?

*Pedro.* As a friend, Sir,
To tell you all this anger is but loſt, Sir;
For Leonardo is from home.

*Alph.* No, no, Sir!

*Pedro.* Indeed he is.

---

[31] Sanc. *Lin'd with your quirks.*] I have given to the ſpeakers here, what I think they may juſtly claim, though Mr. Theobald only makes a query about it, *viz.* Their proper ſpeeches, which all the former editions ſeem to have confounded; after—*ſoldadoſhip*—*Alphonſo* is interrupted by old *Sanchio* who ſays,

*Set me a little nearer, let him ſally*—After which *Alphonſo* goes on to complete his paſſionate ſpeech that was broke off at—*not your ſoldadoſhip*—thus,

*Lin'd with your quirks of carriage*, &c.

After which follows naturally enough,

Sanc. *Nearer yet.* *Sympſon.*

Firſt folio reads thus:

SANCH. *Set me a little nearer.*
ALPH. *Let him ſally.*
S. *Lin'd with*, &c.

Sympſon's variation, therefore, about which thus much is ſaid, is merely omitting the S. which by ſome accident (and palpably accident) was placed at the beginning of the laſt line.

*Sanc.*

*Sanc.* Where dare he be, but here, Sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for ſatisfactions?
*Pedro.* It ſeems he has done none, Sir; for his buſineſs,
Clear of thoſe cares, hath carried him for ſome time
To Barcelona: If he had been guilty,
I know he would have ſtay'd, and clear'd all difference,
Either by free confeſſion, or his ſword.
*Sanc.* This muſt not be!
*Pedro.* Sure as I live, it is, Sir.
*Alph.* Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever!—Barcelona?
Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence
He ſtole firſt hither.
*Sanc.* And having found his knaveries
Too groſs to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the ſame way back again: I believe too
The good graſs gentleman, for his own eaſe,
Has taken one o' th' fillies. Is not his ſtuff ſold?
*Alph.* I fear his worſhip's ſhoes too, to eſcape us;
I do not think he has a diſh within doors,
A louſe left of his lineage.
*Pedro.* You're too wide, Sir.
*Alph.* Or one poor wooden ſpoon.
*Pedro.* Come in and ſee, Sir.
*Alph.* I'll ſee his houſe on fire firſt!
*Pedro.* Then be pleas'd,
Sir, to give better cenſure.
*Sanc.* I will after him,
And ſearch him like conceal'd land, but I'll have him;
And, tho' I find him in his ſhrift, I'll kill him.
*Alph.* I'll bear you company.
*Sanc.* Pray have a care then,
A moſt eſpecial care, indeed a fear,
You do not anger me.
*Alph.* I will obſerve you;
And if I light upon him handſomely——
*Sanc.* Kill but a piece of him; leave ſome, Alphonſo,
For your poor friends!
*Pedro.* I fear him not for all this.

*Alph.* Shall we firſt go home,
(For it may prove a voyage) and diſpoſe
Of things there? Heav'n knows what may follow!
*Sanc.* No;
I'll kill him in this ſhirt I've on: Let things
Govern themſelves! I'm maſter of my honour
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay[32] 'till I return!
*Alph.* I ſay *Amen* to't:
But what care for our monies?
*Sanc.* I'll not ſpend
Above three ſhillings, 'till his head be here;
Four is too great a ſum for all his fortunes.
Come, take me up inſtantly.
*Alph.* Farewell to you, Sir!
And if your friend be in a feather-bed,
Sow'd up to ſhrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly;
For no courſe but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons. [*Exeunt.*
*Pedro.* Theſe I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiſcretions
Would ſuffer 'em; two of the old ſeditions!
When they want enemies, they are their own foes!
Were they a little wiſer, I ſhould doubt 'em;
'Till when, I'll ne'er break ſleep, nor ſuffer hunger,
For any harm he ſhall receive: For 'tis as eaſy,
If he be guilty, to turn theſe two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live ſtill,
As 'tis to tell five pound; a great deal ſooner.
And ſo I'll to my meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*

[32] *Lie* lay.] This paſſage is a confirmation of a correction I made in the Scornful Lady: Though Mr. Theobald makes an unhappy query whether we ſhould not read, *lie* FALLOW: But this is the ſame thing; *lay*, as you may ſee in note 48, upon the Scornful Lady, being *fallow*. *Sympſon.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Marc-Antonio and a Gentleman.*

*Marc.* SIR, this is compliment; I pray you leave me.
*Gent.* Sir, it is not.
*Marc.* Why, I would only ſee
The town.
*Gent.* And only that I come to ſhew you.
*Marc.* Which I can ſee without you.
*Gent.* So you may,
Plainly, not ſafely: For ſuch difference
As you have ſeen betwixt the ſea and earth
When waves riſe high, and land would beat 'em back,
As fearful of invaſion; ſuch we find
When we land here at Barcelona.
*Marc.* Sir——
*Gent.* Beſides, our gen'ral of the gallies, fearing,
Your haſty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you ſafe.
*Marc.* Oh, Sir, that Rodorigo
Is noble, and he does miſtake my temper:
There is not in the world a mind leſs apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he ſeen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleaſes

*Enter Eugenia, with divers Attendants.*

To call me friend, let ſlip a haſty word?—
'Slight, Sir! yonder is a lady veil'd;
For properneſs beyond compariſon,
And ſure her face is like the reſt; we'll ſee't.
*Gent.* Why, you are haſty, Sir, already. Know you
What 'tis you go about?
*Marc.* Yes; I would ſee
The woman's face.
*Gent.* By Heav'n, you ſhall not do't!
You do not know the cuſtom of the place;

To draw that curtain here, tho' ſhe were mean,
Is mortal.
*Marc.* Is it? Earth muſt come to earth
At laſt; and, by my troth, I'll try it, Sir.
*Gent.* Then I muſt hold you faſt. By all the faith
That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous than death; 'tis death and ſhame!
I know the lady well,
*Marc.* Is ſhe a lady?
I ſhall the more deſire to ſee her, Sir.
*Gent.* She is Alanſo's wife, the governor,
A noble gentleman.
*Marc.* Then let me go:
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
Theſe barbarous cuſtoms then; for every lady
Shall be ſeen daily, and ſeen over too[33].
*Gent.* Come, do not jeſt, nor let your paſſions bear you
To ſuch wild enterprizes! Hold you ſtill;
For, as I have a ſoul, you ſhall not do't!
She is a lady of unblemiſh'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were baſe.
Hold on your way; and we will ſee the town,
And overlook the ladies.
*Marc.* I am ſchool'd,
And promiſe you I will.—But, good Sir, ſee!
She will paſs by us now: I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
*Gent.* 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th' other.
1 *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?
*Gent.* Good Sir, forbear.
1 *Attend.* It ſeems you are new landed; would you beg
Any thing here?

[33] *And ſeen* over *too.*] Sympſon thinks it probable we ſhould read, *ſeen* OVERT *too*; i. e. *open*. But the laſt line of the next ſpeech, *And* OVERLOOK *the ladies*, ſeems to confirm the old reading.

*Marc.*

*Marc.* Yes, Sir, all happineſs
To that fair lady, as I hope.
*Gent.* Marc-Antonio!
*Marc.* Her face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A ſight of.
*Gent.* Now go on; for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.
1 *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall ſee a fitter object for your eyes,
Than a fair lady's face.
*Eug.* For Heav'n's ſake, raiſe not
A quarrel in the ſtreets for me!
1 *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your door.
*Eug.* Will you needs quarrel then?
1 *Attend.* We muſt, or ſuffer
This outrage. Is't not all your minds, Sirs? ſpeak.
*All.* Yes.
*Eug.* Then I do beſeech ye, let my lord

*Enter three or four Soldiers.*

Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*
*Gent.* See, happily ſome of our galley ſoldiers
Are come aſhore.
1 *Attend.* Come on, Sir! you ſhall ſee
Faces enough.

*Enter certain Townſmen.*

*Gent.* Some one of you call to
Our general! the whole roar of the town
Comes in upon us.
*Marc.* I have ſeen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet
See that, or ſpoil yours. [*They fight.*

*Enter Philippo, Theodoſia, and Leocadia.*

*Phil.* On! why ſtart you back?
*Theod.* Alas, Sir, they are fighting.
*Leoc.* Let's be gone,—

See, ſee, a handſome man ſtruck down!
*Gent.* Ho, general!
Look out! Antonio is in diſtreſs.
*Theod.* Antonio?
*Leoc.* Antonio? 'Tis he.
*Rod.* [*within.*] Ho, Governor!—Make a ſhot into the town!
I'll part you. Bring away Antonio [*A ſhot.*
Into my cabin. [*Exeunt Attendants and Townſmen.*
*Gent.* I will do that office:
I fear it is the laſt that I ſhall do him.
[*Exeunt Soldiers and Gentleman, with Marc-Antonio.*
*Theod.* The laſt? why, will he die?
*Leoc.* Since I have found him,
Happineſs leave me, when I leave him! [*Exit.*
*Phil.* Why, Theodoſia!
My ſiſter! wake! Alas, I griev'd but now
To ſee the ſtreets ſo full, and now I grieve
To ſee them left ſo empty: I could wiſh
Tumult himſelf were here, that yet at leaſt
Amongſt the band I might eſpy ſome face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an errand for a cordial,
Or *aqua-vitæ*, or a cup of ſack,
Or a phyſician. But to talk of theſe——
She breathes! Stand up! oh, Theodoſia!
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a ſigh,
Which is but the moſt unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worſhip ſadneſs,
Apply myſelf to grief, prepare and build
Altars to ſorrow!
*Theod.* Oh, Philippo, help me!
*Phil.* I do: Theſe are my arms, Philippo's arms,
Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.
*Theod.* You help me
To life; but I would ſee Antonio
That's dead.
*Phil.* Thou ſhalt ſee any thing. How doſt thou?
*Theod.* Better, I thank you.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Why, that's well. Call up
Thy ſenſes, and uncloud thy cover'd ſpirits.
How now?
*Theod.* Recover'd. But Antonio!
Where is he?
*Phil.* We will find him. Art thou well?
*Theod.* Perfectly well, ſaving the miſs of him.
And I do charge you here, by our alliance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thouſand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think plac'd in a lover's heart,
And in a virgin's too when ſhe wants help,
To grant me your aſſiſtance to find out
This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you,
In ſervice, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth;
But other treaſure I have none. Alas!
You men have ſtrong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themſelves, crying for what they ſee.
*Phil.* Why doſt thou charge me thus? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wiſhes were? Have I at any time
Tender'd a buſineſs of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been,
As if I were a ſenſeleſs creature, made
To ſerve thee without power of queſtioning?
If ſo, why fear'ſt thou?
*Theod.* I am ſatisfied.
*Phil.* Come then, let's go!—Where's Leocadia?
*Theod.* I know not, Sir.
*Phil.* Where's Leocadia?
*Theod.* I do not know.
*Phil.* Leocadia!
This tumult made the ſtreets as dead as night;
A man may talk as freely! what's become
Of Leocadia?

*Theod.*

*Theod.* She's run away.

*Phil.* Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each other's face, 'till we may, both together,
Faſten our eyes on her! Accurſed be
Thoſe tender cozening names of Charity,
And Natural Affection! they have loſt
Me, only by obſerving them, what coſt,
Travel, and fruitleſs wiſhes, may in vain
Search thro' the world, but never find again.

*Theod.* Good Sir, be patient! I have done no fault
Worthy this baniſhment.

*Phil.* Yes; Leocadia,
The lady ſo diſtreſs'd, who was content
To lay her ſtory, and to lay her heart
As open as her ſtory to yourſelf;
Who was content that I ſhould know her ſex,
Before diſſembled, and to put herſelf
Into my conduct; whom I undertook
Safely to guard; is in this tumult loſt!

*Theod.* And can I help it, Sir?

*Phil.* No; 'would thou couldſt!
You might have done, but for that zeal'd religion
You women bear no ſwoonings: You do pick
Your times to faint, when ſomebody is by
Bound or by nature, or by love, or ſervice,
To raiſe you from that well-diſſembled death;
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by herſelf,
Where ſickneſs would no more forbear than here,
And I will quit the reſt for her.

*Theod.* I know not
What they may do, and how they may diſſemble;
But, by my troth, I did not.

*Phil.* By my troth,
'Would I had tried! 'would I had let thee lain,
And follow'd her!

*Theod.* I would you had done ſo,
Rather than been ſo angry. Where's Antonio?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Why doſt thou vex me with theſe queſtions?
I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzles; if he ſwoon,
He has a doſe of biſcuit.
*Theod.* I am glad
He is alive.
*Phil.* Was ever man thus troubled?
Tell me where Leocadia is!
*Theod.* Good brother,
Be not ſo haſty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I firſt
Told you ſhe was a woman; and, believe me,
Something I have found out which makes me think,
Nay, almoſt know ſo well, that I durſt ſwear
She follow'd hurt Antonio.
*Phil.* What do we

*Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townſmen.*

Then lingring here? We will aboard the gallies,
And find her.
*Gov.* Made he a ſhot into the town?
1 *Attend.* He did, Sir.
*Gov.* Call back thoſe gentlemen.
1 *Attend.* The Governor
Commands you back.
*Phil.* We will obey him, Sir.
*Gov.* You gave him cauſe to ſhoot, I know: He is
So far from raſh offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendſhip—Could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an uproar,
Before my door too?
1 *Townſ.* By my troth, Sir,
We were ſo buſy in the public cauſe,
Of our own private falling out, that we forgot it.
At home we ſee now you were not; but as ſoon
As the ſhot made us fly, we ran away
As faſt as we could to ſeek your honour.
*Gov.* 'Twas gravely done! but no man tells the cauſe,

Or

Or chance, or what it was, that made you differ.
1 *Townſ.* For my part, Sir, if there were any that
I knew of, the ſhot drove it out of my head.
Do you know any, neighbours?
*All.* Not we, not we.
*Gov.* Not we? Nor can you tell?
1 *Attend.* No other cauſe,
But the old quarrel betwixt the town and the gallies.
*Gov.* Come nearer, gentlemen! What are your names?
*Phil.* My name Philippo.
*Theod.* And mine Theodoro.
*Gov.* Strangers you are, it ſeems.
*Phil.* Newly arriv'd.
*Gov.* Then you are they begun this tumult.
*Phil.* No, Sir.
*Gov.* Speak one of you.
1 *Attend.* They are not; I can quit 'em.
*Phil.* Yet we ſaw part, and an unhappy part,
Of this debate; a long-fought friend of ours
Struck down for dead, and borne unto the gallies;
His name is Marc-Antonio.
*Phil.* And another
Of our own company, a gentleman
Of noble birth, beſides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, raviſh'd hence
We know not how, in this diſſention.
*Gov.* Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a weapon any more,
But thoſe belonging to your trades, I'll lay you
Where your beſt cuſtomers ſhall hardly find you.
[*Exeunt Townſmen.*
I'm ſorry, gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both ſtrangers, by your tongues, and looks,
Of worth: To make ye ſome part of amends,
If there be any thing in this poor town
Of Barcelona that you would command,
Command me!
*Theod.* Sir, this wounded gentleman,
If it might pleaſe you, if your power and love
Extend

Extend ſo far, I would be glad to wiſh
Might be remov'd into the town for cure:
The gallies ſtay not; and his wound, I know,
Cannot endure a voyage.
*Gov.* Sir, he ſhall,
I warrant you.—Go call me hither, ſirrah,
One of my other ſervants. [*Exit* 1 *Attend.*
*Phil.* And beſides,
The gentleman we loſt, ſignor Franciſco,
Shall he be render'd too?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Gov.* And he, Sir, too. Go, ſirrah, bear this ring
To Rodorigo, my moſt noble friend,
The general of the gallies: Tell him this.
[*Whiſpers to his Servant. Exit Servant.*
*Theod.* Now we ſhall have 'em both.
*Phil.* Bleſt be thy thoughts
For apprehending this! bleſt be thy breath
For uttering it!
*Gov.* Come, gentlemen, you ſhall
Enter my roof; and I will ſend for ſurgeons,
And you ſhall ſee your friends here preſently.
*Theod.* His name was Marc-Antonio.
*Gov.* I know it,
And have ſent word ſo.
*Phil.* Did you not forget
Franciſco's name?
*Gov.* Nor his. You're truly welcome;
To talk about it more, were but to ſay
The ſame word often over: You are welcome. [*Exe.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Marc-Antonio, carried by two Soldiers; Leocadia and the Servant following.*

*Serv.* This is the houſe, Sir.
*Marc.* Enter it, I pray you;
For I am faint, altho' I think my wound

Be

Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.
1 *Sold.* Heaven ſend you health, Sir!
*Serv.* Let me lead you in.
*Marc.* My wound's not in my feet; I ſhall entreat'em,
I hope to bear me ſo far. [*Exit.*
2 *Sold.* How ſeriouſly
Theſe land-men fled, when our general
Made a ſhot, as if he had been a warning
To call 'em to their hall!
1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em:
What a man have they now in the town
Able to maintain a tumult, or uphold
A matter out of ſquare, if need be? Oh,
The quiet hurly-burlies that I've ſeen
In this town, when we've fought four hours together,
And not a man amongſt us ſo impertinent
Or modeſt to aſk why?
But now the pillars that bare up this bleſſed
Town in that regular debate, and ſcrambling,
Are dead, the more's the pity.
2 *Sold.* Old Ignatio
Lives ſtill.
1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do
Prettily well at a man's liver: But where
Is there a man now living in the town
That hath a ſteady hand, and underſtands
Anatomy well? If it come
To a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the ſpleen, why, alas! Ignatio is to ſeek.
Are there any ſuch men left as I
Have known, that would ſay they would hit you
In this place? Is there ever a good artiſt,
Or a member-piercer, or a ſmall-gut-man,
Left in the town? Anſwer me that.
2 *Sold.* Maſs,
I think there be not.
1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee.
Come, come; 'tis time we were at the gallies. [*Exe.*

*Enter*

*Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc-Antonio, Philippo, Theodoſia, Leocadia, and Attendants.*

*Gov.* Sir, you may know by what I ſaid already,
You may command my houſe; but I muſt beg
Pardon to leave you. If the public buſineſs
Forc'd me not from you, I myſelf ſhould call it
Unmannerly; but, good Sir, do you give it
A milder name. It ſhall not be an hour
Ere I return.

*Marc.* Sir, I was ne'er ſo poor
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.

*Gov.* Sir, within this hour. [*Exit.*

*Marc.* Is this the lady that I quarrell'd for?
Oh, Luſt, if wounds cannot reſtrain thy power,
Let ſhame! Nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.
If I purſue it, all the civil world,
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to houſholds, or the blemiſh
That may be ſtuck upon poſterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
'This is the wounded ſtranger, that, receiv'd
'For charity into a houſe, attempted'——
I will not do it.

*Eug.* Sir, how do you now,
That you walk off?

*Marc.* Worſe, madam, than I was;
But it will over.

*Eug.* Sit, and reſt a while!

*Marc.* Where are the ſurgeons?

*Eug.* Sir, it is their manner,
When they have ſeen the wound, eſpecially
The patient being of worth, to go conſult
(Which they are now at in another room)
About the dreſſing.

*Marc.* Madam, I do feel
Myſelf not well.

*Theod.*

*Theod.* Alas!
*Leoc.* How do you, Sir?
*Eug.* Will you drink waters?
*Marc.* No, good madam; 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous: But yet there are
Some things that ſit ſo heavy on my conſcience,
That will perplex my mind, and ſtop my cure;
So that unleſs I utter 'em, a ſcratch,
Here on my thumb, will kill me. Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Yourſelves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd myſelf to this moſt-honour'd lady!
*Phil.* We will not.
*Theod.* Oh, bleſs'd! he'll diſcover now
His love to me.
*Leoc.* Now he will tell the lady
Our contract. [*Exeunt omnes præter Eug. and Marc.*
*Eug.* I do believe he will confeſs to me
The wrong he did a lady in the ſtreets;
But I forgive him.
*Marc.* Madam, I perceive
Myſelf grow worſe and worſe.
*Eug.* Shall I call back
Your friends?
*Marc.* Oh, no! but, ere I do impart
What burthens me ſo ſore, let me entreat you
(For there is no truſt in theſe ſurgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My laſt requeſt: But tell me truly too,
(That muſt be in) how far do you imagine
It will have power upon me.
*Eug.* Sir, I will.
*Marc.* For Heav'n's ſake, ſoftly! Oh! I muſt needs lay
My head down eaſily, whilſt you do it.
*Eug.* Do, Sir.—
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well:

Are

Are you faint-hearted?
*Marc.* Oh!
*Eug.* Why do you ſigh?
There is no danger in the world in this:
I wonder it ſhould make a man——Sit down[35].
What do you mean? why do you kiſs my breaſts?
Lift up your head; your wound may well endure it.
*Marc.* Oh, madam, may I not expreſs affection
(Dying affection too, I fear) to thoſe
That do me favours, ſuch as this of yours?
*Eug.* If you mean ſo, 'tis well: But what's the buſineſs
Lies on your conſcience?
*Marc.* I will tell you, madam.
*Eug.* Tell me, and laugh?
*Marc.* But I will tell you true,
Tho' I do laugh: I know, as well as you,
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me in your preſence,
That I could feel: But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wiſe men too, we ſhall deceive 'em.
Whilſt they imagine I am talking here
With that ſhort breath I have, ready to ſwoon
At every full point; you my ghoſtly mother
To hear my ſad confeſſion; you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the matter privately.
*Eug.* Forbear!
Thou wert but now as welcome to this houſe
As certain cures to ſick men, and juſt now
This ſudden alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'ſt
How loathſome thou wilt be, thou wouldſt entreat
Theſe walls or poſts to help thee to a hurt,
Paſt thy diſſimulation.
*Marc.* Gentle madam,
Call 'em not in!

35 *I wonder it ſhould make a man ſit down.*] So the former editions.

*Eug.* I will not yet; this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue
And ears; thou canſt not force me; therefore hear
me
What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born
To end ſome way more diſeſteem'd than this;
Or, which is worſe, to die of this hurt yet.—
Come, gentlemen!

*Enter Leocadia.*

*Marc.* Good madam!
*Eug.* Gentlemen!
*Leoc.* Madam, how is't? Is Marc-Antonio well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I ſee
A ſtrange diſtemper in you.
*Eug.* I am wrought
By that diſſembling man, that fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

*Enter Philippo and Theodoſia.*

*Leoc.* Gentle madam, ſpeak
To me alone! let not them underſtand
His fault! he will repent it, I dare ſwear.
*Eug.* I'll tell it you in private.
*Phil.* Marc-Antonio,
How do you?
*Marc.* Stand further off, I pray you;
Give me ſome air.
*Theod.* Good brother, will he ſcape?
The ſurgeons ſay there is no danger.
*Phil.* Scape?
No doubt he will.
*Leoc.* Alas, will he not leave
This trying all?—Madam, I do beſeech you
Let me but ſpeak to him, you and theſe by,
And I dare almoſt promiſe you to make him
Shew himſelf truly ſorrowful to you.
Beſides, a ſtory I ſhall open to you,
Not put in ſo good words, but in itſelf

So

So full of chance, that you will eaſily
Forgive my tedioufneſs, and be well pleas'd
With that ſo much afflicts me.
*Eug.* Good Sir, do.
*Leoc.* And I deſire no interruption
Of ſpeech may trouble me, 'till I have ſaid
What I will quickly do.
*Theod.* What will ſhe ſay?
*Eug.* Come, gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
And keep your voices.
*Leoc.* Signor Marc-Antonio,
How do you?
*Marc.* Oh, the ſurgeons!
*Leoc.* Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do diſſemble,
It is no time to do ſo; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your fleſh and blood,
And make your ſpirit an untroubled way
To paſs to what it ought.
*Marc.* You're not in earneſt?
Why, I can walk, Sir, and am well.
*Leoc.* 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the nature, as your ſurgeons ſay,
Of theſe wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his laſt hour, his minute:
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir, ſit down again!
*Marc.* Alas,
Where are the ſurgeons?
*Leoc.* Sir, they will not come;
If they ſhould dreſs you, you would die, they ſay,
Ere one told twenty. Trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not ſtir your body,
And you may live an hour.
*Marc.* Oh, Heav'ns, an hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the wrongs that I have done: How ſhort
Then for contrition, and how leaſt of all
For ſatisfaction!

*Leoc.* But you deſire
To ſatisfy?
*Marc.* Heav'n knows, I do!
*Leoc.* Then know
That I am he, or ſhe, or what you will,
Moſt wrong'd by you, your Leocadia,
(I know you muſt remember me)——
*Marc.* Oh, Heav'n!
*Leoc.* That loſt her friends, that loſt her father's houſe,
That loſt her fame in loſing of her ſex,
With theſe ſtrange garments: There is no excuſe
To hinder me; it is within your power
To give me ſatisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you, for your conſcience ſake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That contract, which you have both ſeal'd and ſworn,
Yet ere you die; which muſt be haſtily,
Heav'n knows.
*Marc.* Alas, the ſting of conſcience
To death-ward for our faults! Draw nearer all,
And hear what I, unhappy man, ſhall ſay.
Firſt, madam, I deſire your pardon; next,
(I feel my ſpirits fail me!) gentlemen,
Let me ſhake hands with you, and let's be friends;
For I have done wrong upon wrong ſo thick,
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; forgive me both!
Laſtly, 'tis true (oh, I do feel the power
Of death ſeize on me!) that I was contracted
By ſeal and oath to Leocadia;
(I muſt ſpeak faſt, becauſe I fear my life
Will elſe be ſhorter than my ſpeech would be)
But 'tis impoſſible to ſatisfy
You, Leocadia, but by repentance,
Tho' I can dyingly and boldly ſay
I know not your diſhonour; yet that was

Your

Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well:
But herein lies th' impoſſibility;
(Oh! Theodoſia, Theodoſia!)
I was betroth'd to Theodoſia,
Before I ever ſaw thee; Heav'n forgive me!
She is my wife this half-hour whilſt I live.
*Theod.* That's I, that's I!, I'm Theodoſia.
Hear me a little now, who have not ſuffer'd
Diſgrace at all methinks, ſince you confeſs
What I ſo long have ſought for. Here is with me
Philippo too, my brother.
*Marc.* I am glad;
All happineſs to him! Come, let me kiſs thee,
Beg pardon of that maid for my offence;
And let me further, with a dying breath,
Tell in thine ear the reſt of my deſires.
*Eug.* I am afraid they will all four turn women,
If we hold longer talk.
*Leoc.* Alas, there is
No hope for me; that's Theodoſia,
And that her brother. I am only ſorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will ſearch
Over the world, as careleſs of my fortunes
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curſe
To make theſe almoſt-killing ſorrows worſe! [*Exit.*
*Theod.* Sir, as I live, ſhe lied, only to draw
A juſt confeſſion from you, which ſhe hath;
A happy one for me! Aſk of this lady,
Aſk of my brother.
*Eug.* Sir, ſhe did diſſemble;
Your wound is nothing.
*Phil.* Leocadia's gone! [*Exit.*
*Theod.* Riſe up, and ſtir yourſelf; 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you;
Look you, Sir, now!
*Marc.* I think 'tis ſo, indeed.
*Theod.* The ſurgeons do not come, becauſe they ſwear
It needs no dreſſing.

*Eug.* You ſhall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.
*Marc.* Where's your brother,
And Leocadia?
*Eug.* Within belike.
*Marc.* I feel myſelf, methinks, as well as ever.
*Eug.* Keep then your mind ſo too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; but here is one
Muſt not be wrong'd hereafter.
*Marc.* Neither ſhall ſhe:
When I make jeſts of oaths again, or make
My luſt play with religion; when I leave
To keep true joys for her, and yet within
Myſelf true ſorrow for my paſſed deeds;
May I want grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and ſudden puniſhment! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.*

*Phil.* WHERE is mine hoſt? did not he ſee him neither?
*Diego.* Not I, i'faith, Sir.
*Phil.* Nor the muleteer?
*Inc.* Nay, he's paſt ſeeing, unleſs it be in's ſleep,
By this time; all his viſions were the pots,
Three hours ſince, Sir.
*Phil.* Which way ſhould ſhe take?
Nay, look you now! d'you all ſtand ſtill? Good Heav'n!
You might have lighted on him. Now, this inſtant!
For love's ſake, ſeek him out! Whoever finds him,
I will reward his fortune as his diligence.
Get all the town to help, that will be hir'd;
Their pains I'll turn to annual holiday,
If it ſhall chance but one bring word of her:

Pray

Pray you, about it!

*Inc.* Her, Sir? who do you mean?

*Phil.* I had forgot myſelf; the page, I meant,
That came along with us.

*Diego.* He you gave the cloaths to?

*Phil.* I gave the cloaths to, raſcal?

*Diego.* Nay, good Sir!

*Phil.* Why doſt thou mention or upbraid my courteſies,
Slave?

*Diego.* For your honour, Sir.

*Phil.* Wretch! I was honour'd,
That ſhe ſhould wear 'em (he, I would ſay) 'ſdeath!
Go, get and find him out, or never ſee me.
I ſhall betray my love, ere I poſſeſs it.
Some ſtar direct me, or ill planet ſtrike me! [*Exit.*

*Inc.* Beſt to divide.

*Diego.* I'll this way.

*Inc.* And I this.

*Diego.* I, as you, find him for a rial!

*Inc.* 'Tis done.

*Diego.* My courſe is now directly to ſome pie-houſe;
I know the pages' compaſs.

*Inc.* I think rather
The ſmock ſide o'th' town, the ſurer harbour
At his years to put in.

*Diego.* If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.

*Inc.* I by the tail; yet I as you!

*Diego.* No more. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Philippo.*

*Phil.* Dear Leocadia, where canſt thou be fled
Thus, like a ſpirit, hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following ſearch,
If yet thou art a body? Sure ſhe hath not
Ta'en any houſe: She did too late leave one

Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her,
And would, if ſhe had ſtay'd, have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her. Yet ſhe muſt
Be enter'd ſomewhere, or be found; no ſtreet,
Lane, paſſage, corner, turn, hath 'ſcap'd enquiry.
If her deſpair had raviſh'd her to air,
She could not yet be rarified ſo,
But ſome of us ſhould meet her: Tho' their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide
A miſt as thick as ever darkneſs was,
Nay, ſee her thro' a quarry: They do lie,
Lie groſly, that ſay Love is blind; by him,
And Heav'n, they lie! he has a ſight can pierce
Thro' ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.

*Enter Incubo.*

*Inc.* Sir, he's found, he's found!

*Phil.* Ha? where? But reach that happy note again,
And let it reliſh truth, thou art an angel.

*Inc.* He's here; faſt by, Sir; calling for a boat
To go aboard the gallies.

*Phil.* Where, where? Hold thee! [*Exit.*

*Inc.* He might ha' kept this now, I'd nought to ſhew for't,
If he had had the wit t'have gone from's word:
Theſe direct men, they are no men of faſhion;
Talk what you will, this is a very ſmelt. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Leonardo, with a Surgeon.*

*Leo.* Upon your art, Sir, and your faith t'aſſiſt it,
Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?

*Surg.* Sir, 'tis not worth your queſtion, leſs your fear.

*Leo.* You do reſtore me, Sir; I pray y' accept
This ſmall remembrance of a father's thanks,
For ſo aſſur'd a benefit.

*Surg.*

*Surg.* Excuſe me!

*Leo.* Sir, I can ſpare it, and muſt not believe
But that your fortune may receive't; except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.

*Surg.* I crave your pardon, Sir; you teach me manners.

*Leo.* I crave your love and friendſhip; and require,
As I have made now both myſelf and buſineſs
A portion of your care, you will but bring me,
Under the perſon of a call'd aſſiſtant,
To his next opening; where I may but ſee him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me: For I am loth,
Since here I have not to appear myſelf,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpoſe.

*Surg.* Neither
I hope will be your need, Sir: I ſhall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Philippo and Leocadia.*

*Phil.* Will you not hear me?

*Leoc.* I have heard ſo much
Will keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-Antonio,
After thy ſentence, I may hear no more:
Thou haſt pronounc'd me dead!

*Phil.* Appeal to Reaſon:
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her abſence: Hear me ſay
A ſovereign meſſage from her, which in duty,
And love to your own ſafety, you ought hear.
Why do you ſtrive ſo? whither would you fly?
You cannot wreſt yourſelf away from care,
You may from counſel; you may ſhift your place,
But not your perſon; and another clime
Makes you no other.

*Leoc.*

*Leoc.* Oh!

*Phil.* For paſſion's ſake,
(Which I do ſerve, honour, and love in you)
If you will ſigh, ſigh here; if you would vary
A ſigh to tears, or outcry, do it here!
No ſhade, no deſart, darkneſs, nor the grave
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me ſpeak!

*Leoc.* What would you ſay?

*Phil.* That which ſhall raiſe your heart, or pull down mine,
Quiet your paſſion, or provoke mine own;
We muſt have both one balſam, or one wound.
For know, lov'd fair, ſince the firſt providence
Made me your reſcue, I have read you thro',
And with a wondring pity looked on you;
I have obſerv'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it e'en with ſympathy
Of a like red and paleneſs in mine own;
I knew which bluſh was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
And could diſtinguiſh honour from diſdain
In every change; and you are worth my ſtudy.
I ſaw your voluntary miſery
Suſtain'd in travel: A diſguiſed maid,
Wearied with ſeeking, and with finding loſt;
Neglected, where you hop'd moſt, or put by;
I ſaw it, and have laid it to my heart:
And tho' it were my ſiſter which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
My care for you ſo drown'd reſpect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But ſtudied your releaſe; and for that day
Have I made up a ranſom, brought you health,
Preſervative 'gainſt chance, or injury,
Pleaſe you apply it to the grief; myſelf.

*Leoc.* Humph!

*Phil.* Nay, do not think me leſs than ſuch a cure.

Antonio

Antonio was not; and, 'tis poſſible,
Philippo may ſucceed: My blood and houſe
Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly ſpread,
As Marc-Antonio's; and in that all ſeek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incenſe as much as he; I ever durſt
Walk with Antonio by the ſelf-ſame light
At any feaſt, or triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which ſide my lady or her woman took
In their ſurvey; I durſt have told my tale too,
Tho' his diſcourſe new ended.

*Leoc.* My repulſe——

*Phil.* Let not that torture you, which makes me happy;
Nor think that conſcience, fair, which is no ſhame!
'Twas no repulſe; it was your dowry rather [36]:
For then methought a thouſand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thouſand ſtories
Of conſtant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or diſgrac'd,
After this ſuff'ring, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and buſineſs of thoſe powers,
Who, like beſt tutors, do inflict hard taſks
Upon great natures, and of nobleſt hopes.
Read trivial leſſons, and half lines to ſlugs;
They that live long, and never feel miſchance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

*Leoc.* 'Tis well you think ſo.

*Phil.* You ſhall think ſo too;
You ſhall, ſweet Leocadia, and do ſo.

*Leoc.* Good Sir, no more! you have too fair a ſhape
To play ſo foul a part in as the tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,

[36] *'Twas no repulſe,* I was *your dowry rather.*] The ſenſe ſeems to require us to read either, IT *was*, or *I* WIS; for how was *he* her *dowry*, or *repulſe?*

Who

Who ſhould abſolve me of my vow yet? ha?
My contract made?
*Phil.* Your contract?
*Leoc.* Yes, my contract:
Am I not his? his wife?
*Phil.* Sweet, nothing leſs?
*Leoc.* I have no name then?
*Phil.* Truly then, you have not:
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's huſband?
*Leoc.* Oh, tho' he diſpenſe
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.
*Phil.* You do miſtake, clear ſoul; his pre-contract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity;
You rather ſin againſt that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; ſweet, you do:
Believe me, who daren't urge diſhoneſt things!
Remove that ſcruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's ſcale,
And weigh them with your ſafeties: Think but whither
Now you can go; what you can do to live;
How near you ha' barr'd all ports to your own ſuccour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild luſt of any, who would look
Upon this ſhape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you perſonate;
Would not regard this ſhift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So ſhould you live the ſlander of each ſex,
And be the child of error and of ſhame;
And, which is worſe, even Marc-Antony
Would be call'd juſt, to turn a wanderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where if you make new choice, and ſettle here,
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his courſe, and all ſuſpicions
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?

Go

Go home a wife: Alone? and in diſguiſe?
Go home a waited Leocadia:
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Tranſform all miſchiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a ſilent welcome;
Unfold the riddles you have made. What ſay you?

*Enter Sanchio carried, Alphonſo, and Servants.*

Now is the time; delay is but deſpair;
If you be chang'd, let a kiſs tell me ſo!
*Leoc.* I am; but how, I rather feel than know.
*Sanc.* Come, Sir; you're welcome now to Barcelona.
Take off my hood.
*Phil.* Who be theſe? Stay; let's view 'em!
*Alph.* 'Twas a long journey; are you not weary, Sir?
*Sanc.* Weary? I could have rid it in mine armour.
*Leoc.* Alas!
*Phil.* What ail you, dear?
*Leoc.* It is my father.
*Phil.* Your father? which?
*Leoc.* He that is carried: Oh,
Let us make hence!
*Phil.* For love's ſake, good my heart!
*Leoc.* Into ſome houſe, before he ſee me.
*Phil.* Dear,
Be not thus frighted.
*Leoc.* Oh, his wrath is tempeſt.
*Phil.* Sweet, take your ſpirit to you, and ſtay.
Be't he,
He cannot know you in this habit; and me
I'm ſure he leſs knows, for he never ſaw me.
*Alph.* Ha! who is that? my ſon Philippo?
*Phil.* Sir!
*Alph.* Why, what make you here? Is this Salamanca?
And that your ſtudy? ha?—Nay, ſtay him too;
We'll ſee him, by his leave.
*Serv.* You muſt not ſtrive, Sir.
*Alph.* No, no; come near.

*Sanc.*

*Sanc.* My daughter? Leocadia?
*Alph.* How, Sir! your daughter?
*Sanc.* Yes, Sir; and as ſure
As that's your ſon. Come hither! What now? run
Out o' your ſex? breech'd? Was it not enough
At once to leave thy father, and thine honour,
Unleſs th' hadſt quit thyſelf too?
*Phil.* Sir, what fault
She can be urg'd of[37], I muſt take on me
The guilt and puniſhment.
*Sanc.* You muſt, Sir? How
If you ſhall not, tho' you muſt? I deal not
With boys, Sir, I: You have a father here
Shall do me right.
*Alph.* Thou art not mad, Philippo?
Art thou Marc-Antonio, ſon to Leonardo?
Our buſineſs is to them. [*Leocadia ſlips out.*
*Sanc.* No, no, no, no!
I'll ha' the buſineſs now, with you, none elſe.
Pray you let's ſpeak in private.—Carry me to him.—
Your ſon's the raviſher, Sir; and here I find him.
I hope you'll give me cauſe to think you noble,
And do me right, with your ſword, Sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another:
All this is fair, Sir; here's the ſea faſt by;
Upon the ſands we will determine.
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no days on't;
I'll lead your way.—To the ſea-ſide, raſcals!
*Phil.* Sir,
I would beſeech your ſtay; he may not follow you.
*Sanc.* No?—Turn.—I'll kill him here then.—
Slaves, rogues, blocks,
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my motions, logs, ſo long,
And yet not know to time 'em?
*Phil.* Were you, Sir,

37 *She can be* urg'd of.] The oddneſs of the conſtruction here inclines me to think that we ſhould read, *urg'd* WITH. *Sympſon.*
*Of* often occurs in old authors in the ſenſe of *with*.

Not

Not impotent——

*Alph.* Hold you your peace, boy!

*Sanc.* Impotent?

'Death, I'll cut his throat firſt, and then his father's.

*Alph.* You muſt provide you then a ſharper razor
Than is your tongue; for I not fear your ſword.

*Sanc.* 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em!

*Phil.* Pray, Sir, your patience.

*Enter Governor and Attendants.*

*Alph.* My curſe light on thee, if thou ſtay him!

*Phil.* Hold!

*Gov.* Why, what's the matter, gentlemen? what tumult
Is this you raiſe i' th' ſtreet? before my door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?

*Sanc.* Yes, and to uſe it. Bear me up t' him, rogues.
Thus, at a traitor's heart!

*Alph.* Truer than thine.

*Gov.* Strike, ſtrike; ſome of the people diſarm 'em;
Kill 'em, if they reſiſt.

*Phil.* Nay, generous Sir,
Let not your courteſy turn fury now.

*Gov.* Lay hold upon 'em; take away their weapons!
I will be worth an anſwer, ere we part.

*Phil.* 'Tis the Governor, Sir.

*Alph.* I yield myſelf.

*Sanc.* My ſword? What think'ſt thou of me? pray thee, tell me.

1 *Attend.* As of a gentleman.

*Sanc.* No more?

1 *Attend.* Of worth,
And quality.

*Sanc.* An I ſhould quit my ſword,
There were ſmall worth or quality in that, friend;
Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality,
Than to demand it.

*Gov.* Force it, I ſay!

1 *Attend.* The Governor,

You

You hear, commands.

*Sanc.* The Governor ſhall pardon me.

*Phil.* How! Leocadia gone again? [*Exit Phil.*

*Sanc.* He ſhall, friend,
I' th' point of honour, by his leave; ſo tell him:
His perſon and authority I acknowledge,
And do ſubmit me to it; but my ſword,
He ſhall excuſe me, were he fifteen governors;
That and I dwell together, and muſt yet,
'Till my hands part, aſſure him.

*Gov.* I ſay, force it!

*Sanc.* Stay, hear me! Haſt thou ever read Caranza[38]?
Underſtandeſt thou honour, noble Governor?

*Gov.* For that we'll have more fit diſpute.

*Sanc.* Your name, Sir?

*Gov.* You ſhall know that too, but on colder terms;
Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.

*Sanc.* Force my ſword from me? This is an affront.

*Gov.* Bring 'em away!

*Sanc.* You'll do me reparation? [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philippo.*

*Phil.* I have for ever loſt her, and am loſt,
And worthily; my tameneſs hath undone me!
She's gone hence, aſham'd of me; yet I ſeek her:
Will ſhe be ever found to me again,
Whom ſhe ſaw ſtand ſo poorly, and dare nothing
In her defence here, when I ſhould have drawn
This ſword out, like a meteor, and have ſhot it
In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent angers? Oh, I'm worthy,
On whom this loſs and ſcorn ſhould light to death;
Without the pity that ſhould wiſh me better,
Either alive, or in my epitaph. [*Exit.*

[38] *Caranza.*] *Caranza* was an author who wrote a Treatiſe on the Duello; he is often mentioned in our Author and Ben Jonſon with ridicule. See Every Man in his Humour, and the New Inn, by the latter. *R.*

*Enter*

*Enter Leonardo and Marc-Antonio.*

*Leo.* Well, ſon, your father is too near himſelf,
And hath too much of nature, to put off
Any affection that belongs to you:
I could have only wiſh'd you had acquainted
Her father, whom it equally concerns,
Tho' you'd preſum'd on me; it might have open'd
An eaſier gate and path to both our joys:
For tho' I am none of thoſe flinty fathers,
That, when their children do but natural things,
Turn rock and offence ſtraight, yet, Marc-Antonio,
All are not of my quarry.

*Marc.* 'Tis my fear, Sir;
And if hereafter I ſhould e'er abuſe
So great a piety, it were my malice.

*Enter Attendants.*

*Attend.* We muſt entreat you, gentlemen, to take
Another room; the Governor is coming
Here, on ſome buſineſs.

*Enter Governor, Sanchio, Alphonſo, and Attendants.*

*Marc.* We will give him way.

*Sanc.* I will have right, Sir, on you (that believe),
If there be any marſhal's court in Spain.

*Gov.* For that, Sir, we ſhall talk.

*Sanc.* Pox! do not ſlight me,
Tho' I'm without a ſword.

*Gov.* Keep to your chair, Sir.

*Sanc.* Pox! let me fall, and hurl my chair, ſlaves, at him!

*Gov.* You're the more temper'd man, Sir; let me entreat
Of you, the manner how this brawl fell out.

*Alph.* Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, Sir, to this town together,
Both in one buſineſs, and one wrong, engag'd,
To ſeek one Leonardo, an old Genoeſe——

I ha' ſaid enough; there! would you more?—Falſe father
Of a falſe ſon, call'd Marc-Antonio,
Who had ſtole both our daughters; and which father,
Conſpiring with his ſon in treachery,
It ſeem'd, to fly our ſatisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this town,
Here to take ſhip for Italy!

*Leo.* You heard
More than was true then, by the fear, or falſhood;
And tho' I thought not to reveal myſelf
(Pardon my manners in't) to you, for ſome
Important reaſons; yet, being thus character'd
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.

*Marc.* I ſay he's not worthy
The name of man, or any honeſt preface,
That dares report or credit ſuch a ſlander.
Do you, Sir, ſay it?

*Alph.* Sir, I do ſay it.

*Gov.* Hold!
Is this your father, ſignor Marc-Antonio?
You've ill requited me, thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him ſervice.

*Enter Eugenia.*

*Leo.* 'Twas not his fault, Sir.

*Eug.* Where's my lord?

*Gov.* Sweetheart!

*Eug.* Know you theſe gentlemen? they are all the fathers
Unto our friends.

*Gov.* So it appears, my dove.

*Sanc.* Sir, I ſay nothing: I do want a ſword;
And 'till I have a ſword I will ſay nothing.

*Eug.* Good Sir, command theſe gentlemen their arms;
Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your priſoners.
Where be their ſwords?

*Gov.*

*Gov.* Reſtore each man his weapon.
*Sanc.* It ſeems thou haſt not read Caranza, fellow:
I muſt have reparation of honour,
As well as this; I find that wounded.
*Gov.* Sir,
I did not know your quality; if I had,
'Tis like I ſhould have done you more reſpects.
*Sanc.* It is ſufficient, by Caranza's rule.
*Eug.* I know it is, Sir.
*Sanc.* Have you read Caranza, lady?
*Eug.* If you mean him that writ upon the duel,
He was my kinſman.
*Sanc.* Lady, then you know,
By the right noble writings of your kinſman,
My honour is as dear to me as the king's.
*Eug.* 'Tis very true, Sir.
*Sanc.* Therefore I muſt crave
Leave to go on now with my firſt dependance[39].
*Eug.* What! ha' you more?
*Gov.* None here, good ſignor.
*Sanc.* I will refer me to Caranza ſtill.
*Eug.* Nay, love, I prithee let me manage this!
With whom is't, Sir?
*Sanc.* With that falſe man Alphonſo.
*Eug.* Why, he has th' advantage, Sir, in legs.
*Sanc.* But I
In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good ſword.
*Eug.* But how if he won't ſtand you, Sir?
*Alph.* For that,
Make it no queſtion, lady; I will ſtick
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.
*Sanc.* Oh, would thou wouldſt!
*Alph.* I'll do it!
*Sanc.* Let me kiſs him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
*Eug.* Why, gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to Caranza,

39 *My firſt* dependance.] *Dependance* is here uſed technically, in the language of the *duello*.

Methinks an eaſier way were two good chairs;
So you would be content, Sir, to be bound,
'Cauſe he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons,
Piſtols and poniards, and ev'n end it, if
The difference between you be ſo mortal
It cannot be ta'en up.

*Sanc.* Ta'en up? take off
This head firſt!

*Alph.* Come, bind me in a chair.

*Eug.* Yes, do.

*Gov.* What mean you, dove?

*Eug.* Let me alone;
And ſet 'em at their diſtance: When you've done,
Lend me two poniards; I'll have piſtols ready
Quickly. [*Exit.*

*Enter Philippo.*

*Phil.* She's not here.—Marc-Antonio,
Saw you not Leocadia?

*Marc.* Not I, brother.

*Phil.* Brother, let's ſpeak with you. You were falſe unto her.

*Marc.* I was, but have aſk'd pardon: Why d'you urge it?

*Phil.* You were not worthy of her!

*Marc.* May-be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me ſo.

*Phil.* My ſiſter
Is not ſo fair——

*Marc.* It ſkills not.

*Phil.* Nor ſo virtuous.

*Marc.* Yes, ſhe muſt be as virtuous.

*Phil.* I would fain——

*Marc.* What, brother?

*Phil.* Strike you.

*Marc.* I ſhall not bear ſtrokes,
Tho' I do theſe ſtrange words.

*Phil.* Will you not kill me?

*Marc.* For what, good brother?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Why, for ſpeaking well
Of Leocadia.
*Marc.* No, indeed.
*Phil.* Nor ill
Of Theodoſia?

*Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodoſia, and Servant with two piſtols.*

*Marc.* Neither.
*Phil.* Fare you well then!
*Eug.* Nay, you ſhall have as noble ſeconds too
As ever duelliſts had. Give 'em their weapons:
Now, St. Iago!
*Sanc.* Are they charg'd?
*Eug.* Charg'd, Sir?
I warrant you.
*Alph.* 'Would they were well diſcharg'd!
*Sanc.* I like a ſword much better, I confeſs.
*Eug.* Nay, wherefore ſtay you? Shall I mend your mark?
Strike one another thorough theſe?
*Phil.* My love!
*Alph.* My Theodoſia!
*Sanc.* I ha' not the heart.
*Alph.* Nor I.
*Eug.* Why, here is a dependance ended.
Unbind that gentleman. Come, take here to you
Your ſons and daughters, and be friends! A feaſt
Waits you within, is better than your fray.
Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear,
Under my roof, either to bluſh or fear!
My love, what ſay you? could Caranza himſelf
Carry a buſineſs better?
*Gov.* It is well.
All are content, I hope; and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we've done all this be pleas'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*



52973

E ANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCI

# THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

*Unbolt this Man, & leave those things behind you;*
*And so away!* — *Act II.*

J.J. Barralet delin.t — C. Grignion sc.

*Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May, 1777.*

THE

# DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

## A TRAGEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner attribute this Play to Fletcher alone. It was revived in the reign of King Charles II. as Langbaine aſſerts; and a prologue, then ſpoken before it, was printed in a book called Covent-Garden-Drollery, p.* 14. *Since that time, we believe, it has been entirely baniſhed from the ſtage. This Tragedy was firſt printed in the folio of* 1647.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Ferrand, *tyrant of Naples.*
Virolet, *a noble gentleman, ſtudious of his country's freedom.*
Briſſonet, } *confederates with Virolet.*
Camillo, }
Ronvere, *a villain, captain of the guard.*
Villio, *a court fool.*
Caſtruccio, *a paraſite.*
Pandulpho, *father to Virolet.*
Duke *of Seſſe, enemy to Ferrand, proſcribed, and turned pirate.*
Aſcanio, *nephew to Ferrand.*
Boy, *ſervant to Virolet.*
Maſter.
Gunner.
Boatſwain.
Chirurgeon.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
*Guard, Soldiers, and Servants.*

### WOMEN.

Juliana, *firſt wife to Virolet.*
Martia, *daughter of the Duke of Seſſe, ſecond wife to Virolet.*

SCENE, NAPLES.

THE

THE

# DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

## ACT I.

*Enter Virolet and Boy.*

*Virolet.* BOY!

*Boy.* Sir?

*Vir.* If my wife ſeek me, tell her that
Deſigns of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,
Exact my privacy.

*Boy.* I ſhall, Sir.

*Vir.* Do then;
And leave me to myſelf.

*Boy.* 'Tis a raw morning,
And, would you pleaſe to interpret that for duty
Which you may conſtrue boldneſs, I could wiſh
(To arm yourſelf againſt it) you would uſe
More of my ſervice.

*Vir.* I have heat within here,
A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off;
I ſhall not freeze. Deliver my excuſe,
And you have done your part.

*Enter Juliana.*

*Boy.* That is prevented;
My lady follows you.

*Vir.* Since I muſt be croſs'd then,
Let her perform that office.

*Boy.*

*Boy.* I obey you. [*Exit.*

*Vir.* Prithee to-bed: To be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected.

*Jul.* 'Tis the fault then
Of love and duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my obedience.

*Vir.* I confeſs
This tenderneſs argues a loving wife,
And more deſerves my heart's beſt thanks than anger.
Yet I muſt tell you, ſweet, you do exceed
In your affection, if you would engroſs me
To your delights alone.

*Jul.* I am not jealous:
If my embraces have diſtaſted you,
(As I muſt grant you every way ſo worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deſerve you,
Much leſs in miſerable me, that want
Thoſe graces ſome more fortunate are ſtor'd with)
Seek any whom you pleaſe, and I will ſtudy,
With my beſt ſervice, to deſerve thoſe favours
That ſhall yield you contentment.

*Vir.* You're miſtaken.

*Jul.* No, I am patient, Sir; and ſo, good morrow!
I will not be offenſive.

*Vir.* Hear my reaſons.

*Jul.* Tho' in your life a widow's bed receives me,
For your ſake I muſt love it. May ſhe proſper
That ſhall ſucceed me in it, and your ardor
Laſt longer to her!

*Vir.* By the love I bear,
Firſt to my country's peace, next to thyſelf,
(To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing)
Stood here a lady that were the choice abſtract
Of all the beauties Nature ever faſhion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art, obedient and loving,
I ſhould contemn and loath her!

*Jul.* I do believe you.

How

How I am bleſs'd in my aſſur'd belief
This is unfeign'd! And why this ſadneſs then?
*Vir.* Why, Juliana?
Believe me, theſe my ſad and dull retirements,
My often, nay, almoſt continued faſts,
(Sleep baniſh'd from my eyes, all pleaſures ſtrangers)
Have neither root nor growth from any cauſe
That may arrive at woman. Shouldſt thou be
(As Chaſtity forbid!) falſe to my bed,
I ſhould lament my fortune, perhaps puniſh
Thy falſhood, and then ſtudy to forget thee:
But that which, like a never-emptied ſpring,
Feeds high the torrent of my ſwelling grief,
Is what my country ſuffers; there's a ground
Where ſorrow may be planted, and ſpring up
Thro' yielding rage, and womaniſh deſpair,
And yet not ſhame the owner.
*Jul.* I do believe it true;
Yet I ſhould think myſelf a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,
I might or give to you, or elſe receive,
A little lawful comfort.
*Vir.* Thy diſcretion
In this may anſwer for me: Look on Naples,
The country where we both were born and bred;
Naples, the Paradiſe of Italy,
As that is of the earth; Naples, that was
The ſweet retreat of all the worthieſt Romans,
When they had ſhar'd the ſpoils of the whole world;
This flouriſhing kingdom, whoſe inhabitants,
For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty kings;
Made ſubject now to ſuch a tyranny,
As that fair city that receiv'd her name
From Conſtantine the Great, now in the power
Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our miſeries;
So far in our calamities we tranſcend her:
For ſince this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand,
Seiz'd on the government, there's nothing left us

That

That we can call our own, but our afflictions.

*Jul.* And hardly thoſe; the king's ſtrange cruelty
Equals all precedents of tyranny.

*Vir.* Equals, ſay you [1]?
He has out-gone the worſt: Compar'd to him,
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionyſius,
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd.
They yet as kings abus'd their regal power
This as a merchant; all the country's fat
He wholly does engroſs unto himſelf:
Our oils he buys at his own price, then ſells them
To us at dearer rates; our plate and jewels,
Under a feign'd pretence of public uſe,
He borrows; which denied, his inſtruments force.
The races of our horſes he takes from us [2],
Yet keeps them in our paſtures; rapes of matrons,
And virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.

*Jul.* I've heard,
(How true it is I know not) that he ſold
The biſhoprick of Tarent to a Jew,
For thirteen thouſand ducats.

*Vir.* I was preſent,
And ſaw the money paid. The day would leave me
Ere I could number out his impious actions,
Or what the miſerable ſubject ſuffers:
And can you entertain, in ſuch a time,

[1] Equall, *ſay you?*] Amended by Sympſon.

[2] *The* races *of our horſes he takes from us,*
*Yet keeps them in our paſtures.*] Seward ſuppoſes the word *races* corrupt, and ſays, 'The old folio reads *raſes*, ſo that the preſent 'reading is probably only a conjecture. But as it has poſſeſſion I 'would not diſturb it, only offer the following conjectures to the 'reader's choice. *The choiceſt*, or the *braveſt*, or the *rareſt*, or the 'racers of our horſes. The Neapolitan horſes are light, and if this 'laſt is not thought too ſtiff, it ſeems to bid fair for having been the 'original.' There is ſomething rather hard in the text; but the Poet ſeems to mean, that the tyrant takes from his ſubjects the *uſe* of the horſes, which he obliges them to *maintain*. The *labour* of a horſe may in poetry be called his *race*.

A thought

A thought of dalliance? Tears, and ſighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.
*Jul.* They indeed are
The only weapons our poor ſex can uſe,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us:
But for men, that were born free, men of rank,
(That would be regiſter'd fathers of their country,
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,
The noble ſtile of 'Tyrant-killers' written),
To weep like fools and women, and not like wiſe men
To practiſe a redreſs, deſerves a name
Which fits not me to give.
*Vir.* Thy grave reproof,
If what thou doſt deſire were poſſible
To be effected, might well argue it
As wiſe as loving; but if you conſider,
With what ſtrong guards this tyrant is defended,
Ruffians, and male-contents drawn from all quarters,
That only know to ſerve his impious will;
The citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor city; the invincible ſtrength
Nature, by Art aſſiſted, gave this caſtle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To ſee him, but unarm'd, it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon;
You muſt confeſs, unleſs our hands were cannons,
To batter down theſe walls; our weak breath mines,
To blow his forts up; or our curſes lightning,
To force a paſſage to him, and then blaſt him;
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.
*Jul.* Walls of braſs reſiſt not
A noble undertaking; nor can Vice
Raiſe any bulwark, to make good the place
Where Virtue ſeeks to enter: Then to fall
In ſuch a brave attempt, were ſuch an honour
That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,
Nay, all the anceſtors I am deriv'd from,

(As

(As you, in being what you are, are all theſe)
I'd rather wear a mourning garment for you,
And ſhould be more proud of my widowhood,
You dying for the freedom of this country,
Than if I were aſſur'd I ſhould enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleaſure
With you, the tyrant living.

*Vir.* 'Till this minute,
I never heard thee ſpeak! Oh, more than woman,
And more to be belov'd! can I find out
A cabinet to lock a ſecret in,
Of equal truſt to thee? All doubts and fears,
That ſcandalize your ſex, be far from me!
Thou ſhalt partake my near and deareſt counſels,
And further them with thine.

*Jul.* I will be faithful.

*Vir.* Know then, this day (ſtand Heav'n propitious to us)
Our liberty begins.

*Jul.* In Ferrand's death?

*Vir.* 'Tis plotted, love, and ſtrongly; and, believe it,
For nothing elſe could do it, 'twas the thought
How to proceed in this deſign, and end it,
That made ſtrange my embraces.

*Jul.* Curs'd be ſhe
That's ſo indulgent to her own delights,
That, for their ſatisfaction, would give
A ſtop to ſuch a glorious enterprize!
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of ſuch a crime: Go on, and proſper!
Go on, my deareſt lord! I love your honour
Above my life; nay, yours. My prayers go with you;
Which I will ſtrengthen with my tears. The wrongs
Of this poor country, edge your ſword! oh, may it
Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart! and then
When you return, bath'd in his guilty blood,
I'll waſh you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your aſſiſtants? tho' I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wiſh

You

You had no ſharer in it. [*Knock.*
*Vir.* Be not curious.
They come; however you command my boſom,
To them I would not have you ſeen.
*Jul.* I'm gone, Sir.
Be confident; and may my reſolution
Be preſent with you! [*Exit.*
*Vir.* Such a maſculine ſpirit,
With more than woman's virtues, were a dower
To weigh down a king's fortune.

*Enter Briſſonet, Camillo, and Ronvere.*

*Briſ.* Good day to you!
*Cam.* You are an early ſtirrer.
*Vir.* What new face
Bring you along?
*Ronv.* If I ſtand doubted, Sir,
As by your looks I gueſs it, you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves, this country,
With as much zeal as you do; one that hates
The prince by whom it ſuffers, and as deadly;
One that dares ſtep as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breathes; that wears a ſword
As ſharp as any's.
*Cam.* Nay, no more compariſons.
*Ronv.* What you but whiſper, I dare ſpeak aloud,
Stood the king by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot: If this deſerve then
Suſpicion in the beſt, the boldeſt, wiſeſt,
Purſue your own intents; I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-ſtrip you——
*Briſ.* Be aſſur'd, Sir,
A confidence [3] like this can never be
Allied to treachery.
*Cam.* Who durſt ſpeak ſo much,
But one that is, like us, a ſufferer,

[3] *A* conſcience *like this*, &c.] That this paſſage is corrupt will not admit of a doubt. We have ventured to ſubſtitute the word *confidence* for *conſcience*.

And

And ſtands as we affected?
*Vir.* You are cozen'd,
And all undone! Ev'ry intelligencer
Speaks treaſon with like licence. Is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In Ferrand's ſchool, a man in truſt and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?
*Cam.* Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A man diſgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off,
Will ſpur him to revenge, as ſwift as they
That never were in favour.
*Vir.* Poor and childiſh!
*Brif.* His regiment is caſt, that is moſt certain;
And his command i'th' caſtle given away.
*Cam.* That on my knowledge.
*Vir.* Groſſer ſtill! What ſhepherd
Would yield the poor remainder of his flock
To a known wolf, tho' he put on the habit
Of a moſt faithful dog, and bark like one,
As this but only talks?
*Cam.* Yes, he has means too.
*Vir.* I know it to my grief, weak men, I know it!
To make his peace, if there were any war
Between him and his maſter[4], by betraying
Our innocent lives.
*Ronv.* You're too ſuſpicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper:
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.
*Vir.* You may ſtay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fiſh'd for.
But one word, gentlemen: Have you diſcover'd
To him alone our plot?
*Brif.* To him, and others
That are at his devotion.
*Vir.* Worſe and worſe!

[4] *His maſter, betraying* ] I have inſerted *by* in the text againſt the authority of all the editions. This paſſage is deficient without. *Sympſon.*

For

For were he only conſcious of our purpoſe,
Tho' with the breach of hoſpitable laws,
In my own houſe I'd ſilence him for ever:
But what is paſt my help is paſt my care.
I have a life to loſe.

*Cam.* Have better hopes.

*Ronv.* And when you know, with what charge I have further'd
Your noble undertaking, you will ſwear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our nobleſt youths,
Attir'd like virgins, ſuch as hermits would
Welcome to their ſad cells, prepar'd a maſque,
As done for the king's pleaſure.

*Vir.* For his ſafety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
Uſher our ruin.

*Ronv.* We, as torch-bearers,
Will wait on theſe; but with ſuch art and cunning
I have convey'd ſharp poniards in the wax,
That we may paſs, tho' ſearch'd, thro' all his guards
Without ſuſpicion, and in all his glory
Oppreſs him, and with ſafety.

*Cam.* 'Tis moſt ſtrange——

*Vir.* To be effected.

*Ronv.* You are doubtful ſtill.

*Brif.* But we reſolv'd to follow him; and if you
Deſiſt now, Virolet, we'll ſay 'tis fear,
Rather than providence.

*Cam.* And ſo we leave you—— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Juliana.*

*Jul.* To your wiſe doubts, and to my better counſels.
Oh! pardon me, my lord, and truſt me too;
Let me not, like Caſſandra, propheſy truths,
And never be believ'd, before the miſchief;
I have heard all, know this Ronvere a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your ruin, only to make way

To his hopes in my embraces; at more leiſure,
I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it
To this laſt minute; if you ſtay, you're loſt,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this houſe, a part of my poor dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the center,
'Till this rough blaſt be o'er. Where there is air,
More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find you;
So curious his fears are.

*Vir.* 'Tis better fall
Than hide my head now, ('twas thine own advice)
My friends engag'd too.

*Jul.* You ſtand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd themſelves,
Or to my counſel, tho' then juſt and loyal:
Your fancy hath been good, but not your judgment
In choice of ſuch to ſide you. Will you leap
From a ſteep tower, becauſe a deſp'rate fool
Does it, and truſts the wind to ſave his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all mens' eyes
Are fix'd on Virolet, to help, not hurt them:
Make good their hopes and ours! You have ſworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wife,
Altho' a woman; e'en kings in great actions
Wait opportunity, and ſo muſt you, Sir,
Or loſe your underſtanding [5].

*Vir.* Thou art conſtant;
I an uncertain fool, a moſt blind fool:
Be thou my guide.

---

[5] *Loſe your* underſtanding.] This place ſeems to want an helping hand. I would propoſe reading *undertaking*. Kings wait opportunity to perform their deſigns in, and ſo muſt you, otherwiſe you will loſe your undertaking. For 'tis not the *underſtanding* but *undertaking* which would be loſt. *Sympſon.*

The text is right, and only means, 'It would be madneſs to think 'you muſt not, like others, be guided by the opportunity.' His anſwer confirms this. *Loſe your underſtanding* may, without violence, be taken in this ſenſe.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May conſtancy forſake me!
*Vir.* I've my ſafety. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Caſtruccio and Villio.*

*Vil.* Why are you rapt thus?
*Caſt.* Peace, thou art a fool.
*Vil.* But if I were a flatterer, like your worſhip,
I ſhould be wiſe, and rich too:
There are few elſe that proſper, bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.
*Caſt.* A ſhrewd knave!
But oh, the king, the happy king!
*Vil.* Why happy?
In bearing a great burthen?
*Caſt.* What bears he,
That's borne on princes' ſhoulders?
*Vil.* A crown's weight,
Which ſets more heavy on his head, than th' ore
Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis made.
*Caſt.* Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him i' th' air: The rev'rence due
To that moſt ſacred gold makes him ador'd,
His footſteps kiſs'd; his ſmiles to raiſe a beggar [6]
To a lord's fortune; and, when he but frowns,
The city quakes——
*Vil.* Or the poor cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I ſhould ſay. I am of a fool
Grown a philoſopher, to hear this paraſite.
*Caſt.* The delicates he's ſerv'd with, ſee and envy—
*Vil.* I'd rather have an onion with a ſtomach,
Than theſe without one.
*Caſt.* The celeſtial muſick,
Such as the motion of the eternal ſpheres [*Muſick.*
Yields Jove when he drinks nectar——
*Vil.* Here's a fine knave!

[6] *His ſmiles to raiſe a beggar.*] Sympſon reads, *His ſmiles* do *raiſe a beggar.*

Yet hath too many fellows.

*Caſt.* Then the beauties,
That with variety of choice embraces [*Theſe paſs over.*
Renew his age——

*Vil.* Help him to crouch rather,
And the French cringe; they're excellent ſurgeons that way.

*Caſt.* Oh, majeſty! let others think of Heaven,
While I contemplate thee.

*Vil.* This is not atheiſm,
But court obſervance.

*Caſt.* Now the god appears,
Uſher'd with earthquakes.

*Vil.* Baſe idolatry! [*Flouriſh.*

*Enter Ferrand, Guard, Women, and Servants.*

*Fer.* Theſe meats are poiſon'd! hang the cooks!—
No note more, [*To the muſick.*
On forfeit of your fingers! do you envy me
A minute's ſlumber?—What are theſe?

1 *Guard.* The ladies
Appointed by your majeſty.

*Fer.* To th' purpoſe!
For what appointed?

1 *Guard.* For your Grace's pleaſure.

*Fer.* To ſuck away the little blood is left me,
By my continual cares! I am not apt now:
Enjoy them firſt, taſte of my diet once;
And, your turns ſerv'd, for fifty crowns a-piece
Their huſbands may redeem them.

*Women.* Great Sir, mercy!

*Fer.* I'm deaf. Why ſtare you? Is what we command
To be diſputed? Who's this? Bring you the dead
T'upbraid me to my face?

*Caſt.* Hold, emperor!
Hold, mightieſt of kings! I am thy vaſſal,
Thy foot-ſtool, that durſt not preſume to look
On offended face.

*Fer.*

*Fer.* Caſtruccio, riſe.

*Caſt.* Let not the lightning of thy eye conſume me,
Nor hear that muſical tongue in dreadful thunder,
That ſpeaks all mercy.

*Vil.* Here's no flattering rogue!

*Caſt.* Ferrand, that is the father of his people,
The glory of mankind——

*Fer.* No more, no word more!
And while I tell my troubles to myſelf,
Be ſtatues without motion or voice:
Tho' to be flatter'd is an itch to greatneſs,
It now offends me.

*Vil.* Here's the happy man!
But ſpeak who dares.

*Fer.* When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could eat and ſleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible
To others, my guards can't keep fear from me;
It ſtill purſues me; oh, my wounded conſcience!
The bed I would reſt in is ſtuff'd with thorns;
The ground's ſtrew'd o'er with adders, and with aſpicks,
Where-e'er I ſet my foot: But I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood
Muſt be defended. Tho' this life's a hell,
I fear a worſe hereafter. Ha!

*Enter Ronvere and Guard.*

*Ronv.* My lord!

*Fer.* Welcome, Ronvere! welcome, my golden plummet,
With which I found mine enemies' depths and angers!
Haſt thou diſcover'd?

*Ronv.* All as you could wiſh, Sir,
The plot, and the contrivers; was made one
Of the conſpiracy.

*Fer.* Is Virolet in?

*Ronv.* The head of all: He only ſcented me;
And, from his fear that I play'd falſe, is fled;

The reſt I have in fetters.

*Fer.* Death and hell!
Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Seſſe,
I aim'd at him! He's virtuous, and wiſe,
A lover of his freedom and his country's;
Dangerous to ſuch as govern by the ſword,
And ſo to me.—No track which way he went?
No means to overtake him?

*Ronv.* There's ſome hope left;
But with a rough hand to be ſeiz'd upon.

*Fer.* What is't?

*Ronv.* If any know or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife:
Her, with his father, I have apprehended,
And brought among the reſt.

*Fer.* 'Twas wiſely order'd:
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners
Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit Ronv.*

*Vil.* I take it, ſignor,
This is no time for you to flatter, or me
To fool in.

*Caſt.* Thou art wiſe in this: Let's off;
It is unſafe to be near Jove when he
Begins to thunder.

*Vil.* Good morality! [*Exeunt Vil. & Caſt.*

*Fer.* I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men;
Forced them to lay open with my looks
Secrets, whoſe leaſt diſcovery was death;
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the fortreſs
Of a weak woman's faith.

*Enter Ronvere, Guard, and Executioners with a rack, Camillo, Briſſonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.*

*Cam.* Whate'er we ſuffer,
The weight that loads a traitor's heart, ſit ever
Heavy on thine!

*Briſ.* As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others!

*Ronv.* Piſh! poor fools, your curſes

Will

Will ne'er reach me.

*Jul.* Now, by my Virolet's life,
Father, this is a glorious ſtage of murder!
Here are fine properties too[7], and ſuch ſpectators
As will expect good action! To the life
Let us perform our parts; and we ſhall live
When theſe are rotten. 'Would we might begin once!
Are you the maſter of the company?
Troth, you are tedious now.

*Fer.* She does deride me.

*Jul.* Thee and thy power! If one poor ſyllable
Could win me an aſſurance of thy favour,
I would not ſpeak it; I deſire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone
Can make diſcovery where my Virolet is,
Whoſe life I know thou aim'ſt at: But if tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forſake me!
I dare thy worſt.

*Fer.* Are we contemn'd?

*Jul.* Thou art,
Thou and thy miniſters! My life is thine;
But in the death the victory ſhall be mine.

*Pand.* We've ſuch a miſtreſs here to teach us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.

*Fer.* You are ſlow! [*She is put on the rack.*
Begin the ſcene. Thou miſerable fool,
For ſo I'll make thee——

*Jul.* 'Tis not in thy reach;
I'm happy in my ſufferings, thou moſt wretched.

*Fer.* So brave? I'll tame you yet. Pluck harder[8], villains!
Is ſhe inſenſible? no ſigh nor groan?

---

[7] ——*properties.*] A term much uſed at the play-houſes for the habits and implements neceſſary for the repreſentation. *Sympſon.*

[8] *Pluck* hard, *villains.*] The meaſure here as well as ſenſe call for the alteration, which both Mr. Theobald and myſelf had lighted on, and which I have thought proper to ſtand in the text. *Sympſon.*

Or is ſhe dead?
*Jul.* No, tyrant! tho' I ſuffer
More than a woman, beyond fleſh and blood,
'Tis in a cauſe ſo honourable, that I ſcorn,
With any ſign, that may expreſs a ſorrow,
To ſhew I do repent.
*Fer.* Confeſs yet, and
Thou ſhalt be ſafe.
*Jul.* 'Tis wrapt up in my ſoul,
From whence thou canſt not force it.
*Fer.* I will be
Ten days a-killing thee.
*Jul.* Be twenty thouſand;
My glory lives the longer.
*Ronv.* 'Tis a miracle!
She tires the executioners, and me.
*Fer.* Unlooſe her; I am conquer'd.—I muſt take
Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in honour
Of her invincible fortitude.
*Ronv.* Will you not
Diſpatch the reſt?
*Fer.* When I ſeem merciful,
Aſſure thyſelf, Ronvere, I am moſt cruel.—
Thou wonder of thy ſex, and of this nation,
That haſt chang'd my ſeverity to mercy,
Not to thyſelf alone, but to thy people,
(In which I do include theſe men) my enemies!
Unbind them.
*Pand.* This is ſtrange!
*Fer.* For your intent
Againſt my life, which you dare not deny,
I only aſk one ſervice.
*Cam.* Above hope!
*Fer.* There rides a pirate near, the Duke of Seſſe,
My enemy and this country's, that in bonds
Holds my dear friend Aſcanio: Free this friend,
Or bring the pirate's head, beſides your pardon,
And honour of the action, your reward
Is forty thouſand ducats: And becauſe
I know

I know that Virolet is as bold as wiſe,
Be he your general. As pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man
And this moſt conſtant matron ſtay with me,
Of whom, as of myſelf, I will be careful.
She ſhall direct you where her huſband is.
Make choice of any ſhip you think moſt uſeful;
They are rigg'd for you.

[*Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pandulpho.*

*Briſ.* We with joy accept it.

*Cam.* And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.

[*Exeunt Briſ. and Cam.*

*Ronv.* The myſtery of this, my lord? or are you
Chang'd in your nature?

*Fer.* I'll make thee private to it:
The lives of theſe weak men, and deſperate woman,
Would no way have ſecur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis Virolet I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Seſſe,
And he prove conqueror, I am aſſur'd
They'll find no mercy; if that they prove victors,
I ſhall recover, with my friend, his head
I moſt deſire of all men.

*Ronv.* Now I have it.

*Fer.* I'll make thee underſtand the drift of all;
So we ſtand ſure, thus much for thoſe that fall! [*Exe.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Boatſwain and Gunner.*

*Boatſ.* LAY her before the wind; up with her canvas,
And let her work! the wind begins to whiſtle,
Clap all her ſtreamers on, and let her dance,
As if ſhe were the minion of the ocean!
Let her beſtride the billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads! Ho, below there!

*Sailors*

*Sailors* [*within*]. Ho, ho!

*Boatſ.* Lay her North-Eaſt, and thruſt her mizen out;
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh, for a luſty ſail now, to give chaſe to!

*Gun.* A ſtubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadſide bravely!

*Boatſ.* Where's the Duke?

*Gun.* I have not ſeen him ſtir to-day.

*Boatſ.* Oh, Gunner,
What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour!
And to his friends, what gentleneſs and bounty!
How long have we been inhabitants at ſea here?

*Gun.* Some fourteen years.

*Boatſ.* By fourteen lives I ſwear then,
This element ne'er nouriſh'd ſuch a pirate,
So great, ſo fearleſs, and ſo fortunate,
So patient in his want, in act ſo valiant!
How many ſail of well-mann'd ſhips before us,
As the bonito does the flying fiſh,
Have we purſued and ſcour'd, that, to out-ſtrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very ſhirts on!
What gallies have we bang'd, and ſunk, and taken,
Whoſe only fraughts were fire and ſtern defiance,
And nothing ſpoke but bullet in all theſe!
How like old Neptune have I ſeen our general
Standing i'th' poop, and toſſing his ſteel trident,
Commanding both the ſea and winds to ſerve him!

*Gun.* His daughter too (which is the honour,
Boatſwain,
Of all her ſex) that martial maid——

*Boatſ.* A brave wench!

*Gun.* How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has ſhe leap'd down, and took my linſtock from me,
And crying, 'Now fly right,' fir'd all my chaſers!
Then, like the image of the warlike goddeſs,
Her target brac'd upon her arm, her ſword drawn,
And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the bark; I've wonder'd, Boatſwain,
That in a body made ſo delicate,

So

So ſoft for ſweet embraces, ſo much fire,
And manly ſoul, not ſtarting at a danger——
*Boatſ.* Her noble father got her in his fury,
And ſo ſhe proves a ſoldier.
*Gun.* This too I wonder at,
Taking ſo many ſtrangers as he does,
He uſes them with that reſpect and coolneſs,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may ſupply his want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may ſtand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His countryman, that ſhould be neareſt to him,
And ſtand moſt free from danger, he ſure pays for't;
He drowns or hangs the men, ranſacks the bark,
Then gives her up a bonfire to his fortune.
*Boatſ.* The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull country
(That's all I know) have purchas'd all his cruelty;
We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys!
The ſhip runs merrily; my captain's melancholy,
And nothing cures that in him but a ſea-fight:
I hope to meet a ſail, boy, and a right one.
*Gun.* That's my hope too; I'm ready for the paſtime.
*Boatſ.* I' th' mean time, let's beſtow a ſong upon him,
To ſhake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.
Ho, in the hold!

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Here, here.
*Boatſ.* To th' main-top, Boy!
An thou ken'ſt a ſhip that dares defy us,
Here's gold.
*Boy.* I'm gone. [*Exit.*
*Boatſ.* Come, Sirs, a quaint levet, [*Trump. a levet.*
To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

*Enter Duke of Seſſe (above), and Martia like an Amazon.*

*Duke.* I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all!
There's

There's to prolong your mirth; and good morrow to you!

*Mart.* Take this from me; you're honeſt, valiant friends,
And ſuch we muſt make much of. Not a ſail ſtirring?

*Gun.* Not any within ken yet.

*Boatſ.* Without doubt, lady,
The wind ſtanding ſo fair and full upon us,
We ſhall have ſport anon. But, noble general,
Why are you ſtill ſo ſad? You take our edge off;
You make us dull and ſpiritleſs.

*Duke.* I'll tell ye,
Becauſe I will provoke ye to be fortunate;
For when you know my cauſe, 'twill double arm you:
This woman never knew it yet, my daughter;
Some diſcontents ſhe has.

*Mart.* Pray, Sir, go forward.

*Duke.* Theſe fourteen years, I've ſtored it here at ſea[9],
Where the moſt curious thought could never find it.

*Boatſ.* Call up the Maſter, and all the mates.

*Enter (below) Maſter and Sailors.*

*Duke.* Good morrow!

*Maſter.* Good morrow to our general, a good one!
And to that noble lady all good wiſhes!

*Mart.* I thank you, Maſter.

*Duke.* Mark me! thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have diſcover'd,
'Till full revenge had wooed me; but, to ſatisfy
My faithful friends, thus I caſt off my burthen.
In that ſhort time I was a courtier,
And follow'd that moſt hated of all princes,
Ferrand, the full example of all miſchiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my ſoul a ſtranger)

9 *I have* ſtored *it here at ſea.*] Thus the octavo, and it may be right; the edition of 1647 gives it thus,

*I've* ſtoed *here at ſea.*

I conjecture we ſhould read with a ſmall addition, *ſtowed.* So a little lower the Maſter ſays, *Down with 'em, ſtow 'em in.* *Sympſon.*

It

It was my chance one day to play at chefs,
For ſome few crowns with a minion of this king,
A mean poor man, that only ſerv'd his pleaſures;
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,
From this to hotter anger: To be ſhort,
I got a blow.

*Mart.* How, how, my noble father!

*Duke.* A blow, my girl; which I had ſoon repaid,
And ſunk the ſlave for ever, had not odds
Thruſt in betwixt us. I went away diſgrac'd——

*Mart.* For honour's ſake, not ſo, Sir!

*Duke.* For that time, wench;
But call'd upon him, like a gentleman,
By many private friends; knock'd at his valour,
Courted his honour hourly to repair me;
And tho' he were a thing my thoughts made ſlight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I purſued him nobly——

*Mart.* Did he 'ſcape you?
My old brave father, could you ſit down ſo coldly?

*Duke.* Have patience, and know all. Purſued him fairly,
'Till I was laugh'd at, ſcorn'd, my wrongs made May-games;
By him unjuſtly wrong'd ſhould be all juſtice;
The ſlave protected: Yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he ſuppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd durſt not be queſtion'd;
And then he fell, under my ſword he fell,
For ever ſunk; his poor life, like the air
Blown in an empty bubble, burſt, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raiſe him.
But then began my miſery! I fled,
The king's frowns following, and my friends' deſpair:
No hand that durſt relieve; my country fearful,
Baſely and weakly fearful of a tyrant,
Which made his bad will worſe, ſtood ſtill and wonder'd,
Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,

A little

A little one, I ſnatch'd thee from thy nurſe,
The model of thy father's miſeries,
And ſome ſmall wealth was fit for preſent carriage,
And got to ſea, where I profeſs'd my anger,
And will do, whilſt that baſe ungrateful country,
And that bad king, have blood or means to quench me.
Now ye know all.

*Maſter.* We know all, and admire all:
Go on, and do all ſtill, and ſtill be fortunate!

*Mart.* Had you done leſs, or loſt this noble anger,
You had been worthy then mens' empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and uſe your juſtice,
And uſe it ſtill with that fell violence,
It firſt appear'd to you! If you go leſs,
Or take a doting mercy to protection,
The honour of a father I diſclaim in you,
Call back all duty, and will be prouder of
The infamous and baſe name of a whore,
Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.

*Duke.* Mine own ſweet Martia, no; thou know'ſt my nature;
It cannot, muſt not be.

*Mart.* I hope it ſhall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive ſtill young
Aſcanio, prince of Roſſana, king Ferrand's
Moſt beloved one, you took two months ago?
Why is not he flung overboard, or hang'd?

*Duke.* I'll tell thee, girl:
It were a mercy in my nature now,
So ſoon to break the thread of his afflictions[10];
I am not ſo far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a benefit.
Beſides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the king:
I look each hour to hear of his armadas;
And a hot welcome they ſhall have.

*Mart.* But hark you!
If you were over-ſway'd with odds——

[10] *Break the* bed *of his afflictions.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* I find you:
I would not yield; no, girl; no hope of yielding,
Nor fling myſelf one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.
No; I can ſink, wench, and make ſhift to die;
A thouſand doors are open, I ſhall hit one.
I am no niggard of my life; ſo it go nobly,
All ways are equal, and all hours, I care not.
*Mart.* Now you ſpeak like my father!
*Maſter.* Noble general,
If by our means they inherit aught but bangs,
The mercy of the main-yard light upon us! No;
We can ſink too, Sir, and ſink low enough,
To poſe their cruelties to follow us;
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thouſand cowards ſuck his bones!
*Gun.* Let the worſt come,
I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the keel; and when ſh' has ſplit it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And ſo good night, I think!
*Maſter.* We've liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, general.
*Duke.* I thank you, gentlemen.
*Boy* [*above*]. A ſail, a ſail!
*Maſter.* A chearful ſound!
*Boy.* A ſail!
*Boatſ.* Of whence? of whence, Boy?
*Boy.* A luſty ſail!
*Mart.* Look right, and look again.
*Boy.* She plows the ſea before her,
And foams i' th' mouth.
*Boatſ.* Of whence?
*Boy.* I ken not yet, Sir.
*Duke.* Oh, may ſhe prove of Naples!
*Maſter.* Prove the devil,
We'll ſpit out fire as thick as ſhe.
*Boy.* Hoy!
*Maſter.* Brave Boy?

*Boy.*

*Boy.* Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples, Maſter;
Methinks I ſee the arms.
*Maſter.* Up, up another,
And give more certain ſigns! [*Exit Sailor.*
*Duke.* All to your buſineſs!
And ſtand but right and true——
*Boatſ.* Hang him that halts now!
*Boy.* Sh' has us in chaſe.
*Maſter.* We'll ſpare her our main-top-ſail;
She ſhall not look us long, we are no ſtarters.
Down with the fore-ſail too! we'll ſpoon before her.
*Mart.* Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honour
Load me but theſe two minions in the chaſe there[11];
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!
*Gun.* Madam, I'll ſcratch 'em out; I'll piſs 'em out elſe.
*Sailor* [*above*]. Hoy!
*Duke.* Of whence now?
*Sailor.* Of Naples, Naples, Naples!
I ſee her top-flag, how ſhe quarters Naples:
I hear her trumpets.
*Duke.* Down! She's welcome to us!
[*Exeunt Maſter, Boatſ. Gun. Sailors.*
Every man to his charge! Man her i' th' bow well,
And place your rakers right[12]. Daughter, be ſparing.
*Mart.* I ſwear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickeſt,

[11] ——*in the* chape.] The *chape* of a ſword is no hews, but I fancy that of a ſhip will be ſo to every curious reader. *Chaſe* is applicable either to the prow or ſtern of a ſhip, and 'tis no matter in which of theſe acceptations we underſtand it here. *Sympſon.*

We have no doubt but Sympſon has here hit on the right word, but not on its true acceptation; for no part of a veſſel, we believe, bears the name of the *chaſe*. The *chaſe*, in the ſea dialect, is a *veſſel purſued.*

[12] *Place your* rakers.] *i. e.* The guns with which the enemy's veſſel is to be *raked.* Falkner, in his Marine Dictionary, ſays, '*Raking* a ſhip is the act of cannonading a ſhip on the ſtern, or head; 'ſo as that the balls ſhall ſcour the whole length of her decks; which 'is one of the moſt dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval 'action.'

And

And where moſt danger is I'll ſeek for honour.
They have begun! hark, how their trumpets call us!
Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons ſing amongſt us!
Hark, how they ſail! out of our ſhells for ſhame, Sir!

*Duke.* Now fortune and my cauſe!

*Mart.* Be bold and conquer! [*Exeunt.*

[*Charge, trumpets and ſhot within.*

*Enter Maſter and Boatſwain.*

*Maſter.* They'll board us once again; they're tough and valiant.

*Boatſ.* Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,
And made 'em dance.

*Maſter.* Good boys! fight bravely, manly!
They come on yet; clap in her ſtern, and yoke 'em[13].

*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* You ſhall not need; I have proviſion for 'em;
Let 'em board once again; the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your pikes; away, be valiant!
I have a ſecond courſe of ſervice for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy!
The Duke fights like a dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.*

*Enter Maſter, Boatſwain following.*

*Maſter.* Down with 'em! ſtow 'em in!

*Boatſ.* Cut their throats!
'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into th' ſea.
The Duke is hurt, ſo is his lovely daughter
Martia. We have the day yet.

*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* Pox fire 'em!

[13] Yoke *'em.*] Sympſon ſuppoſes this corrupt, and imagines we ſhould read RAKE *'em.* YOKE *'em* may mean, lying *along-ſide of 'em*, ſo as to fight with ſmall arms; upon which the Gunner ſays, *You ſhall not need; I have proviſion for 'em.*

They have ſmoak'd us; never ſuch plums yet flew.
*Boatſ.* They've rent the ſhip, and bor'd a hundred holes;
She ſwims ſtill luſtily.
*Maſter.* She made a brave fight; and
She ſhall be cur'd, and make a braver yet.
*Gun.* Bring us ſome cans up; I am hot as fire.

*Enter Boy with three cans.*

*Boatſ.* I am ſure I am none o' th' cooleſt.
*Gun.* My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my miſtreſs!
The dainty ſweet braſs minion ſplit their fore-maſt;
She never fail'd.
*Maſter.* Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honeſt men.
*Boatſ.* But is ſhe rich, Maſter? [*Trumpet, flouriſh.*

*Enter Duke, Martia, Virolet, and Sailors.*

*Maſter.* Rich for my captain's purpoſe howſoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he ſhews,
Heated in blood and anger! How do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?
*Duke.* No, Maſter;
But only wear the livery of fury.—
I'm hurt, and deep.
*Maſter.* My miſtreſs too?
*Mart.* A ſcratch, man;
My needle would ha' done as much.—Good Sir,
Be provident and careful!
*Duke.* Prithee, peace, girl;
This wound is not the firſt blood I have bluſh'd in.
Ye fought all like tall men; my thanks among ye,
That ſpeaks not what my purſe means, but my tongue, ſoldiers.—
Now, Sir, to you that ſought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You're welcome to your death!

*Vir.*

*Vir.* I do expect it;
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.
*Duke.* Thou bor'ſt the face once of a noble gentleman,
Rank'd in the firſt file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful ſpirit ſhew'd and pointed
Thy country's love; one that advanc'd her honour,
Not tainted with the baſe and ſervile uſes
The tyrant ties mens' ſouls to. Tell me, Virolet,
If ſhame have not forſook thee, with thy credit—
*Vir.* No more of theſe racks! what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor confeſſions;
Nor if I ſhew ill, will I ſeem a monſter,
By making my mind priſoner! Do your worſt:
When I came out to deal with you, I caſt it.
Only thoſe baſe inflictions fit for ſlaves,
Becauſe I am a gentleman——
*Duke.* Thou'rt none!
Thou waſt while thou ſtoodſt good; thou'rt now a villain,
And agent for the devil!
*Vir.* That tongue lies!
Give me my ſword again, and ſtand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,
A man as fair in honour—Rate your priſoners?
How poor and like a pedagogue it ſhews,
How far from nobleneſs! 'Tis fair, you may kill us;
But to defame your victory with foul language——
*Duke.* Go fling him overboard. I'll teach you, ſirrah——
*Vir.* You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in deſpiſing all your cruelties,
And make you choke with anger.
*Duke.* Away, I ſay!
*Mart.* Stay, Sir; h'has giv'n you ſuch bold language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet; and therefore
He ſhall not have his wiſh obſerv'd ſo nearly,
To die when he pleaſe; I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
*Duke.* Do with him what thou wilt.

*Mart.* Carry him to th' bilboes,
And clap him faſt there, with the prince.
*Vir.* Do, lady;
For any death you give I'm bound to bleſs you.
[*Exeunt Virolet and Sailors.*
*Mart.* Now to your cabin, Sir, (pray lean upon me)
And take your reſt; the ſurgeons wait all for you.
*Duke.* Thou mak'ſt me bluſh to ſee thee bear thy fortunes.
Why, ſure I have no hurt; I have not fought ſure?
*Maſter.* You bleed apace, Sir.
*Mart.* You grow cold too.
*Duke.* I muſt be rul'd. No leaning!
My deepeſt wounds ſcorn crutches.
*All.* A brave general! [*Flouriſh trumpets, cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Sailors.*

1 *Sailor.* Will they not moor her?
2 *Sailor.* Not 'till we come to th' fort;
This is too weak a place for our defences.
The carpenters are hard at work; ſhe ſwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ſhip we took
Burns there, to give us light.
1 *Sailor.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sailor.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sailor.* Beſhrew my heart, did ſhe.
Her men are gone to Candy; they are pepper'd,
All but this priſoner.
2 *Sailor.* Sure he's a brave fellow.
1 *Sailor.* A ſtubborn knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.
[*Virolet and Aſcanio diſcovered in the bilboes.*
Look, how he looks now! Come, let's go ſerve his diet,
Which is but bread and water.
2 *Sailor.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*
*Aſca.* I muſt confeſs I have endur'd much miſery,
Ev'n almoſt to the ruin of my ſpirit;
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my friend here.

*Vir.*

*Vir.* Had we ſerv'd our country,
Or honeſties, as we have ſerv'd our follies,
We had not been here now.

*Aſc.* 'Tis too true, Virolet.

*Vir.* And yet my end in vent'ring for your ſafety
Pointed at more than Ferrand's will, a baſe one!
Some ſervice for mine own, ſome for my nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durſt adventure ſuch a noble office,
From the moſt treacherous command of miſchief:
You know him now.

*Aſc.* And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witneſs with me,
(And, if I lie, my miſeries ſtill load me!)
With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers,
What weight of reaſons I have laid, what dangers,
(Then, when the peoples' curſes flew like ſtorms,
And every tongue was whetted to defame him)
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his ſlaughters,
His fell oppreſſions! I know I was hated too.

*Vir.* And all mankind that knew him. Theſe confeſſions
Do no good to the world, to Heav'n they may:
Let's ſtudy to die well; we've liv'd like coxcombs.

*Aſc.* That my misfortune ſhould loſe you too!

*Vir.* Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better;
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I ſave yours,
And ſome brave friends I have engag'd, let me go!
It were the meritorious death I wiſh for;
But we muſt hang, or drown like whelps.

*Aſc.* No remedy?

*Vir.* On my part, I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too;
I know his nature.

*Aſc.* A moſt cruel nature!

*Vir.* His wrongs have bred him up; I cannot blame him.

*Aſc.* He has a daughter too, the greateſt ſcorner,

And moſt inſulter upon miſery——

*Vir.* For thoſe, they're toys to laugh at, not to lead men.

A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it:
Our miſeries would ſeem like maſters to us,
And ſhake our manly ſpirits into fevers,
If we reſpected thoſe; the more they glory,
And raiſe inſulting trophies on our ruins,
The more our virtues ſhine in patience.
Sweet prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, ſinging as they ſwim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conſcience:
Whilſt we ſtand fair [14], tho' by a two-edg'd ſtorm
We find untimely falls, like early roſes,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native ſweetneſs.

*Aſc.* Good Sir, go on.

*Vir.* When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes croſs us,
How ſweetly do we ſhew when ſleep ſteals on us!
When we grow great, but our affection greater [15],
And ſtruggle with this ſtubborn twin, born with us,
And tug and pull, yet ſtill we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to ſleep
Our everlaſting ſleep, he'd make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and tho' their tombs want tongues,

[14] *Whilſt we ſtand fair*; but *by a two-edg'd ſtorm.*] So reads the firſt folio; the text is from the ſecond.—The image meant to be conveyed in this and the two following lines is intelligible; but there is ſome confuſion (perhaps corruption) in the expreſſion: How can they *fall*, whilſt they *ſtand fair? Tho'* is preferable to *but*, in the preſent text; yet perhaps ſomething is loſt, ſignifying, that 'whilſt 'we flouriſh, *our ſtate is particularly honourable*; *but if* we even 'fall, even our fall is glorious.'

[15] *But our* affections *greater.*] *Affection*, as I read, or *paſſion*, is the *ſtubborn twin born with us*, which *wou'd make us idiots*, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourſelves from its tyranny by the ſleep of death. *Seward.*

Yet

Yet have they eyes that daily ſweat their loſſes,
And ſuch a tear from ſtone no time can value.
To die both young and good are Nature's curſes,
As the world ſays; aſk Truth, they're bounteous bleſſings;
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full virtues,
And fix ourſelves new ſtars, crown'd with our goodneſs.

*Aſc.* You've double arm'd me.—Hark! what noiſe is this? [*Strange muſick within, hoboys.*
What horrid noiſe? Is the ſea pleas'd to ſing
A hideous dirge to our deliverance?

*Vir.* Stand faſt now.

[*Within ſtrange cries, horrid noiſe, trumpets.*

*Aſc.* I am fix'd.

*Vir.* We fear ye not;
Let death appear in all ſhapes, we ſmile on him.

*Enter Martia.*

*Aſc.* The lady now!

*Vir.* The face o' th' maſque is alter'd.

*Aſc.* What will ſhe do?

*Vir.* Do what ſhe can, I care not.

*Aſc.* She looks on you, Sir.

*Vir.* Rather ſhe looks thro' me;
But yet ſhe ſtirs me not.

*Mart.* Poor wretched ſlaves,
Why do ye live? or, if ye hope for mercy,
Why do not ye howl out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and baſe ſubmiſſions,
Worthy our ſcorn?

*Vir.* Madam, you are miſtaken;
We are no ſlaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if ſhe had her eyes, and durſt be certain,
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor aſk ſo baſe a mercy:
If you ſee any thing in our appearance,
Worthy your ſex's ſoftneſs and your own glory,
Do it for that, and let that good reward it!

We cannot beg.

*Mart.* I'll make you beg and bow too.

*Vir.* Madam, for what?

*Mart.* For life; and, when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your baſeneſs.

*Aſc.* Madam, 'tis true, there may be ſuch a favour,
And we may aſk it too, aſk it with honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Tho' it be death; but when we beg a baſe life,
And beg it of your ſcorn——

*Vir.* You're cozen'd, woman;
Your handſomeneſs may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate——

*Mart.* Are ye ſo ſtubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow!

*Vir.* It muſt be in your bed then;
There you may work me to humility.

*Mart.* Why, I can kill thee.

*Vir.* If you do it handſomely,
It may be I can thank you; elſe——

*Mart.* So glorious?

*Aſc.* Her cruelty now works.

*Mart.* Yet woot thou?

*Vir.* No.

*Mart.* Wilt thou for life's ſake?

*Vir.* No; I know your ſubtilty.

*Mart.* For honour ſake?

*Vir.* I will not be a pageant;
My mind was ever firm, and ſo I'll loſe it.

*Mart.* I'll ſtarve thee to it!

*Vir.* I'll ſtarve myſelf, and croſs it.

*Mart.* I'll lay thee on ſuch miſeries——

*Vir.* I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonneſs you do your bracelets.

*Mart.* I'll be a month a-killing thee.

*Vir.* Poor lady!
I'll be a month a-dying then: What's that?
There's many a calenture out-does your cruelty.

*Mart.*

*Mart.* How might I do in killing of his body,
To ſave his noble mind? Who waits there?

*Enter a Sailor, with a rich cap and mantle.*

*Sailor.* Madam?

*Mart.* Unbolt this man, and leave thoſe things behind you; [*Virolet releaſed.*
And ſo away!—Now, put 'em on. [*Exit Sailor.*

*Vir.* To what end?

*Mart.* To my end, to my will.

*Vir.* I will.

*Mart.* I thank you.

*Vir.* Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more; I'll tell you,
I am a ſervant to your courteſy,
And ſo far will be woo'd; but if this triumph
Be only aim'd to make your miſchief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer ſhroud upon me,
Which my ſtrong mind ſhall ſuffer in.

*Mart.* Come hither,
And all thy brav'ry put into thy carriage;
For I admire thee.

*Vir.* Whither will this woman?

*Aſc.* Take heed, my friend!

*Mart.* Look as thou ſcorn'dſt my cruelty;
I know thou doſt.

*Vir.* I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

*Mart.* No; if thou hadſt th' hadſt died, and I had gloried.
I ſuffer now; and thou, which art my priſoner,
Haſt nobly won the free power to deſpiſe me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy nobleneſs;
And, for thy manly ſufferance, am thy ſervant.

*Vir.* Good lady, mock me not.

*Mart.* By Heav'n, I love thee!
And, by the ſoul of love, am one piece with thee!
Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly mind,
(That, like a rock, ſtands all the ſtorms of fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee)
That

That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:
That mind has robb'd me of my liberty;
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor deſpis'd things turn'd my angers.
Receive me to your love, Sir, and inſtruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bleſs the hour I knew you!
*Vir.* Is this a new way?
*Mart.* If you doubt my faith,
Firſt, take your liberty, (I'll make it perfect)
Or any thing within my power.
*Vir.* I love you:
But how to recompenſe your love with marriage?
Alas, I have a wife.
*Mart.* Dearer than I am?
That will adventure ſo much for your ſafety?
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honour,
Pull on her, for a ſtranger's ſake, all curſes?
*Vir.* Shall this prince have his freedom too? elſe all
I love is gone, all my friends periſh.
*Mart.* He ſhall.
*Vir.* What ſhall I do?
*Mart.* If thou deſpiſe my courteſy,
When I am dead for grief I am forſaken,
And no ſoft hand left to aſſuage your ſorrows,
Too late, but too true, curſe your own cruelties!
*Aſc.* Be wiſe, if ſhe be true! no thread is left elſe,
To guide us from this labyrinth of miſchief;
Nor no way for our friends.
*Vir.* Thus then I take you;
I bind you to my life, my love!
*Mart.* I take you,
And with the like bond tie my heart your ſervant.
We're now almoſt at harbour; within this hour,
In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat ready,
And when I give the word, be ſure you enter.
I'll ſee ye furniſh'd both immediately,
And like yourſelves [16]; ſome truſty man ſhall wait you;

[16] *And like* yourſelf.] The grammar of this paſſage requires a change of numbers to keep Martia from uttering nonſenſe. *Sympſon.*

The

The watch I'll make my own; only my love
Requires a ſtronger vow, which I'll adminiſter
Before we go.

*Vir.* I'll take it, to confirm you.

*Mart.* Go in; there are the keys, unlock his fetters,
And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you preſently;
And ſo, this loving kiſs.

*Aſc.* Be conſtant, lady. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke (by torch-light) Maſter and Surgeon with him.*

*Surg.* You grow ſo angry, Sir, your wound goes backward.

*Duke.* I'm angry at the time, (at none of you)
That ſends but one poor ſubject for revenge:
I would have all the court, and all the villainy
Was ever practis'd under that foul tyrant
Ferrand [17], and all to quench my wrath!

*Maſter.* Be patient;
Your Grace may find occaſion every hour
(For certain they will ſeek you) to ſatisfy,
And to the full, your anger.

*Duke.* 'Death, they dare not!
They know that I command Death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him looſe——

*Surg.* You'll never heal, Sir,
If theſe extremes dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your ſpirits out with this wild anger.

*Duke.* Thou lieſt! I am not old; I am as luſty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art——

*Maſter.* No more of that!

*Duke.* And dare ſeek out a danger,
And hold him at the ſword's point, when thou trembleſt
And creep'ſt into thy box of ſalves to ſave thee.—
Oh, Maſter, I have had a dreadful dream to-night!
Methought the ſhip was all on fire, and my lov'd daughter,

[17] *Was ever practis'd under that foul* Ferrand Tyrant.] Theſe two laſt words have chang'd their places; we muſt read as I have alter'd the place. *Sympſon.*

To

To ſave her life, leap'd into th' ſea; where ſuddenly
A ſtranger ſnatch'd her up, and ſwam away with her.
*Maſter.* 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight, Sir.
*Boatſ.* [*within*]. Look out! what is that?
*Sailor* [*within*]. The long-boat, as I live!
*Boatſ.* Ho, there, i' th' long-boat! ho!
*Sailor.* She claps on all her oars [18].
*Duke.* What noiſe is that?
*Maſter.* I hear, Sir—— [*Exit.*
*Boatſ.* The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.
*Sailor.* The long-boat! ho, the long-boat!
*Duke.* Why the long-boat?
Where is the long-boat?
*Boatſ.* She's ſtole off.

*Enter Maſter.*

*Duke.* Who ſtole her?
Oh, my prophetick ſoul!
*Maſter.* Your daughter's gone, Sir,
The priſoners, and ſix ſailors: Rogues!
*Duke.* Miſchief! ſix thouſand plagues ſail with 'em!
They're in her yet; make out.
*Maſter.* We've ne'er a boat,

*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* Who knew of this trick [19]?
*Duke.* Weigh anchors, and away!
*Boatſ.* We ha' no wind, Sir;
They'll beat us with their oars.
*Duke.* Then ſink 'em, Gunner!
Oh, ſink 'em, ſink 'em, ſink 'em, claw 'em, Gunner,
As ever thou haſt lov'd me!
*Gun.* I'll do reaſon;

[18] *She claps on all her oars.*] Theſe words ſtand in the firſt copy as a ſtage-direction; but are not inſerted at all in the two following editions. Sympſon, we think with judgment, ſuppoſes they were originally a part of the text.

[19] *Gun. Who knew of this trick?*] This ſpeech ſeems, both from the text and meaſure, to be (though we have not ventured to remove it) an accidental interpolation. It is the *Duke*'s ſpeech a little after.

But

But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Who knew of this? [*A piece or two go off.*

*Maſter.* We ſtand all clear.

*Duke.* What devil
Put this baſe trick into her tail? My daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope ſhe's ſunk,
[*A piece or two go off.*
Or torn to pieces with the ſhot. Rots find her!
The leproſy of whore ſtick ever to her!
Oh, ſhe has ruin'd my revenge!

*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* She's gone, Sir;
I cannot reach her with my ſhot.

*Duke.* Riſe, winds!
Blow till ye burſt the air, and ſwell the ſeas,
That they may ſink the ſtars! Oh, dance her, dance her!
She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your ſurges, cool her, cool her!
She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her!
Oh, now a ſhot to ſink her!—Come, cut cables!
I will away; and where ſhe ſets her foot,
Altho' it be in Ferrand's court, I'll follow her;
And ſuch a father's vengeance ſhall ſhe ſuffer——
Dare any man ſtand by me?

*Maſter.* All, all.

*Boatſ.* All, Sir.

*Gun.* And the ſame cup you taſte——

*Duke.* Cut cables then;
For I ſhall never ſleep, nor know what peace is,
'Till I have pluck'd her heart out.

*Sailor* [*within*]. All o'main there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

## ACT III.

*Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Caſtruccio, Villio, and guard.*

*Ronv.* YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flouriſh cornets.*

*Fer.* You are too careleſs!
The creatures I have made no way regard me:
Why ſhould I give you names, titles of honour,
Rob families to fill your private houſes,
For your advancement draw all curſes on me,
Wake tedious winter-nights to make them happy
That for me break no ſlumber?

*Ronv.* What we can,
We dare do.

*Fer.* Why is your ſovereign's life then
(In which you live, and in whoſe fall your honours,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all muſt ſuffer)
No better guarded? Oh, my cruel ſtars,
That mark'd me out a king, raiſing me on
This pinnacle of greatneſs, only to be
The nearer blaſting!

*Villio.* What think you now, Caſtruccio?
Is not this a merry life?

*Caſt.* Still thou art cozen'd:
It is a glorious royal diſcontentment!
How bravely it becomes him!

*Fer.* To be made
The common butt, for every ſlave to ſhoot at!
No peace, no reſt I take, but their alarms
Beat at my heart! Why do I live, or ſeek then
To add a day more to theſe glorious troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the ſumming up of fears and ſorrows?
What power has my command, when from my boſom
Aſcanio, my moſt dear and lov'd Aſcanio,

Was

Was ſnatch'd, ſpite of my will, ſpite of my ſuccour,
And by mine own proud ſlave retain'd moſt miſerable?
And ſtill that villain lives to nip my pleaſures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
*Ronv.* Time may reſtore all this: And would you hear
Whoſe counſel never fail'd you——
*Fer.* Tell me no more!
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares,
And yield myſelf moſt wretched.
*Ronv.* On my knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchſafe me hearing.
*Fer.* Speak, ſpeak; and I thus low, ſuch is my fortune,
Will hear what thou canſt ſay.
*Villio.* Look but on this;
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,
More pleaſure than this king?
*Caſt.* A dull fool ſtill!
Make me a king, and let me ſcratch with care,
And ſee who'll have the better; give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleaſure of a king,
And let the devil roar: The greateſt corroſive
A king can have, is of more precious tickling,
And, handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other mens' whole lives, let 'em be ſafe too.
*Villio.* Think of the mutinous people.
*Caſt.* Hang the people!
Give me the pleaſure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their wives and ſtates at my diſcretion,
And peg 'em when I pleaſe, let the ſlaves mumble.
*Villio.* But ſay they ſhould be vex'd, and riſe againſt thee?
*Caſt.* Let 'em riſe, let 'em riſe; give me the bridle here,
And ſee if they can crack my girths: Ah, Villio,
Under the ſun there's nothing ſo voluptuous
As riding of this monſter, 'till he founder.
*Fer.* Who's that ſo loud?

*Caſt.*

*Caſt.* I'm dumb.—Is not this rare?
Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happineſs, Villio?
*Villio.* Yes, to put to ſilence
A fawning ſycophant.
*Fer.* Thou ſpeak'ſt truth in all; [*To Ronvere.*
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigor,
Which I with all ſeverity will practiſe;
And ſince, as ſubjects they pay not obedience,
They ſhall be forc'd as ſlaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and, with the means, my fears.
Go you, the fatal executioners
Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the city:
To feaſt a neighbour, ſhall be death; to talk,
As they meet in the ſtreets, to hold diſcourſe
By writing, nay by ſigns. See this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to thoſe
That dare repine at this, to me true ſervice.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have employments;
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we ſhould be beggars.
*Fer.* Ronvere! [*Exit Guard.*
*Ronv.* My lord?
*Caſt.* Thou enemy to majeſty,
What think'ſt thou of a king[20]?
*Villio.* As of a man
That hath power to do ill.
*Caſt.* Of a thing rather
That does divide an empire with the gods.
Obſerve but with how little breath he ſhakes
A populous city, which would ſtand unmov'd
Againſt a whirlwind.
*Villio.* Then you make him more
Than him that rules the winds.
*Caſt.* For me, I do profeſs it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,

[20] *What thinkſt thou of a* kingdom.] Verſe and context equally require us to read *king* for *kingdom*.

I would

I would be mighty Ferrand.

*Fer.* Ha! who names me?
Deliver thy thoughts, ſlave, thy thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more!

*Caſt.* They rather will deſerve
Your favour, than your fury. I admire
(As who does not, that is a loyal ſubject?)
Your wiſdom, power, your perfect happineſs,
The moſt bleſs'd of mankind.

*Fer.* Didſt thou but feel
The weighty ſorrows that ſit on a crown,
Tho' thou ſhouldſt find one in the ſtreets, Caſtruccio,
Thou wouldſt not think it worth the taking up:
But ſince thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou ſhalt ere long taſte of it.

*Caſt.* But one day,
And then let me expire!

*Fer.* Go to my wardrobe,
And of the richeſt things I wear cull out
What thou think'ſt fit. Do you attend him, ſirrah.

*Vil.* I warrant you I ſhall be at his elbow;
The fool will never leave him.

*Caſt.* Made for ever! [*Exit with Vil. A ſhout within.*

*Fer.* What ſhout is that? Draw up our guards.

*Enter Virolet, Aſcanio, and a Servant.*

*Ronv.* Thoſe rather
Speak joy than danger.

*Vir.* Bring her to my houſe [19];
I would not have her ſeen here.

*Fer.* My Aſcanio!
The moſt deſir'd of all men, let me die
In theſe embraces. How wert thou redeem'd?

*Aſc.* Sir, this is my preſerver.

*Fer.* At more leiſure
I will enquire the manner, and the means:

[19] Ron. *Bring her to my houſe,*
*I wou'd not have her ſeen here.*] This is evidently a direction of *Virolet*'s relating to Martia, and to him it ſhould be reſtored. *Seward.*

I cannot ſpare ſo much time now from my
More ſtrict embraces. Virolet, welcome too!
This ſervice weighs down your intended treaſon.
You long have been mine enemy; learn now
To be my friend, and loyal; I aſk no more,
And live as free as Ferrand. Let him have
The forty thouſand crowns I gladly promis'd
For my Aſcanio's freedom; and deliver
His father and his wife to him in ſafety.
Something hath paſs'd which I am ſorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my Aſcanio,
And reap the harveſt of my winter-travels.
My beſt Aſcanio, my moſt-lov'd Aſcanio!
[*Flouriſh cornets. Exe. Fer. & Aſcanio*

*Vir.* My lord, all former paſſages forgot,
I am become a ſuitor.

*Ronv.* To me, Virolet?

*Vir.* To you; yet will not beg the courteſy,
But largely pay you for it.

*Ronv.* To the purpoſe.

*Vir.* The forty thouſand crowns the king hath given me,
I will beſtow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.

*Ronv.* Your Juliana?
That for you hath endur'd ſo much, ſo nobly?

*Vir.* The more my ſorrow; but it muſt be ſo.

*Ronv.* I will not hinder it.—Without a bribe,
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.—
I will uſe all my power.

*Vir.* 'Tis all I aſk.—
Oh, my curs'd fate, that ever man ſhould hate
Himſelf for being belov'd! or be compell'd
To caſt away a jewel kings would buy,
Tho' with the loſs of crown and monarchy! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Maſter, Boatſwain, and Gunner.*

*Duke.* How do I look?

*Maſter.*

*Maſter.* You are ſo ſtrangely alter'd,
We ſcarce can know you; ſo young again, and utterly
From that you were, figure, or any favour,
Your friends cannot diſcern you.
*Duke.* I have none,
None but my fair revenge, and let that know me!
You're finely alter'd too.
*Boatſ.* To pleaſe your humour:
But we may paſs without diſguiſe; our living
Was never in their element.
*Gun.* This Jew ſure,
That alter'd you, is a mad knave.
*Duke.* Oh, a moſt excellent fellow!
*Gun.* How he has mew'd your head, has rubb'd the ſnow off,
And run your beard into a peak of twenty!
*Boatſ.* Stopt all the crannies in your face.
*Maſter.* Moſt rarely!
*Boatſ.* And now you look as plump, your eyes as ſparkling,
As if you were to leap into a lady's ſaddle.
Has he not ſet your noſe awry?
*Duke.* The better.
*Boatſ.* I think it be the better, but 'tis awry ſure;
North and by Eaſt, ay, there's the point it ſtands in;
Now half a point to the Southward.
*Duke.* I could laugh,
But that my buſineſs requires no mirth now:
Thou art a merry fellow.
*Boatſ.* I would the Jew, Sir,
Could ſteer my head right; for I've ſuch a ſwimming in't,
Ever ſince I went to ſea firſt——
*Maſter.* Take wine, and purge it.
*Boatſ.* I've had a thouſand pills of ſack, a thouſand,
A thouſand pottle-pills.
*Gun.* Take more.
*Boatſ.* Good doctor,
Your patient is eaſily perſuaded.

*Maſter.* Methinks this Jew [20],
If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,
And decay'd ladies, that have loſt their fleeces,
On ev'ry buſh, the next fair open weather,
He might pick a pretty living.

*Boatſ.* The beſt of all our gallants now be glad of him;
For, if you mark their marches, they are tender,
Soft, ſoft, and tender; then but obſerve their bodies,
And you ſhall find them cemented by a ſurgeon,
Or ſome phyſician, for a year or two,
And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle.
This Jew might live a Gentile here.

*Enter two Citizens at oppoſite doors, ſaluting afar off.*

*Duke.* What are theſe?
Stand cloſe and mark.

*Boatſ.* Theſe are no men; they're motions.

*Duke.* What ſad and ruthful faces!

*Boatſ.* How they duck!
This ſenſeleſs, ſilent courteſy, methinks,
Shews like two Turks ſaluting one another,
Upon two French porters' backs.

*Duke.* They are my countrymen,
And this ſome forc'd infliction from the tyrant.
What are you? why is this? why move thus ſilent,
As if you were wandring ſhadows? why ſo ſad?
Your tongues ſeal'd up? Are ye of ſeveral countries,
You underſtand not one another?

*Gun.* That's an Engliſhman;
He looks as tho' h' had loſt his dog.

*Duke.* Your habits
Shew ye all Neapolitans; and your faces

[20] *Maſter.* The next fair open weather
*Methinks this Jew,*
*If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,*
*And decay'd ladies, that have loſt their fleeces*
*On every buſh, he might pick a pretty living.*] The tranſpoſition of the words, *The next fair open weather*, has confounded the ſenſe of this paſſage in all the editions.—Sympſon puts *a period* at *weather*.

Deliver

Deliver you oppreſſed things: Speak boldly!
Do you groan and labour under this ſtiff yoke?
*Maſter.* They ſhake their heads and weep.
*Duke.* Oh, miſery!
Give plenteous ſorrows and no tongues to ſhew 'em?
This is a ſtudied cruelty.
1 *Cit.* Begone, Sir,
(It ſeems you are a ſtranger) and ſave yourſelf.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you ſpeak ſo openly and boldly,
The king's command being publiſh'd to the contrary:
'Tis death here, above two to talk together;
And that muſt be but common ſalutation neither,
Short, and ſo part.
*Boatſ.* How ſhould a man buy muſtard,
If he be forc'd to ſtay the making of it?
*Sold.* [*within.*] Clear all the ſtreets before the king!
1 *Cit.* Get off, Sir,
And ſhift as we muſt do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
*Duke.* I'll ſee his glory. [*Flouriſh.*
*Maſter.* Stand faſt now, and like men. [*Colours.*

*Enter Caſtruccio (as king, with a Guard) and Villio.*

*Caſt.* Begin the game, Sir,
And pluck me down the row of houſes there!
They hide the view o' th' hill; and ſink thoſe merchants;
Their ſhips are foul, and ſtink.
*Maſter.* This is a ſweet youth!
*Caſt.* All that are taken in aſſemblies,
Their houſes, and their wives, their wealths, are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion. Villains, knaves,
I'll make you bow and ſhake! I'll make you kneel,
rogues!—
How brave 'tis to be a king!
*Gim.* Here's fine tumbling!
*Caſt.* No man ſhall ſit i' th' temple near another.
*Boatſ.* Nor lie with his own wife.
*Caſt.* All, upon pain
Of preſent death, forget to write!
*Boatſ.* That's excellent;

Carriers and footpoſts will be arrant rebels.
*Caſt.* No character, or ſtamp, that may deliver
This man's intention to that man i' th' country.
*Gun.* Nay, an you cut off, 'After my hearty commendations,
'Your friend and Oliver,' no more!
*Caſt.* No man ſmile,
And wear a face of mirth! That fellow's cunning,
And hides a double heart; he's your prize; ſmoke him.

*Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Aſcanio, and Martia, paſſing over.*

*Duke.* What baſe abuſe is this?—Ha! 'tis her face ſure.
My priſoners with her too?—By Heav'n, vile whore[20],
Now is my time!
*Maſter.* Do what you will.
*Duke.* Stay, hold yet!
My country ſhall be ſerv'd firſt; let her go!
We'll have an hour for her, to make her tremble.
Now ſhew ourſelves, and bleſs you with your valours.
*Guard.* Here's a whole plump of rogues.
*Duke.* Now for your country! [*Exe. Virolet, &c.*
*Caſt.* Away with 'em, and hang 'em! know no mercy,
I ſay no mercy!
*Duke.* Be it ſo; upon 'em!
*Guard.* Treaſon, treaſon, treaſon!
*Boatſ.* Cut the ſlaves to giggets!
*Gun.* Down with the bullbeefs!
*Duke.* Hold, hold, I command you! Gods, look here!
*Caſt.* A miſerable thing; I am no king, Sir.
*Duke.* Sirrah, your fool's face has preſerv'd your life.
Wear no more king's coats; you have ſcap'd a ſcouring.
*Boatſ.* Is't not the king?
*Duke.* No, 'tis a prating raſcal;
The puppy makes him mirth.
*Caſt.* Yes, Sir, I am
A puppy.
*Boatſ.* I beſeech you let met me hang him;
I'll do't in my belt ſtraight.

[20] Wild *whore.*] I have a ſmall ſuſpicion here that *wilde* is the true reading, but I have not ventured to diſturb the text. *Sympſon.*

*Caſt.*

*Caſt.* As you're honourable!
It is enough, you may hang me.
*Gun.* I'll hang a ſquib at his tail
That ſhall blow both his buttocks, like a petard.
*Caſt.* Do any thing; but do not kill me, gentlemen.

*Enter Citizen.*

*Boatſ.* Let's flea him,
And have him fly-blown!
*Cit.* Away, and ſave your lives!
The king himſelf is coming on: If you ſtay,
You're loſt for ever! Let not ſo much nobleneſs
Wilfully periſh.
*Duke.* How near?
2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
*Duke.* We thank you. Vaniſh! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferrand and Ronvere. Flouriſh Cornets.*

*Fer.* Double the guards, and take in men that dare!
Theſe ſlaves are frighted. Where are the proud rebels?
To what protection fled? What villain leads 'em?
Under our noſe diſturb our reſt?
*Ronv.* We ſhall hear;
For ſuch a ſearch I've ſent, to hunt the traitors——
*Fer.* Yet better men, I ſay! We ſtand too open.
How now, Caſtruccio? How d'you like our glory?
*Caſt.* I muſt confeſs, 'twas ſomewhat more than my match, Sir.
This open glory agrees not with my body;
But if it were i'th' caſtle, or ſome ſtrength,
Where I might have my ſwinge——
*Vil.* You have been ſwing'd, brother;
How theſe delights have tickled you! You itch yet.
Will you walk out again in pomp?
*Caſt.* Good fool!
*Vil.* Theſe rogues muſt be rebuk'd, they are too ſaucy,
Theſe peremptory knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the remnant of your coronation?

The people ſtay to ſee it.
*Fer.* Do not vex him;
H'has grief enough in's bones. You ſhall to th' citadel,
And like myſelf command: There uſe your pleaſure;
But take heed to your perſon.
*Vil.* The more danger,
Still the more honour, brother.
*Caſt.* If I reign not then,
And like a king—And thou ſhalt know it, fool,
And thou ſhalt feel it, fool.
*Vil.* Fools ſtill are free men;
I'll ſue for a protection, 'till thy reign's out.
*Fer.* The people have abus'd the liberty
I late allow'd; I now proclaim it ſtraiter:
No men ſhall walk together, nor ſalute;
For they that do ſhall die.
*Ronv.* You hit the right[21], Sir;
That liberty cut off, you're free from practice.
*Fer.* Renew my guards.
*Ronv.* I ſhall.
*Fer.* And keep ſtrict watches,
One hour of joy I aſk!
*Ronv.* You ſhall have many. [*Exe. Flouriſh cornets.*

*Enter Pandulpho and Juliana, led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*

1 *Guard.* You're now at liberty, in your own houſe, lady,
And here our charge takes end.
*Pand.* 'Tis now a cuſtom,
We muſt e'en wooe thoſe men deſerve worſt of us;
And ſo we thank your labours; there's to drink!
For that and miſchief are your occupations,
And to mean well to no man your chief'ſt harveſts.
2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, Sir, we're t' be long,

[21] *You hit the* right, *Sir.*] The moſt uſual expreſſion is *white*, but I have been unwilling to make any alteration. *Sympſon.*

To

To be oftner acquainted with your bounty;
And ſo we leave you.

*Pand.* Do, for I dote not on ye.

*Jul.* But where's my huſband? What ſhould I do here,
Or what ſhare have I in this joy call'd Liberty,
Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his ſervice honour'd?

1 *Guard.* He is ſo, and ſtands high in the king's favour,
His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his ſervice
To his own wiſh rewarded: So farewell, lady!
[*Exeunt Guard.*

*Pand.* Go perſecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-hounds,
Ye leeches of the time, ſuck 'till ye burſt, ſlaves!
How does my girl?

*Jul.* Weak yet, but full of comfort.

*Pand.* Sit down, and take ſome reſt.

*Jul.* My heart's whole, father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my Virolet,
My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

*Pand.* Thoſe rude hands, and that bloody will that did this,
That durſt upon thy tender body print
Theſe characters of cruelty, hear me, Heaven!——

*Jul.* Oh, Sir, be ſparing.

*Pand.* I'll ſpeak it, tho' I burſt;
And tho' the air had ears, and ſerv'd the tyrant,
Out it ſhould go. Oh, hear me, thou great juſtice!
The miſeries that wait upon their miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs! and no eye pity
Them, when their ſouls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with guilt and horror,
As mine is now with grief! let men laugh at 'em!
Then, when their monſtrous ſins, like earthquakes, ſhake 'em,
And thoſe eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
(The

(The bloody larums of the conſcience beating)
Let Mercy fly, and day, ſtruck into darkneſs,
Leave their blind ſouls, to hunt out their own horrors!

*Jul.* Enough, enough! we muſt forget, dear father;
For then we're glorious forms of Heaven[22], and live,
When we can ſuffer, and as ſoon forgive.—
But where's my lord? Methinks I've ſeen this houſe,
And have been in't before.

*Pand.* Thine own houſe, jewel.

*Jul.* Mine, without him; or his, without my company,
I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.

*Pand.* Some buſineſs with the king (let it be good, Heav'n!)
Retains him ſure.

*Enter Boy.*

*Jul.* It muſt be good and noble;
For all men, that he treats with, taſte of virtue:
His words and actions are his own, and Honour's,
Not bought, nor compell'd from him.

*Pand.* Here's the Boy;
He can confirm us more. How ſad the child looks!
Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy maſter?

*Jul.* Speak, gentle Boy.

*Pand.* Is he return'd in ſafety?

*Jul.* If not, and that thou know'ſt is miſerable,
Our hopes and happineſs declin'd for ever,

[22] *For then we're glorious forms of Heav'n; and* live.] If we are glorious forms of Heaven, then we live ſuch to be ſure; though by *live* here join'd to *are* one would imagine the Poets deſign'd to affix different ſenſes to theſe two verſes, and be underſtood thus, — we muſt forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be *glorious forms of Heav'n when*, &c. Yet I ſuſpect (and Mr. Seward too) that the line might be wrote originally thus,

*For then* we *glorious forms of Heav'n live*;

*live* here anſwering to the Latin *vivo*, which oftentimes is no more than *ſum*. *Johnſon.*

The *propoſed* line is a vile one. *Live* in the text is uſed emphatically, and the meaning of this line and the next is, 'We then truly enjoy life, when we pardon injuries, as Heaven forgives our iniquities.'

Study

Study a ſorrow excellent as thy maſter,
Then if thou canſt live, leave us.
*Boy.* Noble madam,
My lord is ſafe return'd; ſafe to his friends, and fortune,
Safe to his country, entertain'd with honour;
Is here within the houſe.
*Jul.* Do not mock me!
*Boy.* But ſuch a melancholy hangs on's mind,
And in his eyes inhabit ſuch ſad ſhadows!
But what the cauſe is——
*Pand.* Go tell him we are here, Boy;
There muſt be no cauſe now.
*Jul.* Haſt thou forgot me?
*Boy.* No, nobleſt lady.
*Jul.* Tell him I am here;
Tell him his wife is here; ſound my name to him,
And thou ſhalt ſee him ſtart; ſpeak *Juliana*,
And, like the ſun that labours thro' a tempeſt,
How ſuddenly he will diſperſe his ſadneſs!
*Pand.* Go, I command thee, inſtantly;
And charge him on his duty——
*Jul.* On his love, boy.
I'd fain go to him.
*Pand.* Away, away; you're fooliſh.
*Jul.* Bear all my ſervice, ſweet Boy——
*Pand.* Art thou here ſtill?
*Jul.* And tell him what thou wilt that ſhall become thee. [*Exit Boy.*
*Pand.* I' th' houſe, and know we're here?
*Jul.* No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His love had leſs than wings, (had he but ſeen me)
His ſtrong affection any thing but fire,
Conſuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
Under Heaven's high bleſſings met in one man,
There erected to their holy uſes
A ſacred mind fit for their ſervices,

Built

Built all of poliſh'd honour, 'twas in this man:
Miſdoubt him not.
*Pand.* I know he's truly noble;
But why this ſadneſs, when the general cauſe
Requires a jubilee of joy?
*Jul.* I know not.

*Enter Virolet and Boy.*

*Pand.* Pray Heav'n you find it not!
*Jul.* I hope I ſhall not.
Oh, here he comes, and with him all my happineſs!—
He ſtays and thinks; we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They ſtand off.*
*Pand.* I do not like this ſadneſs.
*Vir.* Oh, hard condition of my miſery!
Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaſte and virtuous woman, that preſerv'd me,
That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Muſt be more terrible than all my dangers!
Oh, Fortune, thou haſt robb'd me of my making,
The noble building of a man demoliſh'd,
And flung me headlong on a ſin ſo baſe
Man and mankind contemn; e'en beaſts abhor it;
A ſin more dull than drink, a ſhame beyond it;
So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry itſelf out loud, Ingratitude.
Your bleſſing, Sir!
*Pand.* You have it in abundance;
So is our joy to ſee you ſafe.
*Vir.* My dear one!
*Jul.* H' has not forgot me yet: Oh, take me to you, Sir!
*Vir.* Muſt this be added to encreaſe my miſery,
That ſhe muſt weep for joy, and loſe that goodneſs?
My Juliana, e'en the beſt of women,
Of wives the perfecteſt! Let me ſpeak this,
And with a modeſty declare thy virtues,

Chaſte

Chaſter than cryſtal on the Scythian clifts [23],
The more the proud winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience than a ſacrifice;
And in thy mind a ſaint, that even yet living,
Produceſt miracles; and women daily,
With crooked and lame ſouls creep to thy goodneſs,
Which having touch'd at, they become examples.
The fortitude of all their ſex is fable [24],
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory,
And admiration, in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns are ſtarted,
To ſtare upon the greatneſs of thy ſpirit;
Wondring what new martyr Heaven has begot,
To fill the times with truth, and eaſe their ſtories:
Being all theſe, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the nobleſt buildings)
Thou haſt undone thy huſband, made him wretched;
A miſerable man, my Juliana,
Th' haſt made thy Virolet.

*Jul.* Now goodneſs keep me!
Oh, my dear lord——

*Pand.* She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but ſpeak, I charge you on obedience;
Your father charges you! She make you miſerable?
That you yourſelf confeſs——

*Vir.* I do, that kills me;
And far leſs I have ſpoke her than her merit.

*Jul.* It is ſome ſin of weakneſs, or of ignorance;
For ſure my will——

---

[23] *Chaſter than cryſtal*, &c.] Shakeſpeare has a paſſage ſimilar to this; ſpeaking of Valeria in Coriolanus, act v. ſcene iii. he ſays,

'——The noble ſiſter of Poplicola,
'The moon of Rome; chaſte as the iſicle,
'That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
'And hangs on Dian's temple.' *R.*

[24] *Is fable.*] Though a ſlight corruption has quite chang'd the word, yet as it has left ſome ſenſe remaining, it has eſcap'd the obſervation of former editors; but *feeble* being in proper antithesis to for[illegible], is undoubtedly the true reading. *Seward.*

[illegible] *undoubtedly: To fill the times with* TRUTH, a few lines lower, ſeems to confirm *fable* to be.

*Vir.*

*Vir.* No, 'tis a ſin of excellence.
Forgive me, Heav'n, that I profane thy bleſſings!
Sit ſtill, I'll ſhew you all. [*Exit.*

*Pand.* What means this madneſs?
(For ſure there is no taſte of right man in it.)
Grieves he our liberty, our preſervation?
Or has the greatneſs of the deed he has done
Made him forget for whom, and how, he did it,
And looking down upon us, ſcorn the benefit?
Well, Virolet, if thou be'ſt proud, or treacherous—

*Jul.* He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will ſhew us,
And with that reaſon ground his words——

*Enter Virolet, Martia, Ronvere, and Lawyer.*

*Pand.* He comes.—
What maſque is this? what admirable beauty?
Pray Heav'n his heart be true!

*Jul.* A goodly woman!

*Vir.* Tell me, my dear, and tell me without flattery;
As you are nobly honeſt, ſpeak the truth!
What think you of this lady?

*Jul.* She's moſt excellent.

*Vir.* Might not this beauty, tell me, (it's a ſweet one)
Without more ſetting-off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater miſtreſs than mere Nature,
Stagger a conſtant heart?

*Pand.* She's full of wonder!
But yet, yet, Virolet——

*Vir.* Pray by your leave, Sir!

*Jul.* She would amaze——

*Vir.* Oh, would ſhe ſo? I thank you.
Say, to this beauty ſhe have all additions,
Wealth, noble birth——

*Pand.* Oh, hold there!

*Vir.* All virtues,
A mind as full of candor as the truth is,
Ay, and a loving lady——

*Jul.*

*Jul.* She muſt needs
(I'm bound in conſcience to confeſs) deſerve much.
*Vir.* Nay, ſay beyond all theſe, ſhe be ſo pious,
That e'en on ſlaves condemn'd ſhe ſhower her benefits,
And melt their ſtubborn bolts with her ſoft pity;
What think you then?
*Pand.* For ſuch a noble office,
At theſe years I ſhould dote myſelf. Take heed, boy!
*Jul.* If you be he that have receiv'd theſe bleſſings,
And this the lady, love her, honour her!
You cannot do too much to ſhew your gratitude;
Your greateſt ſervice will ſhew off too ſlender.
*Vir.* This is the lady, lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all, I ſpoke of;
The prince Aſcanio, and myſelf, the ſlaves
Redeem'd, brought home, ſtill guarded by her goodneſs;
And of our liberties you taſte the ſweetneſs.
E'en you ſhe has preſerv'd too, lengthened your lives.
*Jul.* And what reward d'you purpoſe? It muſt be a main one.
If love will do't, we'll all ſo love her, ſerve her——
*Vir.* It muſt be my love.
*Jul.* Ha!
*Vir.* Mine, my only love,
My everlaſting love.
*Pand.* How!
*Vir.* Pray, have patience!
The recompenſe ſhe aſk'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her huſband. Then I vow'd it,
And ſince I've made it good.
*Pand.* Thou durſt not!
*Vir.* Done, Sir.
*Jul.* Be what you pleaſe, this happineſs yet ſtays with me[25],
You have been mine. Oh, my unhappy fortune!
*Pand.* Nay, break and die!

[25] ——his *happineſs*, &c.] The omiſſion of a ſingle letter has made nonſenſe of this, in all the former editions. *Seward*

*Jul.*

*Jul.* It cannot yet: I muſt live,
'Till I ſee this man bleſt in his new love;
And then——

*Pand.* What haſt thou done? thou baſe one, tell me!
Thou barren thing of honeſty, and honour,
What haſt thou wrought? Is not this ſhe, (look on her,
Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy falſe tears off) is not this ſhe,
That three times on the rack, to guard thy ſafety,
When thou ſtood'ſt loſt, and naked to the tyrant;
Thy aged father here, that ſhames to know thee,
Engag'd i'th' jaws of danger; was not this ſhe,
That then gave up her body to the torture,
That tender body, that the wind ſings thro'?
And three times, when her ſinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,
Even then, within her patient heart ſhe lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preſerv'd thee:
And canſt thou be that ſlave——

*Mart.* This was but duty;
She did it for her huſband, and ſhe ought it[26];
Sh' has had the pleaſure of him many an hour;
And if one minute's pain cannot be ſuffer'd——
Mine was above all theſe, a nobler venture!
(I ſpeak it boldly) for I loſt a father,
She has one ſtill[27]; I left my friends, ſh' has many;
Expos'd my life and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had ſeiz'd on me—racks, and tortures?
Alas, they're triumphs to't! and had it hit,
For this man's love, it ſhould have ſhew'd a triumph.
Twice loſt, I freed him; Roſſana loſt before him,
His fortunes with him, and his friends behind him;
Twice was I rack'd myſelf for his deliverance,
In honour firſt and name, which was a torture

[26] Ought *it*.] *Ought* ſeems to be uſed here as the perfect tenſe of owe.

[27] He *has one ſtill*—he *has many*.] Martia is pleading that her merits are ſuperior to thoſe of Juliana, it was therefore a groſs miſtake to let *he* ſtand in this line. *Seward.*

The

The hangman never heard of; next at ſea,
In our eſcape, where the proud waves took pleaſure
To toſs my little boat up like a bubble,
Then like a meteor in the air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of darkneſs;
The cannon from my incenſed father's ſhip
Ringing our knell, and ſtill as we peep'd upward
Beating the raging ſurge, with fire and bullet,
And I ſtood fix'd for this man's ſake, and ſcorn'd it:
Compare but this!

*Vir.* 'Tis too true. Oh, my fortune!
That I muſt equally be bound to either!

*Jul.* You have the better, and the nobler lady;
And now I'm forc'd a lover of her goodneſs:
And ſo far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my lord, ſo lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I ſtagger in my title.
But how with honeſty, (for I'm poor, lady,
In all my duteous ſervice but your ſhadow,
Yet would be juſt) how with fair fame and credit,
I may go off? I would not be a ſtrumpet——
Oh, my dear Sir, you know——

*Vir.* Oh, Truth, thou knoweſt too!

*Jul.* Nor have the world ſuſpect I fell to miſchief.

*Law.* Take you no care for that; here's that has done it;
A fair divorce! 'tis honeſt too.

*Pand.* The devil!
Honeſt? to put her off?

*Law.* Moſt honeſt, Sir;
And in this point moſt ſtrong.

*Pand.* The cauſe, the cauſe, Sir?

*Law.* A juſt cauſe too——

*Pand.* As any is in Hell, Lawyer!

*Law.* For barrenneſs; ſhe never brought him children.

*Pand.* Why art not thou divorc'd? thou canſt not get 'em;
Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, baſe juggling!

Is ſhe not young?
*Jul.* Women at my years, Sir,
Have met that bleſſing; 'tis in Heav'n's high power—
*Law.* You never can have any.
*Pand.* Why, quick Lawyer?
My philoſophical Lawyer?
*Law.* The rack has ſpoil'd her;
The diſtentions of thoſe parts hath ſtopp'd all fruitfulneſs.
*Pand.* Oh, I could curſe!
*Jul.* And am I grown ſo miſerable,
That mine own piety[28] muſt make me wretched?
No cauſe againſt me, but my love and duty?
Farewell, Sir! Like Obedience, thus I leave you;
My long farewell!—I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
And if that be offenſive, I can die;
And then you're fairly free.—Good lady, love him:
You have a noble and an honeſt gentleman;
I ever found him ſo, the world has ſpoke him,
And let it be your part ſtill to deſerve him!
Love him no leſs than I have done, and ſerve him,
And Heav'n ſhall bleſs you: You ſhall bleſs my aſhes,
I give you up the houſe, the name of Wife,
Honour, and all reſpect I borrow'd from him,
And to my grave I turn. One farewell more!
Nothing divide your loves, not want of children,
Which I ſhall pray againſt, and make you fruitful!
Grow like two equal flames! riſe high and glorious,
And in your honour'd age burn out together!
To all I know, farewell!
*Ronv.* Be not ſo griev'd, lady!
A nobler fortune——
*Jul.* Away, thou paraſite!
Diſturb not my ſad thoughts. I hate thy greatneſs!
*Ronv.* I hate not you. I'm glad ſhe's off theſe hinges.
Come, let's purſue. [*Exe. Ronv. & Law.*
*Pand.* If I had breath to curſe thee,

[28] *Mine own* piety.] Corrected in 1750.

Or could my great heart utter—Farewell, villain!
Thy houſe nor face again—— [*Exit.*
*Mart.* Let 'em all go;
And now let us rejoice. Now freely take me,
And now embrace me, Virolet! give the rites
Of a brave huſband to his love.
*Vir.* I'll take my leave too.
*Mart.* How! take your leave too?
*Vir.* The houſe is furniſh'd for you;
You're miſtreſs, may command.
*Mart.* Will you to bed, Sir?
*Vir.* As ſoon to Hell; to any thing I hate moſt!
You muſt excuſe me! I have kept my word:
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,
Which I have done to recompenſe your bounty:
But to yield up thoſe chaſte delights and pleaſures,
Which are not mine, but my firſt vow's——
*Mart.* You jeſt!
*Vir.* You will not find it ſo.—To give you thoſe
I have divorc'd, and loſt with Juliana,
And all fires of that nature——
*Mart.* Are you a huſband?
*Vir.* To queſtion hers[29], and ſatisfy your flames,
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,
Good Heav'n forgive? No, no, the ſtrict forbearance
Of all thoſe joys, like a full ſacrifice,
I offer to the ſufferings of my firſt love.
Honour, and wealth, attendance, ſtate, all duty,

[29] *To* queſtion *hers, and ſatisfy your flames,*
*That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,——*
*Good Heaven, forgive.*] If the Reader can affix any clear idea to the old text, he will do more than I can. The ſenſe required ſeems to be an exclamation at the thought of quitting his former wife's chaſte embraces, to ſatisfy Martia's flames. As her ſuppos'd barrenneſs was the cauſe alledg'd, my conjecture makes good ſenſe, and keeps very cloſe to the trace of the letters,

*To* jeſt on *hers, and ſatisfy your flames.* *Seward.*

Any perſon who conſiders the text fully, will, we believe, think that the old reading, concluded with a point of interrogation, is right: 'Can Heaven forgive my rejecting her love, and ſatisfying yours? No, no, &c.'

Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted mind, (you muſt give leave, lady)
My weary trunk muſt wander.

*Mart.* Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?

*Vir.* For ever thus I leave you:
And, howſoe'er I fare, live you ſtill happy! [*Exit.*

*Mart.* Since I am ſcorn'd, I'll hate thee, ſcorn thy gifts too,
Thou miſerable fool, thou fool to pity!
And ſuch a rude, demoliſh'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge—For, fooliſh love, farewell now,
And anger, and the ſpite of woman, enter!
That all the world ſhall ſay, that read this ſtory,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory! [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Duke, Boatſwain, Maſter, and Gunner.*

*Duke.* HE that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me!
The ſtops that we have met with crown our conqueſt.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rareſt ſpirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have ſmil'd at ſea at certain ruins,
Which men on ſhore, but hazarded, would ſhake at?
We that have liv'd free, in deſpite of Fortune,
Laugh'd at the out-ſtretch'd arm of Tyranny,
As ſtill too ſhort to reach us, ſhall we faint now?
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.
Calamity, that ſevers worldly friendſhips,
Could ne'er divide us; you are ſtill the ſame,
The conſtant followers of my baniſh'd fortunes
The inſtruments of my revenge, the hands
By which I work, and faſhion all my projects.

*Maſter.*

*Maſter.* And ſuch we will be ever.
*Gun.* 'Slight, Sir, cram me
Into a cannon's mouth, and ſhoot me at
Proud Ferrand's head; may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.
*Boatſ.* Could I but get
Within my ſword's length of him, and if then
He ſcape me, may th' account of all his ſins
Be added unto mine!
*Maſter.* 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that ſtaggers me:
For were your ends ſerv'd, and our country free,
We would fall willing ſacrifices.
*Duke.* To riſe up
Moſt glorious martyrs.
*Boatſ.* But the reaſon why
We wear theſe ſhapes?
*Duke.* Only to get acceſs.
Like honeſt men, we never ſhall approach him,
Such are his fears; but thus attir'd like Switzers,
And faſhioning our language to our habits,
(Bold, bloody, deſp'rate) we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thouſand others, out-do Proteus
In various ſhapes, but I will reach his heart,
And ſeal my anger on't.

*Enter Ronvere and the Guard.*

*Maſter.* The lord Ronvere!
*Boatſ.* Shall we begin with him?
*Duke.* He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you ſee me begin,
With all care imitate.
*Gun.* We are inſtructed.
*Boatſ.* 'Would we were at it once!
*Ronv.* Keep a ſtrict watch,
And let the guards be doubled: This laſt night
The king had fearful dreams.
*Duke.* 'Tis a good omen

To our attempts.

*Ronv.* What men are theſe? What ſeek you?

*Duke.* Employment.

*Ronv.* Of what nature?

*Duke.* We are ſoldiers:

We have ſeen towns and churches ſet on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins raviſh'd,
The altars ranſack'd, and the holy relicks,
Yea, and the ſaints themſelves, made lawful ſpoils
Unto the conquerors; but theſe good days are paſt,
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, Sir, no ſtranger
To the government of this ſtate; I know the king
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And ſearch no further: It is the profeſſion
Of all our nation, to ſerve faithfully,
Where they're beſt paid; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.

*Ronv.* A goodly perſonage!

*Maſter.* And if you have an enemy, or ſo,
That you would have diſpatch'd——

*Gun.* They're here can fit you.

*Boatſ.* Or if there be an itch, tho' to a man——

*Duke.* You ſhall tie
Our conſciences in your purſe-ſtrings.

*Ronv.* Gentlemen,
I like your freedom. I am now in haſte;
But wait for my return.—I like the raſcals;
They may be uſeful.

*Duke.* We'll attend you, Sir.

*Ronv.* Do, and be confident of entertainment:
I hope you will deſerve it. [*Exe. Ronv. and Guard.*

*Duke.* Oh, no doubt, Sir.
Thus far we're proſperous: We'll be his guard,
'Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandulpho and Juliana.*

*Pand.* My bleſſing? No; a father's heavy curſe

Purſue

Purſue and overtake him!

*Jul.* Gentle Sir!

*Pand.* My name, and family, end in myſelf,
Rather than live in him!

*Jul.* Dear Sir, forbear!
A father's curſes hit far off, and kill too;
And, like a murdering-piece [30], aim not at one,
But all that ſtand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon yourſelf too,
Tho' againſt Nature, if you ſtill go on
In this unnatural courſe.

*Pand.* Thou art not made
Of that ſame ſtuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach Patience to blaſpheme,
Yet ſtill thou art a dove.

*Jul.* I know not malice;
But, like an innocent, ſuffer.

*Pand.* More miraculous!
I'll have a woman chronicled, and for goodneſs,
Which is the greateſt wonder. Let me ſee,
I have no ſon t' inherit after me;
Him I diſclaim.
What then? I'll make thy virtues my ſole heir:
Thy ſtory I'll have written, and in gold too,
In proſe and verſe, and by the ableſt doers [31].

---

[30] *Murdering-piece.*] Such a piece, Dr. Warburton obſerves, as aſſaſſins uſe, with many barrels. So in Hamlet, act iv. ſcene v. the King ſays,

—— 'Oh, my dear Gertrude, this,
'Like to a *murdering-piece*, in many places
'Gives me ſuperfluous death!'

Mr. Steevens remarks, that this paſſage in Fletcher confirms Dr. Warburton's explanation. *R.*

[31] *Ableſt* doers.] The Engliſh word *doers* here, is a literal tranſlation of the Greek ποιηταὶς, which means not only ſimply a *maker* or *doer*, but a *maker of verſes*: The cuſtom of uſing Engliſh words in a Greek and a Latin ſenſe, was highly in vogue in our Authors' time; Spenſer has not only taken the liberty to do ſo with the one, but the other too: So Shepherd's Calender, June, Colin ſays to Hobbinel,

'The god of ſhepherds Tityrus is dead,
'Who taught me, homely as I can, to *make*.' *Sympſon.*

A word or two of a kind ſtep-father
I'll have put in; good kings and queens ſhall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remember'd,
That have undone their huſbands and their families,
What will our ſtory do? It ſhall be ſo,
And I will ſtraight about it, [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Such as love
Goodneſs for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for itſelf. Let Innocence
Be written on my tomb, tho' ne'er ſo humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* 'Fore me, you are not modeſt,
Nor is this court-like! Would you take it well,
If ſhe ſhould rudely preſs into your cloſet,
When from your ſeveral boxes you chuſe paint,
To make a this-day's face with?

*Jul.* What's the matter?

*Boy.* Pray know her pleaſure firſt.

*Jul.* To whom ſpeak you, Boy?

*Boy.* Your ladyſhip's pardon.—That proud lady-thief,
That ſtole away my lord from your embraces,
(Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks for't,
Or merc'ry unallay'd make bliſters on it!)
Would force a viſit.

*Jul.* And dare you deny her,
Or any elſe that I call mine? No more!
Attend her with all reverence and reſpect:
The want in you of manners, my lord may
Conſtrue in me for malice. I will teach you
How to eſteem and love the beauty he dotes on.

*Enter Martia.*

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchſafe your ſervant,

In

In honouring her houſe.

*Mart.* Is this in ſcorn?

*Jul.* No, by the life of Virolet! (Give me leave
To ſwear by him, as by a ſaint I worſhip,
But am to know no further; my heart ſpeaks that.)
My ſervants have been rude, and this boy, doting
Upon my ſorrows, hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no ſhare,
Sirrah, upon your knees, deſire her pardon.

*Boy.* I dare not diſobey you.

*Mart.* Prithee, riſe:
My anger never looks ſo low. I thank you,
And will deſerve it; if we may be private——
I came to ſee and ſpeak with you.

*Jul.* Be gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Good madam, ſit.

*Mart.* I rob you of your place then.

*Jul.* You have deſerv'd a better, in my bed;
Make uſe of this too. Now your pleaſure, lady.
If in your breaſt there be a worthy pity,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly;
But if you come to triumph in your conqueſt,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it ſuffice,
That you alone enjoy the beſt of men,
And that I am forſaken.

*Mart.* He the beſt?
The ſcum and ſhame of mankind!

*Jul.* Virolet,
Lady?

*Mart.* Bleſt in him? I would my youth had
Choſen conſuming fevers, bed-rid age,
For my companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whoſe baſeneſs open would e'en poiſon
The tongue that ſpeaks it.

*Jul.* Certainly from you
At no part he deſerves this: And I'll tell you,
Durſt I pretend but the leaſt title to him,
I ſhould not hear this!

*Mart.*

*Mart.* He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch; to you ungrateful,
To me beyond expreſſion barbarous.
I more than hate him! From you he deſerves
A death moſt horrid; from me, to die for ever,
And know no end of torments.—Would you have comfort?
Would you waſh off the ſtain that ſticks upon you,
In being refus'd? would you redeem your fame,
Shipwreck'd in his baſe wrongs? If you deſire this,
It is not to be done with ſlaviſh ſuffering,
But by a noble anger, making way
To a moſt brave revenge, we may call Juſtice.
Our injuries are equal; join with me then,
And ſhare the honour.

*Jul.* I ſcarce underſtand you;
And know I ſhall be moſt unapt to learn,
To hate the man I ſtill muſt love and honour.

*Mart.* This fooliſh dotage in ſoft-hearted women
Makes proud men inſolent: But, take your way;
I'll run another courſe.

*Jul.* As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.

*Mart.* He has denied
The rites due to a wife.

*Jul.* Oh me moſt happy!
How largely am I paid for all my ſufferings!
Moſt honeſt Virolet, thou juſt performer
Of all thy promiſes! I call to mind now,
When I was happy in thoſe joys you ſpeak of,
In a chaſte bed, and warranted by law too,
He oft would ſwear, that if he ſhould ſurvive me,
(Which then I knew he wiſh'd not) never woman
Should taſte of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.

*Mart.* And was this
The cauſe my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I ſit down here——Well!

*Jul.* I dare thy worſt!

Plot what thou canſt, my piety ſhall guard him
Againſt thy malice. Leave my houſe, and quickly
Thou wilt infect theſe innocent walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpoſe,
And turn it on thine own accurſed head;
Believe't I will! [*Exit.*

*Mart.* But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed againſt him.
I'll ſet myſelf to ſale, and live a ſtrumpet,
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather than want an inſtrument to help me
In my revenge. The captain of the guard!
Bleſt Opportunity courts me.

*Enter Ronvere.*

*Ronv.* Sad and troubled?
How brave her anger ſhews! How it ſets off
Her natural beauty! Under what happy ſtar
Was Virolet born, to be belov'd and ſought-to,
By two incomparable women?—Nobleſt lady,
I've heard your wrongs, and pity them; and if
The ſervice of my life could give me hope
To gain your favour, I ſhould be moſt proud
To be commanded.

*Mart.* 'Tis in you, my lord,
To make me your glad ſervant.

*Ronv.* Name the means.

*Mart.* 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or courtſhip:
He that deſires to reap the harveſt of
My youth and beauty, muſt begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.

*Ronv.* I apprehend you, madam,
And reſt aſſur'd 'tis done: I am provided
Of inſtruments to fit you. To the king.
I'll inſtantly preſent you; if I fail,
He ſhall make good your aims. He's leſs than man,
That, to atchieve your favour, would not do
Deeds fiends would fear to put their agents to. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Virolet, reading.*

*Vir. Quod invitus facis, non eſt ſcelus.* 'Tis an axiom.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy huſband;
Was full of children, her afflictions,
That I begot; that, when our age muſt periſh,
And all our painted frailties turn to aſhes,
Then ſhall they ſtand and propagate our honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new ſtrange beauty, 'twas an uſeful one——
How? to my luſt? If it be ſo, I'm ſinful,
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair courſe of virtue,
This pious courſe, to ſave my friends, my country,
That e'en then had put on a mourning garment,
And wept the deſolation of her children,
Her nobleſt children? Did not ſhe thruſt me on,
And to my duty clapt the ſpur of honour?
Was there a way, without this woman, left me
To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
If not, why am I ſtung thus? why tormented?
Or, had there been a wild deſire join'd with it,
How eaſily both theſe, and all their beauties,
Might I have made mine own? Why am I touch'd thus,
Having perform'd the great redemption
Both of my friends and family? fairly done it,
Without baſe and laſcivious ends? Oh, Heaven,
Why am I ſtill at war thus? why this a miſchief,
That Honeſty and Honour had propounded,
Ay, and abſolv'd my tender will, and chid me,
Nay, then unwillingly flung me on?

*Enter Juliana and Boy.*

*Boy.* He's here, madam;
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,
And chuſes ever to encreaſe his ſadneſs.
*Jul.* Stand by,

*Vir*

*Vir.* 'Tis ſhe! How I ſhake now and tremble!
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.
*Jul.* Sir, if my hated face ſhall ſtir your anger,
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you,
My love and fair obedience left behind me,
Your pardon aſk'd, I ſhall return and bleſs you.
*Vir.* Pray ſtay a little! I delight to ſee you.
May not we yet, tho' Fortune have divided us,
And ſet an envious ſtop between our pleaſures,
Look thus one at another? ſigh and weep thus?
And read in one another's eyes the legends,
And wonders, of our old loves? Be not fearful;
Tho' you be now a ſaint, I may adore you!
May I not take this hand, and on it ſacrifice
The ſorrows of my heart? White ſeal of virtue!
*Jul.* My lord, you wrong your wedlock.
*Vir.* Were ſhe here,
And with her all-ſevere eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name Juliana,
And to the reverence of that name bow thus;
I might ſigh Juliana, ſhe was mine once,
But I too weak a guard for that great treaſure;
And whilſt ſhe has a name, believe me, lady,
This broken heart ſhall never want a ſorrow.
*Jul.* Forget her, Sir; your honour now commands you;
You are another's, keep thoſe griefs for her;
She richly can reward 'em. I'd have ſpoken with you.
*Vir.* What is your will? for nothing you can aſk,
So full of goodneſs are your words and meanings,
Muſt be denied: Speak boldly.
*Jul.* I thank you, Sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd;
That I deſire: For I ſhall tell a ſtory,
So far from ſeeming truth, yet a moſt true one;
So horrible in nature, and ſo horrid [12];
So beyond wickedneſs, that, when you hear it,

[12] *So horrible in nature, and ſo horrid.*] This is ſo wretched and tautological a line, that I can't think it our authors. *Sympſon.*

It

It muſt appear the practice of another,
The caſt and malice of ſome one you've wrong'd much;
And me you may imagine, me accuſe too,
Unleſs you call to mind my daily ſufferings,
The infinite obedience I have borne you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge,
My love, that nothing but my death can ſever,
Rather than hers I ſpeak of.

*Vir.* Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you ſhall deliver,
After my full experience of your virtues,
Were to diſtruſt a Providence; to think you can lie,
Or, being wrong'd, ſeek after foul repairings,
To forge a creed againſt my faith.

*Jul.* I muſt do ſo, for it concerns your life, Sir;
And if that word may ſtir you, hear, and proſper!
I ſhould be dumb elſe, were not you at ſtake here.

*Vir.* What new friend have I found[31], that dares deliver
This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feels my miſeries,
Brings ſuch a benefit?

*Jul.* Be wiſe and manly;
And with your honour fall, when Heav'n ſhall call you,
Not by a helliſh miſchief.

*Vir.* Speak, my bleſt one!
How weak and poor I am, now ſhe is from me!

*Jul.* Your wife——

*Vir.* How's that?

*Jul.* Your wife——

*Vir.* Be tender of her;
I ſhall believe elſe——

*Jul.* I muſt be true. Your ear, Sir!
For 'tis ſo horrible, if the air catch it,
Into a thouſand plagues, a thouſand monſters,
It will diſperſe itſelf, and fright reſiſtance. [*Whiſpers.*

[31] *What* few friends *have I found, that* dare *deliver.*] So reads Mr. Sympſon.

*Vir.*

*Vir.* She ſeek my life with you? make you her agent?
Another love? Oh, ſpeak but truth!
*Jul.* Be patient;
Dear as I love you, elſe I leave you wretched.
*Vir.* Forward! 'Tis well; it ſhall be welcome to me!
I've liv'd too long, number'd too many days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my ſervice,
And hunt for that my youth and honour aim at,
The ſun ſets on my fortune, red and bloody,
And everlaſting night begins to cloſe me:
'Tis time to die.

*Enter Martia and Ronvere.*

*Jul.* She comes herſelf.
*Ronv.* Believe, lady,
(And on this angel-hand your ſervant ſeals it)
You ſhall be miſtreſs of your whole deſires,
And what you ſhall command.
*Mart.* Ha, minion!
My precious dame, are you there? Nay, go forward,
Make your complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,
Slave-like to him you ſerve[34]; I'm the ſame ſtill,
And what I purpoſe, let the world take witneſs,
Shall be ſo finiſh'd, and to ſuch example,
Spite of your poor preventions—My dear gentleman!
My honourable man, are you there too?
You and your hot deſire? Your mercy, Sir!
I had forgot your greatneſs.
*Jul.* 'Tis not well, lady.
*Mart.* Lord, how I hate this fellow now! how deſp'rately
My ſtomach ſtands againſt him! this baſe fellow,
This gelded fool!
*Jul.* Did you ne'er hear of modeſty?
*Mart.* Yes, when I heard of you, and ſo believ'd it;

34 All the books read, *ſlave, like to him.* *Sympſon.*

Thou

Thou bloodleſs, brainleſs fool!

*Vir.* How!

*Mart.* Thou deſpis'd fool,
Thou only ſign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of arras,
Fit only to enjoy a wall! thou beaſt
Beaten to uſe! Have I preſerv'd a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wiſhes blaſted?
My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
Muſt they be loſt, and ſlighted by a dormouſe?

*Jul.* Uſe more reſpect, and, woman, 'twill become you;
At leaſt, leſs tongue.

*Mart.* I'll uſe all violence;
Let him look for it!

*Jul.* Dare you ſtain thoſe beauties,
Thoſe heav'nly ſtamps, that raiſe men up to wonder,
With harſh and crooked motions? Are you ſhe
That over-did all ages with your honour,
And in a little hour dare loſe this triumph?
Is not this man your huſband?

*Mart.* He's my halter!
Which (having ſued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nouriſh, to the deſolation
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name!

*Vir.* 'Tis well! I have deſerv'd it;
And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.

*Mart.* Nature ne'er promis'd thee a thing ſo noble.
Take back your love, your vow; I give it freely;
I poorly ſcorn it; graze now where you pleaſe!
That, that the dullneſs of thy ſoul neglected,
Kings ſue for now. And mark me, Virolet!
Thou image of a man, obſerve my words well!
At ſuch a bloody rate I'll ſell this beauty,
This handſomeneſs thou ſcorn'ſt and fling'ſt away,
Thy proud ungrateful life ſhall ſhake at! Take your houſe;

The

The petty things you left me, give another;
And laſt, take home your trinket[35]! Fare you well,
Sir!

*Ronv.* You have ſpoke like yourſelf; you're a brave lady! [*Exeunt Ronv. and Mart.*

*Jul.* Why do you ſmile, Sir?

*Vir.* Oh, my Juliana,
The happineſs this woman's ſcorn has giv'n me
Makes me a man again; proclaims itſelf,
In ſuch a general joy, thro' all my miſeries,
That now methinks——

*Jul.* Look to yourſelf, dear Sir,
And trifle not with danger that attends you;
Be joyful, when you're free.

*Vir.* Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as air! And tho' tomorrow
Her bloody will meet with my life, and ſink it,
And in her execution tear me piecemeal,
Yet have I time once more to meet my wiſhes,
Once more t'embrace my beſt, my nobleſt, trueſt;
And time that's warranted.

*Jul.* Good Sir, forbear it!
Tho' I confeſs, equal with your deſires
My wiſhes riſe, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarums ſpur my will too:
Yet pardon me; the ſeal o' th' church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning flame between us,
We muſt not meet; I dare not.

*Vir.* That poor disjointing,
That only ſtrong neceſſity thruſt on you,
Not crime, nor ſtudied cauſe of mine, how ſweetly
And nobly I will bind again and cheriſh!
How I will recompenſe one dear embrace now,
One free affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.

*Jul.* I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.

[35] *Trinket*] Here means the divorce he had procured a little above. *Symſon.*

The love you firſt had was preſerv'd with honour,
The laſt ſhall not cry *whore*; you ſhall not purchaſe
From me a pleaſure, (that have equally
Lov'd your fair fame as you) at ſuch a rate
Your Honeſty and Virtue muſt be bankrupt.
If I had lov'd your luſt, and not your luſtre,
The glorious luſtre of your matchleſs goodneſs,
I would compel you now to bed [16].—Forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir! How fondly ſtill I love you!
Yet nobly too: Make the way ſtraight before me,
And let but holy Hymen once more guide me,
Under the axe, upon the rack again,
E'en in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing ſings our nuptials but dire ſorrows,
With all my youth and pleaſure I'll embrace you,
Make tyranny and death ſtand ſtill affrighted,
And at our meeting ſouls amaze our miſchiefs:
'Till when, high Heaven defend you, and Peace guide you!
Be wiſe and manly, make your fate your own,
By being maſter of a providence
That may control it.

*Vir.* Stay a little with me:
My thoughts have chid themſelves. May I not kiſs you?
Upon my truth I'm honeſt.

*Jul.* I believe you;
But yet what that may raiſe in both our fancies,
What iſſues ſuch warm parents breed——

*Vir.* I obey you,
And take my leave as from the ſaint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.

*Jul.* I'll pray for you;
And when you fall, I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Maſter, Boatſwain, and Gunner, at one door; Martia and Ronvere at another.*

*Duke.* Now we have got free credit with the captain——

[16] *Would compel you now to be!*] Corrected (for *a correction* we muſt call it, ſince the *be!* can be ſuppoſed nothing but an erratum) in 1750.

*Maſter.*

*Maſter.* Soft, ſoft! he's here again. Is not that lady—
Or have I loſt mine eyes? a ſalt rheum ſeizes 'em;
But I ſhould know that face.
*Boatſ.* Make him not madder!
Let him forget the woman; ſteer a-larboard.
*Maſter.* He will not kill her.
*Boatſ.* Any thing he meets;
He's like a hornet now, he hums, and buzzes
Nothing but blood and horror.
*Maſter.* I would ſave the lady;
For ſuch another lady——
*Boatſ.* There's the point;
And you know there want women of her mettle.
*Maſter.* 'Tis true; they bring ſuch children now, ſuch demi-lances,
Their father's ſocks will make them chriſtning cloaths.
*Gun.* No more! they view us.
*Duke.* You ſhall play awhile,
And ſun yourſelf in this felicity,
You ſhall, you glorious whore! I know you ſtill.
But I ſhall pick an hour when moſt ſecurely—
I ſay no more.
*Ronv.* D' you ſee thoſe? thoſe are they
Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good fellows!
You're now the king's.—Are they not goodly fellows?
*Mart.* They've bone enough, if they have ſtout heart to it.
*Maſter.* Still the old wench!
*Duke.* Pray, captain, let me aſk you
What noble lady's that? 'Tis a rude queſtion;
But I deſire to know.
*Ronv.* She's for the king, Sir;
Let that ſuffice for anſwer.
*Duke.* Is ſhe ſo, Sir?
In good time may ſhe curſe it! Muſt I
Breed hacknies for his Grace?
*Ronv.* What wouldſt thou do
To merit ſuch a lady's favour——
*Duke.* Any thing.

*Ronv.* That can ſupply thy wants, and raiſe thy fortunes?

*Duke.* Let her command, and ſee what I dare execute:
I keep my conſcience here. If any man
Oppoſe her will, and ſhe would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wiſhes——

*Maſter.* We have ſeen bleeding throats, Sir, cities ſack'd,
And infants ſtuck upon their pikes[37]——

*Boatſ.* Houſes o' fire, and handſome mothers weeping.

*Duke.* Which we have heap'd upon the pile like ſacrifices.
Churches and altars, prieſts, and all devotions[38],
Tumbled together into one rude chaos.

*Gun.* We know no fear, Sir, but want of employment.

*Duke.* Nor other faith but what our purſes preach.
To gain our ends we can do any thing,
And turn our ſouls into a thouſand figures;
But when we come to do——

*Mart.* I like theſe fellows.

*Ronv.* Be ready, and wait here!—Within this hour
I'll ſhew you to the king, and he ſhall like ye:
And if you can deviſe ſome entertainment
To fill his mirth, ſuch as your country uſes,
Preſent it, and I'll ſee it grac'd.
After this comic ſcene we ſhall employ you;
For one muſt die.

*Duke.* What is he, Sir? Speak boldly!
For we dare boldly do.

*Ronv.* This lady's huſband;
His name is Virolet.

*Duke.* We ſhall diſpatch it. [*Exe. Mart. and Ronv.*
Oh, damned, damned thing! A baſe whore firſt,
And then a murderer! I'll look to you.

*Boatſ.* Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange?

---

[37] *And infants ſtuck upon* their *pikes.*] If I may be allowed liberty, I would propoſe reading either
——— *upon* theſe, *or* the, *or* our *pikes.* *Sympſon.*

[38] *Prieſts and all* devotions.] *Devotions* here means the ſame as *devoted* or holy things. *Sympſon.*

*Duke.*

*Duke.* She has an itch;
I'll ſcratch you, my dear daughter, I'll ſo claw you!
I'll curry your hot hide! Married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy bleſſings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotneſs,
I'll hunt you like a train!

*Maſter.* We did all pity her.

*Duke.* Hang her! ſhe is not worth man's memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all ſtories.—
Well, tho' thou be'ſt mine enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.

*Boatſ.* Faith, Sir, ſince ſhe muſt go,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.

*Duke.* We'll take all,
And like a torrent ſweep the ſlaves before us.
You dare endure the worſt?

*Maſter.* You know our hearts, Sir;
And they ſhall bleed the laſt, ere we ſtart from you.

*Gun.* We can but die; and ere we come to that,
We ſhall pick out ſome few examples for us.

*Duke.* Then wait the firſt occaſion; and, like Curtius,
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearleſs leap it:
Then follow me like men! And if our virtues
May buoy our country up, and ſet her ſhining
In her firſt ſtate, our fair revenges taken,
We have our noble ends, or elſe our aſhes. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter Aſcanio and Martia above.*

*Mart.* AS you are noble, keep me from diſcovery,
And let me only run a ſtranger's fortune!
For when the king ſhall find I am his daughter
He ever holds moſt ominous, and hates moſt,
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties?

*Aſc.* I have found you;
Suſpect not! I am bound to what you like beſt:
What you intend, I dare not be ſo curious
To queſtion how; and what you are lies hid here.

*Enter Ferrand and Ronvere above.*

The king comes. Make your fortune; I ſhall joy in't.
*Ronv.* All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And ſuch a king! you ſhall behold him now.
*Fer.* I long for't, for I've need of mirth.
*Ronv.* The lady, Sir!
*Fer.* Now, as I am a king, a ſprightly beauty,
A goodly ſweet aſpect! My thanks, Ronvere,
My beſt thanks!—On your lips I ſeal your wiſhes;
Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now, ſit down and ſmile. Come, my Aſcanio,
And let this monarch enter.

*Enter Duke, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

*Ronv.* Theſe are the Switzers,
I told your Grace of.
*Fer.* Goodly promiſing fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe! I like 'em.
Go guard the preſence well, and do your duties;
Tomorrow I ſhall take a further view.
*Duke.* You ſhall, Sir,
Or I ſhall loſe my will. How the whore's mounted;
How ſhe ſits thron'd! Thou blazing muddy meteor,
That fright'ſt the under world with luſtful flaſhes,
How I ſhall daſh thy flames! Away; no word more!
[*Exeunt Duke and his company. Flouriſh cornets.*

*Enter Villio, Caſtruccio, Doctor, and a Guard.*

*Fer.* Now, here he comes in glory. Be merry, maſters!
A banquet too? [*Meat brought in.*
*Ronv.* Oh, he muſt ſit in ſtate, Sir!
*Aſc.* How rarely he is uſher'd! Can he think now
He is a king indeed?
*Ronv.* Mark but his countenance.
*Caſt.* Let me have pleaſures infinite, and to the height;

And

And women in abundance, many women!

*Enter Ladies.*

I will diſport my Grace; ſtand there, and long for me!
What have ye brought me here? Is this a feaſt
Fit for a prince? a mighty prince? Are theſe things,
Theſe preparations, ha?

*Doctor.* May't pleaſe your Grace——

*Caſt.* It does not pleaſe my Grace! Where are the marchpanes,
The cuſtards double-royal, and the ſubtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to ſerve a prince thus?
Where be the delicates o' th' earth and air?
The hidden ſecrets of the ſea? Am I a plow-man,
You pop me up with porridge? Hang the cooks!

*Fer.* Oh, moſt kingly! what a majeſtic anger!

*Caſt.* Give me ſome wine.

*Aſc.* He cools again now.

*Caſt.* Fool,
Where are my players? Let me have all in pomp!
Let 'em play ſome love-matter, to make
The ladies itch! I'll be with you anon, ladies!
You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me ſome wine, I ſay;
And let me have a maſque of cuckolds enter,
Of mine own cuckolds; and let them come in,
Peeping and rejoicing, juſt as I kiſs their wives,
And ſomewhat glorying. Some wine, I ſay!
Then, for an excellent night-piece, to ſhew
My glory to my loves and minions,
I will have ſome great caſtle burnt.

*Villio.* Hark you, brother!
If that be to pleaſe theſe ladies, ten to one
The fire firſt takes upon your own; look to that!
Then you may ſhew a night-piece.

*Caſt.* Where's this wine?
Why, ſhall I choak? D'ye long all to be tortur'd?

*Doctor.* Here, Sir.

*Caſt.* [*taſtes.*] Why, what is this? Why, Doctor!

*Doctor.* Wine and water, Sir.
'Tis ſovereign for your heat; you muſt endure it.
*Villio.* Moſt excellent to cool your night-piece, Sir.
*Doctor.* You're of a high and choleric complexion[39],
And you muſt have allays.
*Caſt.* Shall I have no ſheer wine then?
*Doctor.* Not for a world: I tender your dear life, Sir;
And he's no faithful ſubject——
*Villio.* No, by no means:
Of this you may drink, and ne'er hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the fool; this liquor's merciful.
*Caſt.* I'll ſit down and eat then: Kings, when they're hungry,
May eat, I hope?
*Doctor.* Yes, but they eat diſcreetly.
*Caſt.* Come, taſte this diſh, and cut me liberally;
I like ſauce well.
*Doctor.* Fy, it is too hot, Sir;
Too deeply ſeaſon'd with the ſpice; away with't!
You muſt acquaint your ſtomach with thoſe diets
Are temperately nouriſhing.
*Caſt.* But pray ſtay, Doctor,
And let me have my meat again.
*Doctor.* By no means:
I have a charge concerns my life.
*Caſt.* No meat neither?
Do kings never eat, Doctor?
*Doctor.* Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.
*Villio.* Your king ne'er ſleeps, brother;
He muſt not ſleep, his cares ſtill keep him waking:
Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouſe;
The third part of a wafer's a week's diet.
*Caſt.* Appoint me ſomething then.
*Doctor.* There!
*Caſt.* This I feel good, [*Take away.*
But it melts too ſuddenly; yet—how! that gone too?

[39] *You're of a high, &c.*] The humour of this ſcene is borrowed from one of the like kind in Don Quixotte. *R.*

Yc

Ye are not mad! I charge you——
*Doctor.* For your health, Sir;
A little quickens nature, much depreſſes.
*Caſt.* Eat nothing, for my health? that's a new diet.
Let me have ſomething! ſomething has ſome ſavour!
Why, thou uncourteous Doctor, ſhall I hang thee?
*Doctor.* 'Tis better, Sir, than I ſhould let you ſurfeit:
My death were nothing.
*Villio.* To loſe a king were terrible.
*Caſt.* Nay, then I'll carve myſelf; I'll ſtay no ceremonies.
This is a partridge-pie; I'm ſure that's nouriſhing,
Or Galen is an aſs. 'Tis rarely ſeaſon'd!
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there!
*Villio.* What ails thy Grace? [*Take away.*
*Caſt.* Retrieve thoſe partridges;
Or, as I am a king——
*Doctor.* Pray, Sir, be patient;
They're flown too far.
*Villio.* Theſe are breath'd pies, an't pleaſe you,
And your hawks are ſuch buzzards——
*Caſt.* A king, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing?
*Villio.* What think you of a pudding?
A pudding royal?
*Caſt.* To be royally ſtarv'd.
Whip me this fool to death! he is a blockhead.
*Villio.* Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a king;
'Twill be enough.
*Caſt.* As for you, dainty Doctor——
[*The table taken away*[40].
All gone, all ſnatch'd away, and I unſatisfied,
Without my wits[41], being a king and hungry?

[40] *The table taken away* ] Theſe words have hitherto been printed as part of the text. There can be no doubt, we think, of their being merely a ſtage-direction.

[41] *Without my* wits.] The editors of 1750 ſuppoſe this paſſage corrupt, and for *wits* would read *will*.

Suffer

Suffer but this thy treaſon? I tell thee, Doctor,
I tell it thee in earneſt, and in anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry [42].
*Villio.* A hungry Grace is fitteſt to no meal, Sir.
*Doctor.* Some two hours hence you ſhall ſee more:
But ſtill, Sir,
You muſt retain a ſtrict and excellent diet.
*Villio.* It ſharpens you, and makes your wit ſo poignant,
Your very words will kill.
*Doctor.* A bit of marmalade,
No bigger than a pea——
*Villio.* And that well butter'd,
The air thrice purified, and three times ſpirited,
Becomes a king: Your rare conſerve of nothing
Breeds no offence.
*Caſt.* Am I turn'd king Camelion,
And keep my court i' th' air?
*Fer.* They vex him cruelly.
*Aſc.* In two days more they'll ſtarve him.
*Fer.* Now the women!
There's no food left but them.
*Aſc.* They'll prove ſmall nouriſhment;
Yet h' has another ſtomach, and a great one,
I ſee by's eye.
*Caſt.* I'll have mine own power here,
Mine own authority; I need no tutor.
Doctor, this is no diet.
*Doctor.* It may be, Sir.
*Villio.* By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that——
*Caſt.* Stand off, Doctor!
And talk to thoſe that want faith.
*Fer.* Hot and mighty.

---

[42] *I'm damnably hungry, my* very Grace is hungry.] A ſlight tranſpoſition will ſet this place right.

*My Grace is very hungry*——

To which anſwers Villio, right enough,

*A-hungry Grace is* fitteſt to no meal. *Sympſon.*

*Aſc.* He will cool apace, no doubt.

*Caſt.* Fair, plump, and red,
A forehead high, an eye revives the dead;
A lip like ripeſt fruit, inviting ſtill.

*Vil.* But oh, the ruſhy well, below the hill!
Take heed of that, for tho' it never fail,
Take heed, I ſay, for thereby hangs a tale.

*Caſt.* I'll get ye all with-child!

*Vil.* With one child, brother?
So many men in a blue coat?

*Caſt.* Had I fed well,
And drunk good ſtore of wine, ye had been bleſt all,
Bleſt all with double births. Come, kiſs me greedily!
And think no more upon your fooliſh huſbands;
They're tranſitory things; a king's flame meets you[43]!

*Doct.* Vaniſh away! [*Exe. women.*

*Caſt.* How! they gone too? My guard there!
Take me this devil Doctor, and that fool there,
And ſow 'em in a ſack! Bring back the women,
The lovely women! Drown theſe rogues, or hang 'em!

*Aſc.* He is in earneſt, Sir.

*Fer.* In ſerious earneſt.
I muſt needs take him off.

*Enter Duke, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

*Duke.* Now, now be free!
Now liberty! now, countrymen, ſhake from ye
The tyrant's yoke!

*All.* Liberty, liberty, liberty!

*Guard.* Treaſon, treaſon, treaſon!

*Fer.* We are betray'd! Fly to the town, cry treaſon,
And raiſe our faithful friends! Oh, my Aſcanio!

*Aſc.* Make haſte! we have way enough.

*Guard.* Treaſon, treaſon!

[*Exe. Fer. Aſca. and Guard.*

[43] *A king's* ſame *meets you.*] The reader is left to interpret *fame* here in what ſenſe he pleaſes; but I rather think that *flame* is the true reading; the miſtaking of one for the other was eaſy, and ſo probably gave occaſion to this ſlight corruption. *Symſon.*

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Spare none! put all to th' ſword!—A vengeance ſhake thee!
Art thou turn'd king again?
*Caſt.* I am a raſcal:
Spare me but this time, if e'er I ſee king more,
Or once believe in king——
*Duke.* The ports are ours,
The treaſure and the port. Fight bravely, gentlemen!
Cry to the town, cry Liberty and Honour!
[*Some go off crying* Liberty *and* Freedom.
Waken their perſecuted ſouls; cry loudly!
We'll ſhare the wealth among ye.
*Caſt.* Do you hear, captain?
If e'er you hear me name a king——
*Duke.* You ſhall not.
*Caſt.* Or, tho' I live under one, obey him——
*Gun.* This rogue again?
*Duke.* Away with him, good Gunner.
*Caſt.* Why, look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge; I'll never eat.
*Gun.* I'll take a courſe you ſhall not.
Come, no more words.
*Caſt.* Say nothing when you kill me.

*Enter Boatſwain.*

*Boatſ.* He's ta'en to th' tower's ſtrength [44].
*Duke.* Now ſtand ſure, gentlemen!
We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us;
The reſt o' th' caſtle's ours.
*Within.* Liberty, Liberty!
*Duke.* What, is the city up?

[44] *Duke.* He's ta'en to th' tower's ſtrength;
*Now ſtand ſure gentlemen,*
*We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us,*
*The reſt o'th' caſtle's ours*; liberty, liberty!
*What, is the city up?*] This ſtrange jumble has hitherto been printed as one ſpeech, and given to the *Duke*. Sympſon recommends giving the firſt line to the *Boatſwain*: And ſurely the words *Liberty, liberty!* in the fourth line, are an exclamation *within*.

*Boatſ.*

*Boatſ.* They're up and glorious,
And rolling like a ſtorm they come; their tents,
Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.
The women are in arms too.

*Duke.* Let 'em come all.
Honour and liberty!

*All.* Honour and liberty! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Juliana.*

*Jul.* This woman's threats, her eyes, e'en red with fury,
Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
Aſſur'd deſtruction, are ſtill before me.
Beſides, I know ſuch natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their love, or hatred;
And ſhe that dar'd all dangers to poſſeſs him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loſs
Of what ſhe held ſo dear. I firſt diſcover'd
Her bloody purpoſes, which ſhe made good,
And openly profeſs'd 'em: That in me
Was but a cold affection; charity
Commands ſo much to all; for Virolet,
Methinks, I ſhould forget my ſex's weakneſs,
Riſe up, and dare beyond a woman's ſtrength;
Then do, not counſel. He is too ſecure;
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater ſervice
To free him from a deadly enemy,
Than to get him a friend. I undertook too
To croſs her plots; oppos'd my piety
Againſt her malice; and ſhall virtue ſuffer?
No, Martia; wert thou here equally arm'd,
I have a cauſe, ſpite of thy maſculine breeding,
That would aſſure the victory. My angel
Direct and help me!

*Enter Virolet, like Ronvere.*

*Vir.* The ſtate in combuſtion,
Part of the citadel forc'd, the treaſure ſeiz'd on;
The guards, corrupted, arm themſelves againſt
Their

Their late protected maſter; Ferrand fled too,
And with ſmall ſtrength, into the caſtle's tower,
The only Aventine that now is left him?
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of ſuch a brave and glorious enterprize,
Are yet unknown: They did proceed like men,
Like a child; and had I never truſted
So deep a practice unto ſhallow fools,
Beſides my ſoul's peace in my Juliana,
The honour of this action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no ſhare.
*Jul.* Ronvere? 'tis he; a thing, next to the devil,
I moſt deteſt, and like him terrible;
Martia's right-hand; the inſtrument, I fear too,
That is to put her bloody will into act.
Have I not will enough, and cauſe too mighty?
Weak womens' fear, fly from me!
*Vir.* Sure this habit,
This likeneſs to Ronvere, which I have ſtudied,
Either admits me ſafe to my deſign,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And ſuffer'd to be raviſh'd from my glory,
Or ſinks me and my miſeries together;
Either concludes me happy.
*Jul.* He ſtands muſing;
Some miſchief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his wickedneſs,
I'll ſink his curſed ſoul. Guide my hand, Heaven,
And to my tender arm give ſtrength and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bleſs my name for, all remembrance crown me!
*Vir.* It ſhall be ſo.
*Jul.* It ſhall not! Take that token, [*Stabs him.*
And bear it to the luſtful arms of Martia!
Tell her, for Virolet's dear ſake, I ſent it.
*Vir.* Oh, I am happy! let me ſee thee, that I
May bleſs the hand that gave me liberty!
Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou haſt done moſt nobly,
And Heav'n has guided thee; 'twas their great juſtice,
Oh,

Oh, bleſſed wound, that I could come to kiſs thee!
How beautiful and ſweet thou ſhew'ſt!
*Jul.* Oh!
*Vir.* Sigh not,
Nor weep not, dear! ſhed not thoſe ſovereign balſams
Into my blood, which muſt recover me;
Then I ſhall live, again to do a miſchief
Againſt the mightineſs of love and virtue.
Some baſe unhallow'd hand ſhall rob thy right of—
Help me; I faint. So.
*Jul.* Oh, unhappy wench!
How has my zeal abus'd me! You that guard virtue,
Were ye aſleep? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You ſuffer'd this miſtake? Oh, my dear Virolet!
An everlaſting curſe follow that form
I ſtruck thee in! his name be ever blaſted!
For his accurſed ſhadow has betray'd
The ſweetneſs of all youth, the nobleneſs,
The honour, and the valour; wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind!
Oh, my dull devil's eyes!
*Vir.* I do forgive you;
By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd;
The ſhadow of Ronvere, I know, you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas moſt neceſſary
I ſhould be ſtruck; ſome hand above directed you;
For Juliana could not ſhew her juſtice,
Without depriving high Heav'n of his glory,
On any ſubject fit for her[45], but Virolet.
Forgive me too, and take my laſt breath, ſweet one!
This the new marriage[46] of our ſouls together.
Think of me, Juliana; but not often,
For fear my faults ſhould burthen your affections.

[45] Or *any ſubject.*] Amended by Sympſon.

[46] This *the new marriage.*] Sympſon ſays, we ſhould certainly read *'tis* for *this*; 'or the ſentence will be as much nonſenſical as el-'liptical.' *'Tis*, for *this* is, is a common ellipſis, and by no means nonſenſical.

Pray

Pray for me, for I faint.

*Jul.* Oh, ſtay a little,

A little, little, Sir! [*Offers to kill herſelf.*

*Vir.* Fy, Juliana!

*Jul.* Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd?

*Vir.* Hold, or thou hat'ſt my peace! Give me the dagger;

On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!

If you do thus, we ſhall not meet in Heav'n, ſweet;

No guilty blood comes there: Kill your intentions,

And then you conquer. There, where I am going,

Would you not meet me, dear?

*Jul.* Yes.

*Vir.* And ſtill love me?

*Jul.* And ſtill behold you.

*Vir.* Live then, 'till Heaven calls you:

Then, ripe and full of ſweetneſs, you riſe ſainted;

Then I, that went before you to prepare,

Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you,

With hymns of holy love[47]. Gods! I go out!

Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell!

Remember me! farewell! [*Dies.*

*Jul.* Sleep you[48], ſweet glaſſes!

---

[47] *With hymns of holy love——I go out*:] The colon at the end of the line ſeems greatly to injure the ſenſe of this paſſage, as the —— to have ſwallow'd up a word which is requiſite to complete both that and the meaſure: I imagine we ſhou'd fill up and point thus,

*With hymns of holy love*——'fore *I go out*

*Give me your hand*; &c.

The judicious reader will eaſily ſee the reaſon of both. *Sympſon.*

We rather imagine 'the judicious reader' will ſee no reaſon for *either*.—The ideal delicacy of the firſt Editors of ſeveral of our Authors' plays induced them to place an *hiatus* for many words at which no real delicacy could receive the leaſt ſhock; and, in the preſent inſtance, as in multitudes of others, we have no doubt but *Gods* was the original word for which an *hiatus* is here ſubſtituted. This reading appears much more ſpirited than Sympſon's.

[48] *Sleep you, &c.*] This paſſion of Juliana calls for, and deſerves our higheſt admiration: 'tis drawn with ſo maſterly an hand, that a perſon muſt be endued with a very ſmall ſhare of taſte not to be touch'd at the reading of it: Our Poets ſtile, in the pathetic, appears ſufficiently plain thro' the body of their plays, but here it ſhines out, and perhaps has not its ſuperior in any part of their maſter Shakeſpear's compoſitions. *Sympſon.*

An

An everlaſting ſlumber crown thoſe cryſtals!
All my delight, adieu! farewell, dear Virolet,
Dear, dear, moſt dear! Oh, I can weep no more;
My body now is fire, and all-conſuming.
Here will I ſit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what Heav'n ſhall turn me to;
For now methinks I ſhould not live. [*She ſits down.*

*Enter Pandulpho.*

*Pand.* Oh, my ſweet daughter,
The work is finiſh'd now I promis'd thee:
Here are thy virtues ſhew'd, here regiſter'd,
And here ſhall live for ever.
*Jul.* Blot it, burn it!
I have no virtue; hateful I am as hell is!
*Pand.* Is not this Virolet?
*Jul.* Aſk no more queſtions!
Miſtaking him, I kill'd him.
*Pand.* Oh, my ſon!
Nature turns to my heart again. My dear ſon!
Son of my age! wouldſt thou go out ſo quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never ſee me?
Was this a kind ſtroke, daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his father, and ſo deadly ſtrike him?
Oh, wither'd timeleſs youth! are all thy promiſes,
Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this?
Do I halt ſtill i'th' world, and trouble Nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail daily?

*Enter Boy, and three Servants.*

*Boy.* He does weep certain. What body's that lies by him?
How do you, Sir?
*Pand.* Oh, look there, Lucio,
Thy maſter, thy beſt maſter!
*Boy.* Woe is me!
They've kill'd him, ſlain him baſely! Oh, my maſter!

*Pand.* Well, daughter, well! what heart you had
to do this!
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault: For my ſake, that have lov'd you—
But I ſee now you ſcorn me too.

*Boy.* Oh, miſtreſs!
Can you ſit there, and his cold body breathleſs?
Baſely upon the earth?

*Pand.* Let her alone, Boy:
She glories in his end.

*Boy.* You ſhall not ſit here,
And ſuffer him you lov'd—Ha! good Sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heav'n, Sir!
Oh, God, my heart! ſhe's cold, cold, cold, and ſtiff too,
Stiff as a ſtake; ſhe's dead!

*Pand.* She's gone; ne'er bend her[49]:
I know her heart, ſhe could not want his company.
Bleſſing go with thy ſoul! ſweet angels ſhadow it!
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happineſs!
But I muſt live, to ſee you laid in earth both;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth ſhall faſhion out your ſtories;
Then dig a little grave beſides, and all is done.
How ſweet ſhe looks! her eyes are open ſmiling;
I thought ſh'had been alive. You are my charge, Sir;
And amongſt you I'll ſee his goods diſtributed.
Take up the bodies; mourn in heart, my friends;
You've loſt two noble ſuccours. Follow me;
And thou, ſad country, weep this miſery! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Boatſwain, Maſter, Gunner, Citizens, with ſoldiers.*

*Duke.* Keep the ports ſtrongly mann'd, and let
none enter,
But ſuch as are known patriots.

---

49 *Ne'er* bend *her.*] This expreſſion is explained by our Authors in the Maid's Tragedy:

*I've heard, if there be any life, but* bow
*The body thus, and it will ſhew itſelf.*

All.

*All.* Liberty, Liberty!

*Duke.* 'Tis a ſubſtantial thing, and not a word,
You men of Naples; which, if once taken from us,
All other bleſſings leave us; 'tis a jewel
Worth purchaſing at the dear rate of life,
And ſo to be defended. Oh, remember
What you have ſuffer'd, ſince you parted with it;
And if again you wiſh not to be ſlaves,
And properties to Ferrand's pride and luſt,
Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great preſerver!
You have enfranchis'd us from wretched bondage.

2 *Cit.* An't might be known, to whom we owe our freedom,
We to the death would follow him.

3 *Cit.* Make him king,
The tyrant once remov'd.

*Duke.* That's not my end:
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With theſe my faithful friends, nor hope of ſpoil.
For when we did poſſeſs the tyrant's treaſure,
By force extorted from you, and employ'd
To load you with moſt miſerable thraldom,
We did not make it ours; but with it purchas'd
The help of theſe, to get you liberty,
That for the ſame price kept you in ſubjection.
Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen,
But Neapolitans. Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend emblems of mine age
(My ſilver locks) are ſhorn, my beard cut off[50],
Partaking yet of an adulterate colour;
Tho' fourteen years you have not ſeen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind
There was a Duke of Seſſe, a much-wrong'd prince,
Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

[50] ——— *my beard* cut off,
*Partaking yet of an adulterate colour.*] This is a glaring contradiction indeed, for if his beard was cut off, the colour of it could not poſſibly be adulterate; If we do but remember what we are told of this

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.
2 *Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Seſſe!
*Duke.* I thank you.
The injuries I receiv'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made me forget the love I ow'd this country,
For which, I hope, I've given ſatisfaction,
In being the firſt that ſtirr'd to give it freedom;
And, with your loves and furtherance, will call back
Long-baniſh'd Peace, and Plenty, to this people.
2 *Cit.* Lead where you pleaſe, we'll follow.
1 *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

*Enter Pandulpho, the bodies of Virolet and Juliana upon a hearſe.*

*Duke.* What ſolemn funeral's this?
*Pand.* There reſt a while,
And if't be poſſible there can be added
Wings to your ſwift deſire of juſt revenge,
Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a moſt ſad ſtory:
*Duke.* Speak, what are they?
I know thee well, Pandulpho.
*Pand.* My beſt lord!
As far as ſorrow will give leave, moſt welcome!
This Virolet was, and but a ſon of mine,
I might ſay, the moſt hopeful of our gentry;
And, tho' unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll ſpeak him no further. Look on this,
This face, that in a ſavage would move pity,
The wonder of her ſex! and having ſaid

---

this Duke's having his beard run into *a peak of twenty*, we may read the paſſage thus with Mr. Seward,

——— *my beard* cut ſharp,

Or, as I think nearer the traces of the letters thus,

———— *my beard* cut half.

'Tis well known that *dying* of beards was a frequent cuſtom in our Poets time. *Sympſon.*

The Duke's meaning (more familiarly than accurately expreſſed) is, 'Though my beard is DIMINISHED, and in colour adulterated, 'to hide my age, yet you may remember, &c.'

'Tis

'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words
To ſet out her deſervings. This bleſs'd lady,
That did endure the rack to ſave her huſband,
That huſband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thouſand tortures; by what practice
I know not, (but 'twas ſure a cunning one)
Are made, the laſt I hope, but ſad examples,
Of Ferrand's tyranny. Convey the bodies hence!

*Duke.* Expreſs your ſorrow
In your revenge, not tears, my worthy ſoldiers!
That fertile earth, that teem'd ſo many children
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.

*Boatſ.* We are cold;
Cold walls ſha'n't keep him from us!

*Gun.* Were he cover'd
With mountains, and room only for a bullet
To be ſent level at him, I would ſpeed him.

*Maſter.* Let's ſcale this petty tower! At ſea we're falcons,
And fly unto the main-top in a moment:
What then can ſtop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal!

2 *Cit.* Or eat a paſſage to him!

*Duke.* Let Diſcretion
Direct your anger: That's a victory,
Which is got with leaſt loſs; let us make ours ſuch!
And therefore, friends, while we hold parley here,
Raiſe your ſcalado on the other ſide;
But, enter'd, wreak your ſuff'rings.

1 *Cit.* In our wrongs [*Exeunt Sailors & Soldiers.*
There was no mean——

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.

*Duke.* Be appeas'd, good man! [*To Pand.*
No ſorrow can redeem them from Death's priſon;
What his inevitable hand hath ſeiz'd on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to ſee vengeance

Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,
Of which their aſhes may be ſenſible,
That have fall'n by him. [*Sound a parley.*

*Enter Ferrand, Martia, Aſcanio, and Ronvere above.*

*Pand.* They appear.

*Fer.* 'Tis not that we eſteem rebellious traitors
Worthy an anſwer to their proudeſt ſummons,
That we vouchſafe our preſence, or t' exchange
One ſyllable with 'em; but to let ſuch know,
Tho' circled round with treaſon, all points bent
As to their center at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, villains; and in this weak tower
Ferrand commands as abſolute as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much ſcorns you.
And when the ſun of majeſty ſhall break thro'
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam,
Inſtead of comfortable heat, ſhall ſend
Conſuming plagues among you, and you call
That government which you term'd *tyrannous*,
Hereafter, *gentle*.

*Duke.* Flatter not thyſelf
With theſe deluding hopes, thou cruel beaſt!
Thou art i' th' toil, and the glad huntſman prouder,
By whom thou'rt taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he ſhould command, and ſpoil his foreſt.

*Fer.* What art thou?

*Duke.* To thy horror, Duke of Seſſe

*Fer.* The devil!

*Duke.* Reſerv'd for thy damnation.

*Fer.* Why ſhakes my love?

*Mart.* Oh, I am loſt for ever!
Mountains divide me from him! ſome kind hand
Prevent our fearful meeting! or lead me
To the ſteep rock, whoſe rugged brows are bent
Upon the ſwelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then ſhall be divided,
May our ſouls never meet!

*Fer.* Whence grows this, ſweeteſt?

*Mart.*

*Mart.* There are a thouſand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly ſilence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whoſe ſhrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.

*Duke.* Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
'Till my revenge. It is my daughter, Ferrand,
My daughter thou haſt whor'd.

*Fer.* I triumph in't!
To know ſhe's thine, affords me more true pleaſure
Than the act gave me, when e'en at the height,
I crack'd her virgin zone. Her ſhame dwell on thee,
And all thy family! May they never know
A female iſſue, but a whore! Aſcanio,
Ronvere, look chearfully; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to die! That we might fall,
And in our ruins ſwallow up this kingdom,
Nay, the whole world, and make a ſecond chaos!
And if from thence a new beginning riſe,
Be it recorded this did end with us,
And from our duſt hath embrion!

*Ronv.* I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.

*Aſc.* And I reſolv'd to bear
Whate'er my fate appoints me.

*Duke.* They are ours:
Now to the ſpoil!

*Boatſ.* Pity the lady; to all elſe be deaf. [*Exeunt.*

*Within.* Kill, kill, kill!

[*Alarum, flouriſh trumpets, retreat.*

*Enter Duke, with Ferrand's head; the Citizens, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in Aſcanio and Martia.*

*Duke.* Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the beſt ſacrifice to Heav'n for peace
Is tyrant's blood, and thoſe that ſtuck faſt to him,
Fleſh'd inſtruments in his commands to miſchief,

With him diſpatch'd.

*Boatſ.* They're all cut off.

*Duke.* 'Tis well.

*All.* Thanks to the Duke of Seſſe!

*Duke.* Pay that to Heaven,
And for a general joy give general thanks:
For bleſſings ne'er deſcend from Heaven, but when
A grateful ſacrifice aſcends from men.
To your devotion! leave me: There's a ſcene
Which I would act alone. Yet you may ſtay;
For wanting juſt ſpectators, 'twill be nothing.
The reſt forbear me!

*Cit.* Liberty, liberty, liberty!

*Mart.* I would I were as far beneath the center,
As now I ſtand above it. How I tremble!
Thrice happy they that died! I dying live
To ſtand the whirlwind of a father's fury.
Now it moves tow'rd me.

*Duke.* Thou—I want a name
By which to ſtile thee: All articulate ſounds
That do expreſs the miſchief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide!
For thou, in taking leave of modeſty,
Haſt kill'd thy father, and his honour loſt;
He's but a walking ſhadow to torment thee.
To leave and rob thy father, then ſet free
His foes, whoſe ſlavery he did prefer
Above all treaſure, was a ſtrong defeazance,
To cut off e'en the ſureſt bonds of mercy;
After all this, (having given up thyſelf,
Like to a ſenſual beaſt, a ſlave to luſt)
To play the whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me!)
To find out none to quench thy appetite
But the moſt cruel king, whom next to hell
Thy father hated, and whoſe black embraces
Thou ſhouldſt have fled from, as the whips of furies!
What canſt thou look for?

*Enter*

*Enter Pandulpho, and the bodies borne on the hearſe.*

*Mart.* Death! and 'tis not in you
To hurt me further. My old reſolution,
Take now the place of fear! In this I liv'd,
In this I'll die, your daughter.

*Pand.* Look but here!
You had, I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it, lady.

*Mart.* Juliana dead?
And Virolet?

*Pand.* By her unwilling hand.

*Mart.* Fates, you are equal!—What can now fall on me,
That I will ſhrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee,
To aſk your pardon: Let your rage run higher
Than billows rais'd up by a violent tempeſt,
And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties!
They're dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my deſires are ſum'd up.

*Duke.* Impudent too?
Die in it, wretch!

*Boatſ.* Stay, Sir! [*Boatſwain kills her.*

*Duke.* How dar'ſt thou, villain,
Snatch from my ſword the honour of my juſtice?

*Boatſ.* I never did you better ſervice, Sir;
Yet have been ever faithful. I confeſs
That ſhe deſerv'd to die; but by whoſe hand?
Not by a father's: Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it:
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witneſs that I love you!
And in that love I did it.

*Duke.* Thou art noble;
I thank thee for't. The thought of her die with her!

*Aſc.* My turn is next; ſince ſhe could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?

*Cit.* With one voice, Sir,

The

The citizens ſalute you with the ſtile
Of King of Naples.

*Duke.* I muſt be excus'd;
The burden is too heavy for my ſhoulder;
Beſtow it where 'tis due. Stand forth, Aſcanio!
It does belong to you; live long and wear it:
And, warn'd by the example of your uncle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beaſts;
And that it is a moſt improvident head,
That ſtrives to hurt the limbs that do ſupport it!
Give burial to the dead. For me, and mine,
We will again to ſea, and never know
The place, which in my birth firſt gave me woe.

[*Flouriſh trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*

THE
MBAY
A ARCH
OF THE
MATIC SOCIETY

# THE MAID IN THE MILL.

Phil. *Is this your daughter!*
Fra. *Yes, an't please your highness,*
*This is the shape of her, for her substance, Sir,*
*Whether she be, now honourable or dishonourable,*
*Whether she be a white rose, or a canker, is the question.*

*Act V.*

*M.A. Rooker delin.t* *C. Grignion sculp.t*

*Published as the Act directs by J. Sherlock, 1 May, 1777.*

THE

# MAID IN THE MILL.

## A COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Hills aſcribe this Comedy to Fletcher alone. It was firſt printed in the folio of* 1647. *Langbaine ſays, it was revived by the Company at the Duke's Theatre after the Reſtoration; but we do not know of any repreſentation of it ſince that period, or that there ever was any alteration of it.*

DRAMATIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Philippo, *king of Spain.*
Otrante, *a Spaniſh count, in love with Florimel.*
Julio, *a nobleman, uncle to Antonio.*
Bellides, *father to Iſmenia, enemy to Julio.*
Liſauro, *Brother to Iſmenia, Bellides' ſon.*
Terzo, *kinſman to Liſauro, and friend to Bellides.*
Antonio, *in love with Iſmenia, an enemy to Bellides.*
Martino, *friend to Antonio, and his ſecret rival.*
Geraſto, *friend to Otrante.*
Pedro, Moncado, } *two courtiers.*
Goſtanzo, Giraldo, Philippo, } *three gentlemen, friends to Julio.*
Vertigo, *a French taylor.*
Franio, *a miller, ſuppoſed father to Florimel.*
Buſtopha, *Franio's ſon, a clown.*
Pedro, *a ſongſter.*
*Lords attending the king in progreſs.*
*Conſtable, officers, and ſervants.*

### WOMEN.

Iſmenia, *daughter to Bellides, miſtreſs of Antonio.*
Aminta, *couſin to Iſmenia, and her private competetrix in Antonio's love.*
Florimel, *daughter to Julio, ſtolen from him a child.*
Gillian, *Franio's wife.*
*Country maids.*

SCENE, SPAIN.

TH

THE

# MAID IN THE MILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Iſmenia, and Aminta.*

*Liſauro.* LET the coach go round! we'll walk along theſe meadows,
And meet at port again. Come, my fair ſiſter,
Theſe cool ſhades will delight you.
*Amin.* Pray be merry:
The birds ſing as they meant to entertain you;
Ev'ry thing ſmiles abroad; methinks the river,
As he ſteals by, curls up his head, to view you:
Ev'ry thing is in love.
*Iſm.* You'd have it ſo.
You, that are fair, are eaſy of belief, couſin;
The theme ſlides from your tongue——
*Amin.* I fair? I thank you!
Mine is but ſhadow when your ſun ſhines by me.
*Iſm.* No more of this; you know your worth, Aminta.
Where are we now?
*Amin.* Hard by the town, Iſmenia.
*Terzo.* Cloſe by the gates.
*Iſm.* 'Tis a fine air.
*Liſ.* A delicate;
The way ſo ſweet and even, that the coach

Would

Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleaſures.
Methinks I'm very merry.

*Iſm.* I am ſad.

*Amin.* You're ever ſo when we entreat you, couſin.

*Iſm.* I have no reaſon. Such a trembling here,
Over my heart methinks——

*Amin.* Sure you are faſting,
Or not ſlept well to-night; ſome dream, Iſmenia?

*Iſm.* My dreams are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent;
Yours are unhappy. Who are theſe that coaſt us[1]?
You told me the walk was private.

*Enter Antonio and Martino.*

*Terzo.* 'Tis moſt commonly.

*Iſm.* Two proper men! It ſeems they have ſome buſineſs;
With me none ſure. I do not like their faces;
They are not of our company.

*Terzo.* No, couſin.—
Liſauro, we are dog'd.

*Liſ.* I find it, couſin.

*Ant.* What handſome lady?

*Mart.* Yes, ſhe's very handſome;
They're handſome both.

*Ant.* Martino, ſtay; we're cozen'd.

*Mart.* I will go up: A woman is no wildfire.

*Ant.* Now, by my life, ſhe's ſweet. Stay, good Martino!
They're of our enemies, the houſe of Bellides;
Our mortal enemies.

*Mart.* Let them be devils,
They appear ſo handſomely, I will go forward.
If theſe be enemies, I'll ne'er ſeek friends more.

*Ant.* Prithee, forbear! the gentlewomen——

*Mart.* That's it, man,
That moves me like a gin. 'Pray ye ſtand off.—
Ladies——

[1] *Coaſt us, &c.*] See note 52 on the Loyal Subject.

*Liſ.*

*Lif.* They're both our enemies, both hate us equally;
By this fair day, our mortal foes!
*Terzo.* (I know 'em).
And come here to affront! How they gape at us!
They ſhall have gaping work.
*Iſm.* Why your ſwords, gentlemen?
*Terzo.* Pray you ſtand you off, couſin;
And good now leave your whiſtling! We're abus'd all!
Back, back, I ſay!
*Lif.* Go back!
*Ant.* We are no dogs, Sir,
To run back on command.
*Terzo.* We'll make ye run, Sir.
*Ant.* Having a civil charge of handſome ladies,
We are your ſervants! Pray ye no quarrel, gentlemen.
There's way enough for both.
*Lif.* We'll make it wider.
*Ant.* If you will fight, arm'd from this ſaint, have at ye!
*Iſm.* Oh, me unhappy! Are ye gentlemen,
Diſcreet, and civil, and in open view thus——
*Amin.* What will men think of us! Nay, you may kill us.
Mercy o'me! thro' my petticoat? what bloody gentlemen!
*Iſm.* Make way thro' me, y'had beſt, and kill an innocent!
Brother! why, couſin! by this light, I'll die too!
This gentleman is temperate; be you merciful!
Alas, the ſwords!
*Amin.* You had beſt run me thro'[2]!
'Twill be a valiant thruſt.
*Iſm.* I faint amongſt ye.
*Ant.* Pray ye ben't fearful! I have done, ſweet lady;

[2] *You had beſt run me thro'* the belly.] So firſt folio.

My

My ſword's already aw'd, and ſhall obey you.
I come not here to violate ſweet beauty;
I bow to that.
*Iſm.* Brother, you ſee this gentleman,
This noble gentleman.
*Lif.* Let him avoid then,
And leave our walk!
*Ant.* The lady may command, Sir;
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.
*Iſm.* What a ſweet nature this man has! Dear brother,
Put up your ſword.
*Terzo.* Let them put up, and walk then.
*Ant.* No more loud words! there's time enough before us.
For ſhame put up! do honour to theſe beauties.
*Mart.* Our way is this; we will not be denied it.
*Terzo.* And ours is this, we will not be croſs'd in it.
*Ant.* Whate'er your way is, lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude hands more,
Nor rough uncivil tongues! [*Exeunt Ant. & Mart.*
*Iſm.* I thank you, Sir,
Indeed I thank you nobly! A brave enemy!
Here's a ſweet temper now! This is a man, brother;
This gentleman's anger is ſo nobly ſeated,
That it becomes him; yours proclaim ye monſters.
What if he be our houſe-foe? we may brag on't;
We've ne'er a friend in all our houſe ſo honourable;
I'd rather from an enemy, my brother,
Learn worthy diſtances and modeſt deference[3],
Than from a race of empty friends loud nothings.
I'm hurt between ye.
*Amin.* So am I, I fear too.
I'm ſure their ſwords were between my legs[4]. Dear couſin,
Why look you pale? where are you hurt?
*Iſm.* I know not;

[3] *And modeſt* d fference.] The variation of orthography was made by Sympſon; and though we have admitted it, we are not clear but *difference*, in the old ſenſe of *diſtinctions*, is right.

[4] *I'm ſure their ſwords were between my legs* ] Theſe words are retrieved from the firſt folio.

But

But here methinks.

*Liſ.* Unlace her, gentle couſin.

*Iſm.* My heart, my heart! and yet I bleſs the hurter.

*Amin.* Is it ſo dangerous?

*Iſm.* Nay, nay, I faint not.

*Amin.* Here is no blood that I find; ſure 'tis inward.

*Iſm.* Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a ſubtle weapon;
The hurt not to be cur'd, I fear.

*Liſ.* The coach there!

*Amin.* May be a fright.

*Iſm.* Aminta, 'twas a ſweet one;
And yet a cruel.

*Amin.* Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handſome gentleman——

*Iſm.* Oh, no deeper!
Prithee be ſilent, wench; it may be thy caſe.

*Amin.* You muſt be ſearch'd; the wound will rancle, couſin.—
And of ſo ſweet a nature——

*Iſm.* Dear Aminta,
Make it not ſorer!

*Amin.* And on my life admires you.

*Iſm.* Call the coach, couſin.

*Amin.* The coach, the coach!

*Terzo.* 'Tis ready. Bring the coach there!

*Liſ.* Well, my brave enemies, we ſhall yet meet ye,
And our old hate ſhall teſtify——

*Terzo.* It ſhall, couſin. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Antonio and Martino.*

*Ant.* Their ſwords! alas, I weigh 'em not, dear friend;
The indiſcretion of the owners blunts 'em;
The fury of the houſe affrights not me,
It ſpends itſelf in words. Oh me, Martino!
There was a two-edg'd eye, a lady carried,
A weapon that no valour can avoid,

Nor art, the hand of ſpirit, put aſide.
Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire; that point, Martino,
Dazzled my ſenſe[5], and was too ſubtle for me;
Shot like a comet in my face, and wounded
(To my eternal ruin) my heart's valour.
*Mart.* Methinks ſhe was no ſuch piece.
*Ant.* Blaſpheme not, Sir!
She is ſo far beyond weak commendation,
That Impudence will bluſh to think ill of her.
*Mart.* I ſee it not, and yet I had both eyes open,
And I could judge; I know there is no beauty
'Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handſome:
What's red and white, unleſs we do allow 'em?
A green face elſe; and methinks ſuch another——
*Ant.* Peace, thou lewd heretick! thou judge of beauties?
Thou haſt an excellent ſenſe for a ſign-poſt, friend.
Didſt thou not ſee, (I'll ſwear thou art ſtone-blind elſe[6],
As blind as Ignorance) when ſhe appear'd firſt,
Aurora breaking in the Eaſt? and thro' her face,
(As if the hours and graces had ſtrew'd roſes)
A bluſh of wonder flying? when ſhe was frighted
At our uncivil ſwords, didſt thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of ſnow
The ſoft wind drives, whiteneſs of innocence,
Or any thing that bears celeſtial paleneſs,
Sh' appear'd o' th' ſudden? Didſt thou not ſee her tears
When ſhe entreated? Oh, thou reprobate!
Didſt thou not ſee thoſe orient tears flow'd from her,
The little worlds of love? A ſet, Martino,
Of ſuch ſanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
I could live ever a religious hermit.

[5] Dazzled *my* ſence.] Seward thinks it would be keeping cloſer to the metaphor to read, BAFFLED *my* FENCE; but the old reading carries on the metaphor beſt. *Dazzled* is much moſt applicable to the *point* of a *two-edged eye*, which he immediately after compares to a comet.

[6] Doſt *thou not ſee (I'll ſwear thou art* ſoon *blind elſe).*] Amended in 1750.

*Mart.*

*Mart.* I do believe a little; and yet, methinks,
She was o' th' loweſt ſtature.
*Ant.* A rich diamond,
Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martino,
Is to reſerve her models curious,
Not cumberſome and great; and ſuch an one,
For fear ſhe ſhould exceed upon her matter,
Has ſhe fram'd this. Oh, 'tis a ſpark of beauty!
And where they appear ſo excellent in little,
They will but flame in great[7]; extention ſpoils 'em.
Martino, learn this; the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, ſtill the ſweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like countries,
Diſcovering ſtill, toil and no pleaſure finds 'em.
*Mart.* A rare coſmographer for a ſmall iſland!
Now I believe ſhe's handſome.
*Ant.* Believe heartily;
Let thy belief, tho' long a-coming, ſave thee.
*Mart.* She was, certain, fair.
*Ant.* But hark you, friend Martino!
Do not believe yourſelf too far before me;
For then you may wrong me, Sir.
*Mart.* Who bid you teach me?
D'you ſhew me meat, and ſtitch my lips, Antonio?
Is that fair play?
*Ant.* Now if thou ſhouldſt abuſe me—
And yet I know thee for an arrant wencher,
A moſt immod'rate thing; thou canſt not love long.
*Mart.* A little ſerves my turn; I fly at all games;
But I believe——
*Ant.* How if we never ſee her more?
She is our enemy.
*Mart.* Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive, ſhe hates our whole houſe.

[7] *They will* but flame *in great.*] If this be genuine, *flame*, when applied to beauty, muſt be a term of contempt, whereas it is, I believe, univerſally applied to it as a term of excellence. I verily think the original was, *not flame*, and then the reaſon that follows is juſt, *becauſe extention ſpoils 'em.* *Seward.*

*Ant.* Yet, good Martino——

*Mart.* Come, come; I've mercy on you:
You ſhall enjoy her in your dream, Antonio,
And I'll not hinder. Tho', now I perſuade myſelf—

*Enter Aminta with a letter.*

*Ant.* Sit with perſuaſion down, and you deal honeſtly;
I will look better on her.

*Mart.* Stay; who's this, friend?

*Ant.* Is't not the other gentlewoman?

*Mart.* Yes. A letter!
She brings no challenge ſure? If ſhe do, Antonio,
I hope ſhe'll be a ſecond too; I'm for her.

*Amin.* A good hour, gentlemen!

*Ant.* You're welcome, lady!
'Tis like our late rude paſſage has pour'd on us
Some reprehenſion.

*Amin.* No, I bring no anger;
Tho' ſome deſerv'd it.

*Ant.* Sure we were all to blame, lady:
But, for my part, in all humility,
And with no little ſhame, I aſk your pardons!
Indeed I wear no ſword to fright ſweet beauties.

*Amin.* You have it; and this letter. Pray you, Sir, view't,
And my commiſſion's done.

*Mart.* Have you none for me, lady?

*Amin.* Not at this time.

*Mart.* I am ſorry for't; I can read too.

*Amin.* I'm glad: But, Sir, to keep you in your exerciſe,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

*Mart.* Thank you!
So't be a woman's, I can pick the meaning;
For likely they've but one end.

*Amin.* You ſay true, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Martin', my wiſhes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return; moſt happy, happy!
I am a bleſs'd man! Where's the gentlewoman?

*Mart.*

*Mart.* Gone, the ſpirit's gone; what news?
*Ant.* 'Tis from the lady;
From her we ſaw; from that ſame miracle!
I know her name now. Read but theſe three lines;
Read with devotion, friend! the lines are holy.
*Mart.* [*reading.*] 'I dare not chide you in my letter, Sir;
'' 'Twill be too gentle: If you pleaſe to look me
' In the Weſt-ſtreet, and find a fair ſtone window
' Carv'd with white Cupids, there I'll entertain you:
' Night and diſcretion guide you. Call me Iſmenia.'
*Ant.* Give't me again! Come, come; fly, fly! I'm all fire!
*Mart.* There may be danger.
*Ant.* So there is to drink,
When men are thirſty; to eat haſtily,
When we are hungry; ſo there is in ſleep, friend,
Obſtructions then may riſe and ſmother us;
We may die laughing-choak'd; e'en at devotions,
An apoplexy[8], or a ſudden palſy,
May ſtrike us down.
*Mart.* May-be, a train to catch you.
*Ant.* Then I am caught; and let Love anſwer for't!
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy;
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things——
*Mart.* Well, I will go.
*Ant.* She is a lady, Sir,
A maid, I think, and where that holy ſpell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a villainy.
'Tis almoſt night; away, friend!
*Mart.* I am ready:
I think I know the houſe too.
*Ant.* Then we're happy. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Iſmenia and Aminta.*

*Iſm.* Did you meet him?

[8] *We may die* laughing, choak'd *e'en at devotions: An apoplexy*, &c.] Corrected by Seward.

*Amin.* Yes.

*Iſm.* And did you give my letter?

*Amin.* To what end went I?

*Iſm.* Are you ſure 'twas he?
Was it that gentleman?

*Amin.* D'you think I was blind?
I went to ſeek no carrier, nor no midwife.

*Iſm.* What kind of man was he? Thou mayſt be deceiv'd, friend.

*Amin.* A man with a noſe on's face; I think he had eyes too;
And hands, for ſure he took it.

*Iſm.* What an anſwer!

*Amin.* What queſtions are theſe to one that's hot and troubled!
Do you think me a babe? Am I not able, couſin,
At my years and diſcretion, to deliver
A letter handſomely? is that ſuch a hard thing?
Why every wafer-woman will undertake it:
A ſempſter's girl, or a tailor's wife, won't miſs it;
A Puritan hoſteſs, couſin, would ſcorn theſe queſtions.
My legs are weary.

*Iſm.* I'll make 'em well again.

*Amin.* Are they at ſupper?

*Iſm.* Yes, and I'm not well,
Nor deſire no company. Look out! 'tis darkiſh.

*Amin.* I ſee nothing yet. Aſſure yourſelf, Iſmenia,
If he be a man, he will not miſs.

*Iſm.* It may be he is modeſt,
And that may pull him back from ſeeing me;
Or has made ſome wild conſtruction of my eaſineſs:
I bluſh to think what I writ.

*Amin.* What ſhould you bluſh at?
Bluſh when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Bluſh ſoft between a pair of ſheets, ſweet couſin.
Tho' he be a curious-carried gentleman, I can't think
He's ſo unnatural to leave a woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman)

Leave

Leave her in her deſires: Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they're ſent for.
Hark! I hear ſomething: Up to th' chamber, couſin!
You may ſpoil all elſe.

*Enter Antonio and Martino.*

*Iſm.* Let me ſee! They're gentlemen:
It may be they.
*Amin.* They are they. Get you up,
And like a load-ſtar draw him [9]!
*Iſm.* I'm ſhame-fac'd! [*Exeunt ladies.*
*Ant.* This is the ſtreet.
*Mart.* I'm looking for the houſe.
Cloſe, cloſe, pray you cloſe!—Here.
*Ant.* No; this is a merchant's;
I know the man well.
*Mart.* And this a pothecary's: I've lain here many times,
For a looſeneſs in my hilrs.
*Ant.* Have you not paſt it?
*Mart.* No, ſure:
There is no houſe of mark that we have ſcap'd yet.
*Ant.* What place is this?
*Mart.* Speak ſofter! 'may be ſpies.
If any, this; a goodly window too,
Carv'd fair above [10]! that I perceive. 'Tis dark;
But ſhe has ſuch a luſtre——

*Enter Iſmenia and Aminta above, with a taper.*

*Ant.* Yes, Martino;
So radiant ſhe appears——
*Mart.* Elſe we may miſs, Sir.
The night grows vengeance black: Pray Heav'n ſhe ſhine clear!
Hark, hark! a window, and a candle too?
*Ant.* Step cloſe. 'Tis ſhe! I ſee the cloud diſperſe;
And now the beauteous planet——

[9] *And like a* land-*ſtar.*] Amended in 1750.
[10] *Carv'd* far *above.*] Varied in 1750.

*Mart.* Ha! 'tis indeed.
Now, by the ſoul of love, a divine creature!
*Iſm.* Sir, Sir!
*Ant.* Moſt bleſſed lady!
*Iſm.* 'Pray you ſtand out.
*Amin.* You need not fear; there's nobody now ſtirring.
*Mart.* Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite ſtrangely taken.
*Amin.* I love that gentleman;
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:
I love him heartily.
*Iſm.* 'Tis the right gentleman;
But what to ſay to him?—Sir——
*Amin.* Speak.
*Ant.* I wait ſtill;
And will do till I grow another pillar,
To prop this houſe, ſo it pleaſe you.
*Iſm.* Speak ſoftly;
And 'pray you ſpeak truly too.
*Ant.* I never lied, lady.
*Iſm.* And do not think me impudent to aſk you—
I know you are an enemy, (ſpeak low!)
But I would make you a friend.
*Ant.* I'm friend to beauty;
There is no handſomeneſs I dare be foe to.
*Iſm.* Are you married?
*Ant.* No.
*Iſm.* Are you betroth'd?
*Ant.* No, neither.
*Iſm.* Indeed, fair Sir?
*Ant.* Indeed, fair ſweet, I am not.
Moſt beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.
*Iſm.* That may be, Sir; then you are miſerable,
For I am bound.
*Ant.* Happy the bonds that hold you!
Or do you put them on yourſelf for pleaſure?
Sure they be ſweeter far than liberty:
There is no bleſſedneſs but in ſuch bondage.

Give

Give me that freedom, madam, I beſeech you,
(Since you have queſtion'd me ſo cunningly)
To aſk you whom you're bound to; he muſt be certain
More than human, that bounds in ſuch a beauty:
Happy that happy chain! ſuch links are heav'nly.

*Iſm.* Pray you don't mock me, Sir.

*Ant.* Pray you, lady, tell me.

*Iſm.* Will you believe? and will you keep it to you?
And not ſcorn what I ſpeak?

*Ant.* I dare not, madam;
As oracle, what you ſay I dare ſwear to.

*Iſm.* I'll ſet the candle by, for I ſhall bluſh now.
Fy, how it doubles in my mouth! It muſt out.
'Tis you I'm bound to.

*Ant.* Speak that word again!
I underſtand you not.

*Iſm.* 'Tis you I'm bound to.

*Ant.* Here is another gentleman.

*Iſm.* 'Tis you, Sir.

*Amin.* He may be lov'd too.

*Mart.* Not by thee; firſt curſe me!

*Iſm.* And if I knew your name——

*Ant.* Antonio, madam.

*Iſm.* Antonio, take this kiſs; 'tis you I'm bound to.

*Ant.* And when I ſet you free, may Heav'n forſake me!
Iſmenia——

*Iſm.* Yes, now I perceive you love me;
You've learn'd my name.

*Ant.* Hear but ſome vows I make to you;
Hear but the proteſtations of a true love.

*Iſm.* No, no, not now: Vows ſhould be chearful things,
Done in the cleareſt light, and nobleſt teſtimony:
No vow, dear Sir! tie not my fair belief
To ſuch ſtrict terms: Thoſe men have broken credits,
Looſe and diſmember'd faiths, my dear Antonio,
That ſplinter 'em with vows. Am I not too bold?

Correct

Correct me when you please.
*Ant.* I'd rather hear you,
For so sweet musick never struck mine ears yet.
Will you believe now?
*Ism.* Yes.
*Ant.* I'm yours.
*Ism.* Speak louder;
If you answer the priest so low, you'll lose your wedding.
*Mart.* 'Would I might speak! I'd hollow.
*Ant.* Take my heart;
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heav'n——
*Ism.* Peace; no more! I'll keep your heart, and credit it:
Keep you your word. When will you come again, friend?
For this time we have woo'd indiff'rently:
I would fain see you, when I dare be bolder.
*Ant.* Why, any night. Only, dear noble mistress,
Pardon three days! My uncle Julio
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,
Upon expectation too: We have rare sports there,
Rare country sports; I would you could but see 'em!
Dare you so honour me?
*Ism.* I dare not be there;
You know I dare not; no, I must not, friend.
Where I may come with honourable freedom—
Alas, I'm ill too; we in love——
*Ant.* You flout me.
*Ism.* Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I'm sickly,
And am in love; but you must be physician.
*Ant.* I'll make a plaister of my best affection.
*Ism.* Be gone! we've supp'd: I hear the people stir.
Take my best wishes! Give me no cause, Antonio,
To curse this happy night.
*Ant.* I'll lose my life first.
A thousand kisses!
*Ism.* Take ten thousand back again!

*Mart.*

*Mart.* I'm dumb with admiration! Shall we go, Sir? [*Exeunt gentlemen.*

*Iſm.* Doſt thou know his uncle?

*Amin.* No, but I can aſk, couſin.

*Iſm.* I'll tell thee more of that. Come, let's to bed both;
And give me handſome dreams, Love, I beſeech thee!

*Amin.* H'has giv'n you a handſome ſubject.

*Iſm.* Pluck-to the windows [11]. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Buſtopha.*

*Buſt.* THE thund'ring ſeas, whoſe wat'ry fire
Waſhes the whiting-mops [12],
The gentle whale whoſe feet ſo fell
Flies o'er the mountains' tops——

*Fra.* [*within.*] Boy!

*Buſt.* The thund'ring——

*Fra.* Why, boy Buſtopha!

*Buſt.* Here I am. The gentle whale——

*Enter Franio.*

*Fra.* Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your ſiſter?

*Buſt.* The gentle whale flies o'er the mountains tops--

*Fra.* Where's your ſiſter, man?

---

[11] This ſcene naturally reminds us of a ſimilar one in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet; to which this, with all its beauties, muſt be allowed to be much inferior.

[12] *Whiting-mops.*] A ſort of fiſh ſo called; our Authors have the ſame term in the Martial Maid, act ii ſcene ii.

——— *they will tread you their meaſures like*
Whiting-mops, &c.

So in the Guardian of Philip Maſſenger, Camillo ſays,

'If it were a fiſh day,
'I have a ſtomach and wou'd content myſelf
'With this pretty *whiting-mop*;' meaning Mirtilla. *Sympſon.*

*Buſt.*

*Buſt.* Waſhes the whiting-mops——

*Fra.* Thou lieſt! ſhe has none to waſh. Mops? The boy is half way out of his wits ſure. Sirrah, who am I?

*Buſt.* The thund'ring ſeas——

*Fra.* Mad, ſtark mad!

*Buſt.* Will you not give a man leave to con?

*Fra.* Yes, and 'feſs too, Ere I have done with you, ſirrah. Am I your father?

*Buſt.* The queſtion is too hard for a child; aſk me Any thing that I have learn'd, aad I'll anſwer you.

*Fra.* Is that a hard queſtion? Sirrah, am not I your father?

*Buſt.* If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.

*Fra* Are you A thief?

*Buſt.* So far forth as the ſon of a miller.

*Fra.* Will you be hang'd?

*Buſt.* Let it go by elderſhip. The gentle whale——

*Fra.* Sirrah, lay by your fooliſh ſtudy there, And beat your brains about your own affairs; or—

*Buſt.* I thank you! You'd have me go under the ſails, and beat My brains about your mill? a natural father You are!

*Fra.* I charge you go not to the ſports to-day: Laſt night I gave you leave; now I recant.

*Buſt.* Is the wind turn'd ſince laſt night?

*Fra.* Marry is it, Sir: Go no further than my mill; there's my command upon you.

*Buſt.* I may go round about then as your mill does. I will ſee your mill gelded, and his ſtones fried In ſteaks, ere I deceive the country ſo! Have I not my part to ſtudy? How ſhall The ſports go forward, if I be not there?

*Fra.* They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'ſt not there.

*Buſt.*

*Buſt.* Conſider that, and go yourſelf.
*Fra.* I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter:
You go not, nor your ſiſter; there's my charge.
*Buſt.* The price of your golden thumb [13] can't hold me. [*Hounds in full cry.*
*Fra.* Ay [14], this was ſport that I have tightly lov'd!
I could have kept company with the hounds——
*Buſt.* You are fit for no other company yet.
*Fra.* Run with the hare,
And been in the whore's tail i'faith!
*Buſt.* That was
Before I was born: I did ever miſtruſt
I was a baſtard, becauſe *lapis* is
In the ſingular number with me.

*Enter Otrante and Geraſto.*

*Otr.* Leave thou that game, Geraſto, and chaſe here;
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.
*Ger.* I'm prepar'd,
My lord, with advantages: And ſee
Yonder's the ſubject I muſt work upon.
*Otr.* Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it ſhould be eaſy:
That groſs compound [15] cannot but diffuſe.

[13] *Golden thumb.*] In Chaucer's character of the Miller are the following lines:

'Wel coude he ſtelé corn, and tolle it twye,
'And yit he had a *thumb of gold*, parde!'

Dr. Morell and Mr. Tyrwhit both ſuppoſe, that Chaucer alluded to the old proverb, 'Every honeſt Miller has a *thumb of gold*;' to which they reply in Somerſetſhire, 'None but a cuckold can ſee it.' To the ſame proverb our Author evidently refers in Buſtopha's ſpeech. See Ray's Proverbs. *R.*

[14] Fra. *I, this was ſport*, &c.] Without the ſtage direction which Mr. Seward and I have affixed here, this abrupt ſpeech would not be underſtood by any reader. *Sympſon.*

[15] *That groſs compound.*] The ſenſe and meaſure both ſeem here to be incomplete: The deficiency I wou'd remedy thus,

I. For *this groſs*, &c. Mr. *Seward* ſo,
Syre *this groſs*. The reader may take his choice of either.
*Sympſon*

The

The ſoul, in ſuch a latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazy.
What wit, above the leaſt, can be in him,
That reaſon ties together?
*Ger.* I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that fleſh about him; yes, and drag.
[*Cry of Hounds.*
His ſiſter after him. This baits the old one;
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*
*Otr.* 'Tis well.—Oh, Franio, the good day to you!
You were not wont to hear this muſick ſtanding;
The beagle and the bugle you have lov'd,
In the firſt rank of huntſmen.
*Buſt.* The dogs cry
Out of him now[16].
*Fra.* Sirrah, leave your barking;
I'll bite you elſe.
*Buſt. Cur! cur!*
*Fra.* Slave, doſt call me dog?
*Otr.* Oh fy, Sir!
He ſpeaks Latin to you; he would know
Why you'll bite him.
*Buſt. Reſponde, cur!* You ſee
His underſtanding, my lord.
*Fra.* I ſhall have
A time to curry you for this!—But,
My lord, to anſwer you; the days have been
I muſt have footed it before this hornpipe,
Tho' I had hazarded my mill a-fire,
And let the ſtones grind empty: But thoſe dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to't ſtill,

[16] Buſt. *The dogs cry out* of *him now.*] I read *for*: Without this trifling change, I ſee no humour in Buſtapho's anſwer. *The very dogs cry out* againſt *him*, does not ſuit the reſt of his drolleries; but *the dogs cry out* for *him as carrion proper for them*, is quite in his ſtile. *Seward.*

Franio's anſwer, *leave your* BARKING, ſeems to confirm the old reading, *out* OF *him.*

And

And that's the beſt I can do.
*Otr.* Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd;
Your company deſerves him; tho' you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.
*Buſt.* He will do it
O'purpoſe, my lord, to bring him up to the mill.
*Fra.* Do not tempt me too far, my lord.
*Otr.* There is
A foot i'th' ſtirrop; I'll not leave you now.—
You ſhall ſee the game fall once again.
*Fra.* Well, my lord, I will make ready
My legs for you, and try 'em once a-horſeback.
Sirrah! my charge; keep it! [*Exit.*
*Buſt.* Yes;
When you pare down your diſh for conſcience ſake,
When your thumb's coin'd into *bonæ & legalis*,
When you are a true man-miller.
*Otr.* What's
The matter, Buſtopha?
*Buſt.* My lord, if you
Have e'er a drunken jade that has the ſtaggers,
That will fall twice the height of our mill with him,
Set him o'th' back on him; a galled jennet
That will winch him out o'th' ſaddle, and break one on's necks,
Or a ſhank of him (there was a fool
Going that way, but the aſs had better luck);
Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would paſs
The Straits, and run into his own country with him:
The firſt Moor he met would cut his throat
For complexion's ſake; there's as deadly feud between
A Moor and a miller, as between black and white.
*Otr.* Fy, fy! this is unnatural, Buſtopha,
Unleſs on ſome ſtrong cauſe.
*Buſt.* Be judge, my lord: I'm ſtudied in my part;
The Julian feaſt's to-day, the country expects me;
I ſpeak all the dumb-ſhows; my ſiſter choſen
For a nymph. 'The gentle whale whoſe feet ſo fell.'
Cry mercy! that was ſome of my part; but his charge is,

To

To keep the mill, and diſappoint the revels.

*Otr.* Indeed, there it ſpeaks ſhrewdly for thee, the country
Expecting.

*Buſt.* Ay, and for mine own grace too.

*Otr.* Yes, and being ſtudied too, and the main ſpeaker too.

*Buſt.* The main? why, all my ſpeech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: 'The thund'ring ſeas, 'whoſe——'

*Otr.* Nay, then thou muſt go; thou'lt be much condemn'd elſe.
But then, o'th' other ſide, obedience.

*Buſt.* Obedience?
But ſpeak your conſcience now, my lord; am
Not I paſt aſking bleſſing at theſe years?
Speak as you're a lord; if you had a miller to your father——

*Otr.* I muſt yield to you, Buſtopha;
Your reaſons are ſo ſtrong, I cannot contradict.
This I think, if you go, your ſiſter ought
To go along with you.

*Buſt.* There I ſtumble now:
She is not at age.

*Otr.* Why, ſhe's fifteen, and upwards.

*Buſt.* Thereabouts.

*Otr.* That's woman's ripe age; as full as thou art
At one-and-twenty: She's manable, is ſhe not?

*Buſt.* I think not: Poor heart, ſhe was never tried;
In my conſcience. 'Tis a coy thing; ſhe will not
Kiſs you a clown, not if he would kiſs her——

*Otr.* What, man?

*Buſt.* Not if he would kiſs her, I ſay.

*Otr.* Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected.—Well, Sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion
Is, you may take her along.—This is half way;
The reſt, Geraſto and I hunt my prey. [*Exit.*

*Buſt.* Away with the old miller, my lord!
And the mill ſtrikes ſail preſently.

*Enter*

*Enter Pedro, with Geraſto blinded, ſinging.*

SONG.

*Ger.* Come follow me, you country laſſes!
And you ſhall ſee ſuch ſport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro, he ſhall rub the ſtring;
Each ſhall have a looſe-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

*Enter Florimel.*

*Buſt.* Oh, ſweet Diego, the ſweeteſt Diego! Stay.
—Siſter Florimel!

*Flor.* What's that, brother?

*Buſt.* Didſt not hear Diego? Hear him, and thou'lt be raviſh'd.

*Flor.* I have heard him ſing, yet unraviſh'd, brother.

*Buſt.* You had the better luck, ſiſter. I was raviſh'd
By my own conſent. Come away; for the ſports!

*Flor.* I have the fear of a father on me, brother.

*Buſt.* Out! the thief is as ſafe as in his mill; he's hunting with our great landlord, the don Otrante. Strike up, Diego.

*Flor.* But ſay he return before us, where's our excuſe?

*Buſt.* Strike up, Diego! Haſt no ſtrings to thy apron?

*Flor.* Well, the fault lie upon your head, brother.

*Buſt.* My faults never mount ſo high, girl; they riſe
But to my middle at moſt. Strike up, Diego.

*Ger.* Follow me by the ear; I'll lead thee on,
Buſtopha, and pretty Florimel thy ſiſter.
Oh, that I could ſee her!

*Buſt.* Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee:
Great pity thou art blind; and as great a pity,
Thou canſt not ſee.

SONG.

*Ger.* You ſhall have crowns of roſes, daiſies,
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes[17];
You ſhall taſte the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits pleaſe you, taſte, freely pull,
'Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

*Buſt.* Oh, Diego! the don was not ſo ſweet when he perfum'd the ſteeple. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Antonio and Martino.*

*Mart.* Why, how now, friend? thou art not loſt again?

*Ant.* Not loſt? Why, all the world's a wilderneſs;
Some places peopled more by braver beaſts
Than others are; but faces, faces, man;
May a man be caught with faces?

*Mart.* Without wonder,
'Tis odds againſt him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by the noſe? Alas,
The noſe is but a part againſt the whole.

*Ant.* But is it poſſible that two faces
Should be ſo twinn'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aſpect, that neither wen, nor mole,
The table of the brow, the eyes' luſtre,
The lips' cherry, neither the bluſh nor ſmile,
Should give the one diſtinction from the other?
Does Nature work in moulds?

*Mart.* Altogether;
We're all one mould, one duſt.

*Ant.* Thy reaſon's mouldy:
I ſpeak from the form, thou the matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's glories,

[17] *Honey-maker* gazes.] Corrected in 1750.

Nay,

Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongſt
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye diſtinction, to cull out
The one from other; yet all one name, the face?
*Mart.* You muſt
Compare 'em by ſome other part of the body,
If the face cannot do't.
*Ant.* Didſt aſk her name?
*Mart.* Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, beſides a ſpoon,
And what apoſtle's picture: She is chriſten'd too,
In token wherefore ſhe's call'd Iſabella;
The daughter of a country plow-ſwain by:
If this be not true, ſhe lies.
*Ant.* She cannot:
It would be ſeen, a bliſter on her lip,
Should falſhood touch it, it is ſo tender.
Had her name held, 't had been Iſmenia,
And not another of her name.
*Mart.* Shall I ſpeak?
*Ant.* Yes, if thou wilt ſpeak truth.
Is ſhe not wondrous like?
*Mart.* As two garments
Of the ſame faſhion, cut from the ſame piece;
Yet, if any excel, this has the firſt;
And in my judgment 'tis ſo.
*Ant.* It is my opinion.
*Mart.* Were it the face where mine eyes ſhould dwell,
I would pleaſe both with this, as ſoon as one
With the other.
*Ant.* And yet the other is
The caſe of this[18]. Had I not look'd upon
Iſmenia, I ne'er had ſtay'd beyond
Good morrow's time in view of this.
*Mart.* 'Would I could leave him here! [*Aſide.*
'Twere a free paſſage to Iſmenia.
I muſt now blow, as to put out the fire;

[18] *And yet the other is the* caſe *of this.*] Seward propoſes to ſubſtitute *cauſe* for *caſe*.

Yet kindle't more.—You not conſider, Sir,
The great diſparity is in their bloods,
Eſtates and fortunes: There is the rich beauty,
Which this poor homelineſs is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.

*Ant.* The leaſt of all;
Equality is no rule in Love's grammar.
That ſole unhappineſs is left to princes,
To marry blood: We are free diſpoſers,
And have the pow'r to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back;
'Tis a due debt from us.

*Mart.* Ay, Sir, had you
No father, nor uncle, nor ſuch hinderers,
You might do with yourſelf at your pleaſure;
But as it is——

*Ant.* As it is? It is nothing:
Their pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The yeſterday I loſt [19].

*Mart.* Indeed, to ſay ſooth,
Your oppoſition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you ſupply;
You meet your deareſt enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your Iſmenia to come home to you,
Than you to go to country Iſabel.

*Enter Julio.*

*Ant.* Tuſh! 'tis not fear removes me.

*Mart.* No more! your uncle.

*Julio.* Oh, the good hour upon you, gentlemen!
Welcome, nephew! ſpeak it to your friend, Sir;
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his acceptance.

*Ant.* I made bold, uncle,

[19] The *Yeſterday I loſt* ] Seward here would read,
——*too late, to give me back*
What *Yeſterday I loſt.*

To

To do't before; and I think he believes it.
*Mart.* 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
*Julio.* Here are ſports, dons,
That you muſt look on with a loving eye,
And without cenſure, unleſs it be giving
My country neighbours' loves their yearly off'rings,
That muſt not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the ſpectator, than the painful actor;
It will abide no more teſt than the tinſel
We clad our maſks in for an hour's wearing,
Or the liv'ry lace ſometimes on the cloaks
Of a great don's followers: I ſpeak no further
Than our own country, Sir.
*Mart.* For my part, Sir,
The more abſurd, 't ſhall be the better welcome.
*Julio.* You'll find the gueſt you look for. I heard, couſin,
You were at Toledo th' other day.
*Ant.* Not late, Sir.
*Julio.* Oh fy! muſt I be plainer? You chang'd the point
With Terzo and Liſauro, two o' th' ſtock
Of our antagoniſts, the Bellides.
*Ant.* A mere proffer, Sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: We had done ſomewhat elſe.
This gentleman was engag'd in't.
*Julio.* I am the enemy
To his foe for it. That wildfire will crave
More than fair water to quench it, I ſuſpect:
Whence it will come, I know not.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*Ant.* I was about a gentle reconcilement;
But I do fear I ſhall go back again.
*Jul.* Come, come; the ſports are coming on us;
Nay, I have more gueſts to grace it: Welcome, don
Goſtanco, Giraldo, Philippo! Seat, ſeat all! [*Muſic.*

*Enter a Cupid.*

*Cupid.* Love is little, and therefore I preſent him;
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him [20].

*Mart.* Alas, poor Love! who are they that can quench him?

*Julio.* He's not without thoſe members; fear him not.

*Cupid.* Love ſhoots; therefore I bear his bow about;
And Love is blind; therefore my eyes are out.

*Mart.* I never heard Love give reaſon for what he did before.

*Enter Buſtopha, for Paris.*

*Cupid.* Let ſuch as can ſee, ſee ſuch as cannot. Behold
Our goddeſſes all three ſtrive for the ball of gold:
And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful youth of Troy,
Queen Hecuba's darling ſon, king Priam's only joy.

*Mart.* Is this Paris?
I ſhould have taken him for Hector rather.

*Buſt.* Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating!

*Ant.* Paris can be angry.

*Julio.* Oh, at this time
You muſt pardon him; he comes as a judge.

*Mart.* God's mercy on all that look upon him, ſay I.

*Buſt.* The thund'ring ſeas, whoſe wat'ry fire waſhes the whiting-mops,
The gentle whale, whoſe feet ſo fell flies o'er the mountain tops,

---

20 *Therefore you may* lament *him.*] The rhyme by this reading is preſerved 'tis true, but I am afraid the ſenſe is loſt; for where is the congruity between *Love's being a fire*, and our *lamenting of him?* Beſides, the next line contradicts this, which runs ſo,

*Alas, poor Love, who are they that can* quench *him?*

I imagine therefore that we ſhou'd read as the line quoted gives us licence,

——— *Therefore you may* quench him. *Sympſon.*

*Alas, poor Love!* in the next line ſeems to refer to *lamenting* him. The mock drama is perhaps purpoſely incongruous.

No

No roars ſo fierce, no throats ſo deep, no howls can
bring ſuch fears,
As Paris can, if garden from he call his dogs and bears.

*Mart.* Ay, thoſe they were that I fear'd all this while.

*Buſt.* Yes, Jack-an-apes——

*Mart.* I thank you, good Paris!

*Buſt.* You may hold your peace, and ſtand further
out o'th' way then:
The lines will fall where they light.
Yes, Jack-an-apes, he hath to ſports, and faces make
like mirth,
Whilſt bellowing bulls the horned beaſts do toſs from
ground to earth.
Blind bear there is [21], as Cupid blind——

*Ant.* That bear would be whipp'd for loſing of his
eyes.

*Buſt.* Be-whipped man may ſee,
But we preſent no ſuch content, but nymphs ſuch as
they be.

*Ant.* Theſe are long lines.

*Mart.* Can you blame him, leading bulls and bears
in 'em?

*Enter Shepherd ſinging, with Iſmenia, Aminta, Florimel (as Juno, Pallas, Venus), and three nymphs attending.*

*Buſt.* Go, Cupid blind, conduct the dumb; for
ladies muſt not ſpeak here.
Let ſhepherds ſing with dancing feet, and cords of
muſick break here!

Now ladies fight, with heels ſo light;
By lot your luck muſt fall,
Where Paris pleaſe, to do you eaſe,
And give the golden ball. [*Dance.*

[21] *Blind bear there is,* &c.] Mr. Seward is of opinion that a line here is got out of its place, and that Antonio drolls upon whipping the bear before the whipping was ſpoke of, and propoſes reading thus.

Buſt. *Blind bear there is, as Cupid blind be whipped man may ſee.*
Ant. *That bear* ſhould *be whipp'd for loſing of his eyes.*
Buſt. *But we preſent,* &c. *Sympſon.*

*Mart.* If you play'd Paris now, Antonio,
Where would you beſtow it?

*Ant.* I prithee, friend,
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

*Mart.* Proteſt there's a third, which by her habit
Should perſonate Venus, and, by conſequence
Of the ſtory, receive the honour's prize:
And were I a Paris, there it ſhould be.
Do you note her?

*Ant.* No; mine eye's ſo fix'd, I cannot move it.

*Cupid.* The dance is ended; now to judgment, Paris!

*Buſt.* Here, Juno, here!—But ſtay; I do eſpy
A pretty gleek coming from Pallas' eye:
Here, Pallas, here!—Yet ſtay again; methinks
I ſee the eye of lovely Venus winks:
Oh, cloſe them both; ſhut in thoſe golden ey'n!
And I will kiſs thoſe ſweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry; yes, and Pallas frowns:
'Would Paris now were gone from Ida's downs!
They both are fair; but Venus has the mole,
The faireſt hair, and ſweeteſt dimple-hole;
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man pleaſe three ladies all together?
No; take it, Venus! toſs it at thy pleaſure;
Thou art the lover's friend beyond his meaſure.

*Julio.* Paris has done what man can do, pleas'd one:
Who can do more?

*Mart.* Stay; here's another perſon.

*Enter Geraſto, as Mars.*

*Ger.* Come, lovely Venus; leave this lower orb,
And mount with Mars up to his glorious ſphere.

*Buſt.* How now? what's he?

*Flor.* I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

*Ger.* Thy ſilver yoke of doves are in the team,
And thou ſhalt fly thorough Apollo's beam:
I'll ſee thee ſeated in thy golden throne,
And hold with Mars a ſweet conjunction. [*Exit with Flor.*

*Buſt.* Ha! what fellow's this? h'has carried away

My ſiſter Venus: He never rehears'd
His part with me before.
*Julio.* What follows now,
Prince Paris?
*Flor.* [*within.*] Help, help, help!
*Buſt.* Hue and cry, I think, Sir;
This is Venus' voice, mine own ſiſter Florimel's.
*Mart.* What, is there ſome tragick act behind?
*Buſt.* No, no; altogether comical; Mars and Venus
Are in the old conjunction, it ſeems.
*Mart.* 'Tis very improper then; for Venus
Never cries out when ſhe conjoins with Mars.
*Buſt.* That's true indeed; they are out of their parts ſure:
It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go ſee.
[*Exit.*
*Julio.* How like you our country revels, gentlemen?
*All Gent.* Oh, they commend themſelves, Sir.
*Ant.* Methinks now Juno and Minerva ſhould take
Revenge on Paris; it can't end without it.
*Mart.* I did expect,
Inſtead of Mars, the ſtorm-gaoler Æolus;
And Juno proff'ring her deiopeia
As ſatisfaction to the bluſtring god,
To ſend his toſſers forth.
*Julio.* It may ſo follow;
Let's not prejudicate the hiſtory!

*Enter Buſtopha.*

*Buſt.* Oh, oh, oh, oh!
*Julio.* So, here's a paſſion towards.
*Buſt.* Help, help, if you be gentlemen! my ſiſter,
My Venus! ſhe's ſtol'n away.
*Julio.* The ſtory changes
From our expectation.
*Buſt.* Help! my father
The miller will hang me elſe: God Mars
Is a bawdy villain! he ſaid ſhe ſhould ride upon doves:
She's hors'd, ſhe's hors'd, whether ſhe will or no.

*Mart.*

*Mart.* Sure, I think he's ſerious.

*Buſt.* She's hors'd upon
A double gelding, and a ſtone-horſe in
The breech of her: The poor wench cries *help*,
And I cry *help*, and none of you will help.

*Julio.* Speak, is it the ſhow? or doſt thou bawl?

*Buſt.* A pox on the ball! my ſiſter bawls, and I bawl!
Either bridle horſe and follow, or give me a halter
To hang myſelf: I cannot run ſo faſt
As a hog.

*Julio.* Why, follow me! I'll fill
The country with purſuit, but I will find
The thief! My houſe thus abus'd? [*Exit.*

*Buſt.* 'Tis my houſe that's
Abus'd; the ſiſter of my fleſh and blood!
Oh, oh! [*Exit.*

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all ſhift for ourſelves,
If this be ſerious.

2 *Wench.* Howe'er, I'll be gone.

3 *Wench.* And I. [*Exeunt.*

*Ant.* You need not fright your beauties, pretty ſouls,
With the leaſt pale complexion of a fear.

*Mart.* Juno has better courage, and Minerva's more diſcreet.

*Iſm.* Alas, my courage was ſo counterfeit,
It might have been ſtruck from me with a feather:
Juno never had ſo weak a preſenter.

*Amin.* Sure I was ne'er the wiſer for Minerva;
That I find yet about me.

*Iſm.* My dwelling, Sir? [*Ant. whiſpers Iſm.*
'Tis a poor yeoman's roof, ſcarce a league off,
That never ſham'd me yet.

*Ant.* Your gentle pardon!
I vow my erring eyes had almoſt caſt you
For one of the moſt mortal enemies
That our family has.

*Iſm.* I'm ſorry, Sir,
I am ſo like your foe: 'Twere fit I haſted
From your offended ſight.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Oh, miſtake not;
It was my error, and I do confeſs it.
You'll not believe you're welcome; nor can I ſpeak it;
But there's my friend can tell you; pray hear him!
*Mart.* Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the employment.
*Ant.* A kinſwoman to that beauty?
*Amin.* A kin to her, Sir;
But nothing to her beauty.
*Ant.* Do not wrong it;
It is not far behind her.
*Amin.* Her hinder parts
Are not far off, indeed, Sir.
*Mart.* Let me but kiſs you with his ardour now,
You ſhall feel how he loves you.
*Iſm.* Oh, forbear!
'Tis not the faſhion with us. But would you
Perſuade me that he loves me?
*Mart.* I'll warrant you
He dies in't; and that were witneſs enough on't.
*Iſm.* Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what reaſon?
*Mart.* Fy! will you aſk me? That which you've about you.
*Iſm.* I know nothing, Sir.
*Mart.* Let him find it then!
He conſtantly believes you have the thing
That he muſt love you for; much is apparent,
A ſweet and lovely beauty.
*Iſm.* So, Sir; pray you
Shew me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his boſom counſellor.)
Nay then, I ſee your anſwer is not ready;
I'll not believe you, if you ſtudy further.
*Mart.* Shall I ſpeak truth to you?
*Iſm.* Or ſpeak no more.
*Mart.* There was a ſmile thrown at him, from a lady,
Whoſe deſerts might buy him treble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he loſt it;
In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.

*Iſm.*

*Iſm.* May I know her name?
*Mart.* In your ear you may,
With vow of ſilence.
*Amin.* He'll not give over, Sir;
If he ſpeak for you, he'll ſure ſpeed for you.
*Ant.* But that is not the anſwer to my queſtion.
*Amin.* You are the firſt, in my virgin-conſcience,
That ever ſpoke love to her: Oh, my heart!
*Ant.* How do you?
*Amin.* Nothing, Sir; but 'would I had
A better face! How well your pulſe beats!
*Ant.* Healthfully;
Does it not?
*Amin.* It thumps prettily, methinks.
*Iſm.* Alack, I hear it with much pity: How great
Is your fault too, in wrong to the good lady?
*Mart.* You forget the difficult paſſage he has to her;
A hell of feud's between the families.
*Iſm.* And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconcilement.
*Mart.* There impoſſible.
*Iſm.* This way 'tis worſer; it may ſeed again
In her unto another generation:
For where, poor lady, is her ſatisfaction?
*Mart.* It comes in me. To be truth, I love her
(I'll go no further for compariſon)
As dear as he loves you.
*Iſm.* How if ſhe love not?
*Mart.* Tuſh, be that my pains! You know not what art
I have thoſe ways.
*Iſm.* Beſhrew you! you have practis'd upon me;
Well, ſpeed me here, and you with your Iſmenia.
*Mart.* Go, the condition's drawn, and ready dated;
There wants but your hand to't.
*Amin.* Truly you have taken
Great pains, Sir.
*Mart.* A friendly part, no more, ſweet beauty.

*Amin.*

*Amin.* They're happy, Sir, have ſuch friends as you are:
But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his allies receive it? She, tho' I ſay't,
Is of no better blood than I am.

*Mart.* There
I leave it; I am at furtheſt that way.

*Iſm.* You ſhall extend your vows no larger now:
My heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reaſon, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I ſhall not leave you unſaluted long
Either by pen or perſon.

*Ant.* You may diſcourſe
With me, when you think you're alone; I ſhall
Be preſent with you.

*Iſm.* Come, couſin, will you walk?

*Amin.* Alas, I was ready long ſince. In conſcience,
You would with better will yet ſtay behind.

*Iſm.* Oh, Love! I never thought th' hadſt been ſo blind. [*Exeunt.*

*Mart.* You'll anſwer this, Sir.

*Ant.* If e'er it be ſpoke on:
I purpoſe not to propound the queſtion.

*Enter Julio.*

*Julio.* 'Tis true the poor knave ſaid: Some raviſher,
Some of Luſt's blood-hounds, have ſeiz'd upon her;
The girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their ſpeed.

*Mart.* It may be not ſo ill, Sir.
A well-prepared lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform it honeſtly.

*Julio.* What? ſteal away a virgin 'gainſt her will?

*Mart.* It may be any man's caſe; deſpiſe nothing:
And that's a thief of a good quality,
Moſt commonly he brings his theft home again,
Tho' with a little ſhame.

*Julio.* There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's ſon)

Her

Her brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better tidings follow of his ſiſter.
*Ant.* You're the more beholding to the miſchance, Sir;
Had I gone a boot-haling [24], I ſhould as ſoon
Have ſtol'n him as his ſiſter: Marry then,
To render him back in the ſame plight he is
May be coſtly; his fleſh is not maintain'd with little.
*Julio.* I think the poor knave will pine away; he cries
All-to-be-pitied yonder.
*Mart.* Pray you, Sir,
Let's go ſee him: I ſhould laugh to ſee him cry, ſure.
*Julio.* Well, you're merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears
Move me to lay it on you) pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the Bellides.
I have reaſon for my injunction, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Aminta as a page, with a letter.*

*Ant.* To me, Sir? from whom?
*Amin.* A friend, I dare vow, Sir,
Tho' on the enemies' part: The lady Iſmenia.
*Mart.* Take heed; bluſh not too deep. Let me adviſe you
In your anſwer; it muſt be done heedfully.
*Ant.* I ſhould not ſee a maſculine, in peace,
Out of that houſe.
*Amin.* Alas, I am a child, Sir;
Your hates cannot laſt 'till I wear a ſword.
*Ant.* Await me for your anſwer.
*Mart.* He muſt ſee her,
To manifeſt his ſhame; 'tis my advantage:
While our blood's under us, we keep above;
But then we fall, when we do fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

[24] *Boot-haling.*] See note 2 on the Chances.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Julio and Franio.*

*Fra.* MY lord, my lord, your houſe hath injur'd me,
Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.
*Julio.* Where wert thou brought up, fellow?
*Fra.* In a mill:
You may perceive it by my loud exclaims,
Which muſt riſe higher yet.
*Julio.* Obſtrep'rous carle[23],
If thy throat's tempeſt could o'er-turn my houſe,
What ſatisfaction were it for thy child?
Turn thee the right way to thy journey's end:
Wilt have her where ſhe's not?
*Fra.* Here was ſhe loſt,
And here muſt I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a pow'r to puniſh,
I will not reſt. You are not quick to grief;
Your hearing's a dead ſenſe! Were your's the loſs,
Had you a daughter ſtol'n, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end ſhould come the thief?)
You'd play the miller then, be loud and high;
But being not a ſorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.
*Julio.* Oh, thou haſt op'd a ſluice was long ſhut up,
And let a flood of grief in; a buried grief
Thy voice hath wak'd again, a grief as old
As likely 'tis thy child is! Friend, I tell thee,
I did once loſe a daughter.
*Fra.* Did you, Sir?
Beſeech you then, how did you bear her loſs?
*Julio.* With thy grief trebled.

[23] *A carle.*] A churl, a clown. *Percy.*

*Fra.*

*Fra.* But was ſhe ſtolen from you?

*Julio.* Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a ſatisfaction:
The wild beaſts had her in her ſwathing cloaths.

*Fra.* Oh, much good do 'em with her!

*Julio.* Away, rough churl[24]!

*Fra.* Why, ſhe was better, eaten, than my child,
Better by beaſts, than beaſtly men devour'd:
They took away a life, no honour, from her;
Thoſe beaſts might make a ſaint of her; but theſe
Will make my child a devil. But was ſhe, Sir,
Your only daughter?

*Enter Gillian.*

*Julio.* I ne'er had other, friend.

*Gil.* Where are you, man? Your buſineſs lies not here!
Your daughter's in the pound; I've found where:
'Twill coſt you dear, her freedom.

*Fra.* I'll break it down, and free her without pay!
Horſe-locks nor chains ſhall hold her from me.

*Julio.* I'll take this relief:
I now have time to ſpeak alone with grief. [*Exit.*

[*Gil. whiſpers him.*

*Fra.* How! my landlord? he is lord of my lands,
But not my cattle: I'll have her again, Gil.

*Gil.* You are not mad upon the ſudden now?

*Fra.* No, Gil;
I have been mad theſe five hours! I'll ſell my mill
And buy a roaring—I'll batter down his houſe,
And make a ſtews on't.

*Gil.* Will you gather up
Your wits a little, and hear me? The king's near by, in progreſs;
Here I have got our ſupplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

[24] Tough *churl.*] Seward propoſes reading *rough*, which Sympſon rejects.

*Fra.*

*Fra.* Give it me, Gil:
I will not fear to give it to the king.
To his own hands, God bleſs him, will I give it;
And he ſhall ſet the law upon their ſhoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.
*Gil.* Where is your ſon?
*Fra.* He ſhall be hang'd in flitches!
The dogs ſhall eat him in Lent;
There's cats' meat and dogs' meat enough about him.
*Gil.* Sure the poor girl is the count's whore by this time.
*Fra.* If ſhe be the count's whore, the whore's count
Shall pay for't; he ſhall pay for a new maidenhead!
*Gil.* You are ſo violous!—This I'm reſolv'd;
If ſhe be a whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every man had his right, ſhe's
None of our child, but a mere foundling;
(And I can gueſs the owner for a need too)
We have but foſter'd her.
*Fra.* Gil, no more of that!
I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell thoſe tales.
Hark, hark! theſe toaters tell us the king's coming.
Get you gone; I'll ſee if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Pedro, and Moncado.*

*Liſ.* Does the king remove to day?
*Terzo.* So ſay the harbingers,
And keeps his way on to Valentia;
There ends the progreſs.
*Pedro.* He hunts this morning, gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields: The court is all in readineſs.
*Liſ.* Pedro, did you ſend for this taylor? or you, Moncado?
This light French demi-lance that follows us?
*Pedro.* No, I aſſure ye on my word, I'm guiltleſs;
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
*Monc.* I am not quit, I'm ſure: There is a reck'ning
(Of ſome four ſcarlet cloaks, and two lac'd ſuits)
Hangs on the file ſtill, like a fearful comet,

Makes me keep off.

*Lif.* I'm in too, gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.

*Terzo.* And I for two. What a devil makes he this way?
I do not love to ſee my ſins before me.

*Pedro.* 'Tis the vacation, and theſe things break out
To ſee the court, and glory in their debtors.

*Terzo.* What do you call him[25]? for I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to;
'Tis not genteel; I ſhun 'em like the plague ever.

*Lif.* His name's Vertigo, (hold your heads, and wonder!)
A Frenchman, and a founder of new faſhions:
The revolutions of all ſhapes and habits
Run madding thro' his brains.

*Enter Vertigo.*

*Monc.* He's very brave!

*Lif.* The ſhreds of what he ſteals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty man. He comes; have at ye!

*Vert.* Save ye together, my ſweet gentlemen!
I have been looking——

*Terzo.* Not for money, Sir?
You know the hard time.

*Vert.* Pardon me, ſweet ſignor!
Good faith, the leaſt thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me. Money? hang money!
Let me preſerve your love.

*Lif.* Yes, marry ſhall you,
And we our credit. You would ſee the court?

*Monc.* He ſhall ſee ev'ry place.

*Vert.* Shall I, i'faith, gentlemen?

*Pedro.* The cellar, and the butt'ry, and the kitchen,
The paſtry, and the pantry.

*Terzo.* Ay, and taſte too

[25] *What did you call him for? I never love.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

Of

Of ev'ry office, and be free of all too;
That he may ſay, when he comes home in glory——
*Vert.* And I will ſay, i'faith, and ſay it openly,
And ſay it home too. Shall I ſee the king alſo?
*Lif.* Shalt ſee him every day; ſhalt ſee the ladies[26]
In their French cloaths; ſhalt ride a-hunting with him;
Shalt have a miſtreſs too.—We muſt fool handſomely
To keep him in belief we honour him;
He may call on us elſe.
*Pedro.* A-pox upon him!
Let him call at home in's own houſe for ſalt butter.
*Vert.* And when the king puts on a new ſuit——
*Terzo.* Thou ſhall ſee it firſt,
And diſſect his doublets, that thou mayſt be perfect.
*Vert.* The wardrobe I would fain view, gentlemen,
Fain come to ſee the wardrobe.
*Lif.* Thou ſhalt ſee it,
And ſee the ſecret of it, dive into it;
Sleep in the wardrobe, and have revelations
Of faſhions five years hence.
*Vert.* Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me!
*Terzo.* Any thing i' th' court, Sir,
Or within the compaſs of a courtier——
*Vert.* My wife ſhall give ye thanks.
*Terzo.* You ſhall ſee any thing!
The privat'ſt place, the ſtool, and where 'tis emptied.
*Vert.* Ye make me bluſh, ye pour your bounties, gentlemen,
In ſuch abundance.
*Lif.* I will ſhew thee preſently
The order that the king keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou mayſt tell thy neighbours
Over a ſhoulder of mutton, th'haſt ſeen ſomething;

[26] *Shalt ſee the ladies*
——*Shalt ride a hunting with* him.] As *him* has nothing to refer to but ladies, I would alter the number, and read,
——*a hunting with* them. *Sympſon.*
*Him* may refer to the king, and moſt probably was ſo intended.

Nay, thou ſhalt preſent the king for this time——
*Vert.* Nay, I pray, Sir!
*Lif.* That thou mayſt know what ſtate there does belong to't.
Stand there, I ſay! and put on a ſad count'nance,
Mingled with height! Be cover'd, and reſerv'd;
Move like the ſun, by ſoft degrees, and glorious.
Into your order, gentlemen, uncover'd!
The king appears. We'll ſport with you a while, Sir;
I'm ſure you're merry with us all the year long, taylor.
Move ſofter ſtill; keep in that fencing leg, monſieur;
Turn to no ſide.

*Enter Franio out of breath.*

*Terzo.* What's this that appears to him?
*Lif.* H'has a petition, and he looks moſt lamentably.
Miſtake him, and we're made.
*Fra.* This is the king ſure,
The glorious king! I know him by his gay cloaths.
*Lif.* Now bear yourſelf, that you may ſay hereafter——
*Fra.* I have recover'd breath; I'll ſpeak unto him preſently.
May it pleaſe your gracious majeſty to conſider
A poor man's caſe!
*Vert.* What's your will, Sir?
*Lif.* You muſt accept, and read it.
*Terzo.* The taylor will run mad upon my life for't.
*Pedro.* How he mumps and bridles! He'll ne'er cut cloaths again.
*Vert.* And what's your grief?
*Monc.* He ſpeaks i'th' noſe like his gooſe.
*Fra.* I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frump'd, Sir,
By a great man, that may do ill by authority:
Poor honeſt men are hang'd for doing leſs, Sir.
My child is ſtol'n, the count Otrante ſtole her!

A pretty

A pretty child ſhe is[27], altho' I ſay it,
A handſome mother; he means to make a whore of her,
A ſilken whore; his knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beaſtly offices.
I kneel for juſtice: Shall I have it, Sir?

*Enter Philippo and Lords.*

*Phil.* What pageant's this?
*Lif.* The king!
Taylor, ſtand off! Here ends your apparition.
Miller, turn round, and there addreſs your paper;
There, there's the king indeed.
*Fra.* May't pleaſe your majeſty!——
*Phil.* Why didſt thou kneel to that fellow?
*Fra.* In good faith, Sir,
I thought h'had been a king, he was ſo gallant;
There's none here wears ſuch gold.
*Phil.* So fooliſhly?
You've golden buſineſs ſure! Becauſe I'm homely
Clad, in no glitt'ring ſuit, I am not look'd on.
Ye fools, that wear gay cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your end calls on you?
Will gold preſerve ye from the grave? or jewels?
Get golden minds, and fling away your trappings;
Unto your bodies miniſter warm raiments,
Wholeſome and good; glitter within, and ſpare not!
Let my court have rich ſouls! their ſuits I weigh not.
And what are you that took ſuch ſtate upon you?
Are you a prince?
*Lif.* The prince of taylors, Sir:
We owe ſome money to him, an't like your majeſty.
*Phil.* If it like him, 'would ye ow'd more! Be modeſter:
And you leſs ſaucy, Sir; and leave this place:
Your preſſing-iron will make no perfect courtier.

[27] *A pretty child ſhe is.*——
*A handſome* mother.] Mr. Theobald propoſes changing *mother* for *mc her*, a word us'd now in Suffolk for a *girl*. But there is no occaſion at all for this change. Sir Henry Spelman in his glotiary tells us *mother* is a corruption of the Daniſh word *moer*, which ſignifies a *girl*. *Vide in voce* moer. *Sympſon.*

Go ſtitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbours:
Shew ſuch another pride, I'll have you whipt for't!
And get worſe cloaths; theſe but proclaim your felony.
And what's your paper?

*Fra.* I beſeech you read it.

*Phil.* What's here? the count Otrante taſk'd for a baſe villainy?
For ſtealing of a maid?

*Lord.* The count Otrante?
Is not the fellow mad, Sir?

*Fra.* No, no, my lord;
I'm in my wits: I am a labouring man,
And we have ſeldom leiſure to run mad:
We've other buſineſs to employ our heads in;
We've little wit to loſe too. If we complain,
And if a heavy lord lie on our ſhoulders,
Worſe than a ſack of meal, and oppreſs our poverties,
We are mad ſtraight, and whop'd[28], and tied in fetters,
Able to make a horſe mad, as you uſe us.
You're mad for nothing, and no man dare proclaim it;
In you a wildneſs is a noble trick,
And cheriſh'd in ye, and all men muſt love it;
Oppreſſions of all ſorts ſit like new cloaths,
Neatly and handſomely, upon your lordſhips:
And if we kick, when your honours ſpur us,
We're knaves and jades, and ready for the juſtice.
I'm a true miller,

*Phil.* Then thou art a wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the man reputed for a good man,
An honeſt and ſubſtantial fellow.

*Phil.* He ſpeaks ſenſe,
And to the point: Greatneſs begets much rudeneſs.
How dare you, ſirrah, 'gainſt ſo main a perſon,
A man of ſo much noble note and honour,
Put up this baſe complaint? muſt ev'ry peaſant

[28] *We are mad ſtraight, and* whop'd.] This ſlight corruption here my friend alters and amends thus with me,

*We are mad ſtraight, and* whip'd. *Sympſon.*

*Whop'd*, in vulgar language, ſuch as the Miller might uſe, might mean *beaten.*

Upon

Upon a ſaucy will affront great lords?
All fellows, miller?
*Fra.* I have my reward, Sir:
I was told, one greatneſs would protect another,
As beams ſupport their fellows; now I find it,
If't pleaſe your Grace to have me hang'd, I'm ready;
'Tis but a miller, and a thief diſpatch'd.
Tho' I ſteal bread, I ſteal no fleſh to tempt me.
I have a wife; an't pleaſe him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the leſs, Sir;
She'll hold him play awhile. I have a boy too;
He's able to inſtruct his honour's hogs[29],
Or rub his horſes' heels; when't pleaſe his lordſhip,
He may make him his ſlave too, or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his ſiſter.
For me, the priſon, or the pillory,
To loſe my goods, and have mine ears cropt off,
Whipt like a top, and have a paper ſtuck
Before me, for abominable honeſty
To his own daughter! I can endure, Sir; the miller
Has a ſtout heart, tough as his toll-pin.
*Phil.* I ſuſpect this ſhrewdly!
Is it his daughter that the people call
The miller's fair maid?
2 *Lord.* It ſhould ſeem ſo, Sir.
*Phil.* Be ſure you be i'th' right, ſirrah.
*Fra.* If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
Be ſure you hang me; I will aſk no courteſy.
Your Grace may have a daughter, (think of that, Sir)
She may be fair, and ſhe may be abus'd too,
(A king is not exempted from theſe caſes)
Stol'n from your loving care——
*Phil.* I do much pity him.
*Fra.* But Heav'n forbid ſhe ſhould be in that venture
That mine's in at this hour. I'll aſſure your grace,

[29] *Hogs.*] Sympſon's anonymous correſpondent propoſes reading *dogs*.

The lord wants a water-mill, and means to grind with her:
'Would I'd his ſtones to ſet! I'd fit him for it.
*Phil.* Follow me, miller, and let me talk with you further;
And keep this private all, upon your loyalties!
'Tomorrow morning, tho' I'm now beyond him,
And the leſs look'd for, I'll break my faſt with the good count,
No more; away! all to our ſports; be ſilent! [*Exe.*
*Vert.* What grace ſhall I have now?
*Lif.* Chuſe thine own grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo;
We muſt needs follow the king.
*Terzo.* You heard the ſentence.
*Monc.* If you ſtay here, I'll ſend thee a ſhoulder of veniſon.
Go home, go home; or, if thou wilt diſguiſe,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.
*Pedro.* Or thou ſhalt be ſpecial taylor to the king's monkey;
'Tis a fine place. We cannot ſtay,
*Vert.* No money,
Nor no grace, gentlemen?
*Terzo.* 'Tis too early, taylor;
The king hasn't broke his faſt yet,
*Vert.* I ſhall look for you
The next term, gentlemen.
*Pedro.* Thou ſhalt not miſs us:
Prithee provide ſome cloaths. And, doſt thou hear, Vertigo?
Commend me to thy wife: I want ſome ſhirts too.
*Vert.* I've chambers for you all.
*Lif.* They are too muſty;
When they are clear, we'll come.
*Vert.* I muſt be patient
And provident; I ſhall ne'er get home elſe. [*Exe.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Enter Otrante and Florimel.*

*Otr.* Prithee be wiſer, wench! thou canſt not
ſcape me:
Let me with love and gentleneſs enjoy that
That may be ſtill preſerv'd with love, and long'd for,
If violence lay rough hold, I ſhall hate thee;
And after I've enjoy'd thy maidenhead,
Thou wilt appear ſo ſtale and ugly to me
I ſhall deſpiſe thee, caſt thee off——
*Flor.* I pray you, Sir,
Begin it now, and open your doors to me.
I do confeſs I'm ugly; let me go, Sir!
A gipſey-girl; why would your lordſhip touch me?
Fy, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred,
Coarſe, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young ladies many, that will love you,
That will dote on you: You're a handſome gentleman.
What will they ſay when once they know your quality?
'A lord, a miller? Take your toll-diſh with you!
'You that can deal with gurgeons [30], and coarſe flour,
'Tis pity you ſhould taſte what manchet means.'
Is this fit, Sir, for your repute and honour?
*Otr.* I'll love thee ſtill.
*Flor.* You cannot; there's no ſympathy
Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions;
And where theſe are at difference, there's no liking.
This hour it may be I ſeem handſome to you,
And you are taken with variety
More than with beauty;
Tomorrow, when you have enjoyed me,
Your heat and luſt aſſuag'd, and come t' examine,
Out of a cold and penitent condition,

[30] *Gudgeons.*] Seward would read *cutlins*, 'a word uſed in the 'Weſt for *greets* or *oats* cleared of the huſks;' and Sympſon, *gurgeons*, 'which is explained by the words that immediately follow.' We think the latter right.

What

What you have done, whom you have ſhar'd your love with,
Made partner of your bed, how it will vex you,
How you will curſe the devil that betray'd you!
And what ſhall become of me then?

*Otr.* Wilt thou hear me?

*Flor.* As haſty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty ſhew'd unto you,
You'll kick me out of doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with-child with your fair iſſue,
Give me a penſion of five pound a-year
To breed your heir withal, and ſo good ſpeed me!

*Otr.* I'll keep thee like a woman.

*Flor.* I'll keep myſelf, Sir,
Keep myſelf honeſt, Sir; there's the brave keeping!
If you will marry me——

*Otr.* Alas, poor Florimel!

*Flor.* I do confeſs I am too coarſe and baſe, Sir,
To be your wife; and it is fit you ſcorn me;
Yet ſuch as I have crown'd the lives of great ones:
To be your whore I'm ſure I am too worthy,
(For, by my troth, Sir, I am truly honeſt)
And that's an honour equal to your greatneſs!

*Otr.* I'll give thee what thou wilt.

*Flor.* Tempt me no more then:
Give me that peace, and then you give abundance.
I know you do but try me; you are noble;
All theſe are but to try my modeſty:
If you ſhould find me eaſy, and once coming,
I ſee your eyes already, how they'd fright me;
I ſee your honeſt heart, how it would ſwell,
And burſt itſelf into a grief againſt me;
Your tongue in noble anger, now, e'en now, Sir,
Ready to rip my looſe thoughts to the bottom,
And lay my ſhame unto myſelf wide open.
You are a noble lord; you pity poor maids.
The people are miſtaken in your courſes:
You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermoſt;

As

As they do gold, you purge the droſs from them,
And make them ſhine.

*Otr.* This cunning cannot help you!
I love you to enjoy you; I have ſtol'n you,
T' enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with circumſtance.
Yield willingly, or elſe——

*Flor.* What?

*Otr.* I will force you:
I will not be delay'd! A poor baſe wench,
That I, in courteſy, make offer to,
Argue with me?

*Flor.* Do not; you'll loſe your labour:
Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.
Your courteſy may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender.
If you compel, I have my ſtrengths to fly to,
My honeſt thoughts, and thoſe are guards about me:
I can cry too, and noiſe enough I dare make,
And I have curſes, that will call down thunder;
For all I am a poor wench, Heav'n will hear me.
My body you may force, but my will never!
And be ſure I do not live, if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beaſtly ſtory;
For if I have, and if there be a juſtice——

*Otr.* Pray ye go in here! I'll calm myſelf for this time,
And be your friend again.

*Flor.* I am commanded. [*Exit.*

*Otr.* You cannot ſcape me yet; I muſt enjoy you!
I'll lie with thy wit, tho' I miſs thy honeſty.
Is this a wench for a boor's hungry boſom?
A morſel for a peaſant's baſe embraces?
And muſt I ſtarve, and the meat in my mouth?
I'll none of that.

*Enter Geraſto.*

*Ger.* How now, my lord? how ſped you?
Have you done the deed?

*Otr.* No, pox upon't, ſhe's honeſt.

*Ger.*

*Ger.* Honeſt? what's that? You take her bare denial[31]?
Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honeſt?
That were a wonder worth a chronicle.
Is your belief ſo large? What did ſhe ſay to you?
*Otr.* She ſaid her honeſty was all her dowry;
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay, how diſhonourable, it would ſeem in me
To act my will; popt me i'th' mouth with modeſty—
*Ger.* What an impudent quean was that! That's their trick ever.
*Otr.* And then diſcourſed to me very learnedly,
What fame and loud opinion would tell of me.
A wife ſhe touch'd at——
*Ger.* Out upon her, varlet!
Was ſhe ſo bold? theſe home-ſpun things are devils!
They'll tell you a thouſand lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And ſtand upon their honours like great ladies;
They'll ſpeak unhappily too good words to cozen you,
And outwardly ſeem ſaints; they'll cry down-right alſo,
But 'tis for anger that you do not cruſh 'em.
Did ſhe not talk of being with-child?
*Otr.* She touch'd at it.
*Ger.* The trick of an errant whore, to milk your lordſhip!
And then a penſion nam'd?
*Otr.* No, no, ſhe ſcorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing; but ſhe refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident hate.
*Ger.* You thought ſo;
You ſhould have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' ſtrength of all her reſolution, flatter'd her,
And ſhak'd her ſtubborn will; ſhe would have thank'd you,
She would have lov'd you infinitely: They muſt ſeem modeſt,

[31] *You* take *her bare denial.*] Sympſon reads *took.*

It

It is their parts; if you had play'd your part, Sir,
And handled her as men do unman'd hawks[32],
Caſt her, and mail'd her up in good clean linen,
And there have coy'd her, you had caught her heart-
ſtrings.
Theſe tough virginities, they blow like white thorns,
In ſtorms and tempeſts.
*Otr.* She's beyond all this;
As cold, and harden'd, as the virgin cryſtal.
*Ger.* Oh, force her, force her, Sir! ſhe longs to
be raviſh'd;
Some have no pleaſure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradiſe:
'Tis ord'nary in our country, Sir, to raviſh all;
They will not give a penny for their ſport
Unleſs they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they ſwear they'll hang the man comes
near 'em,
And ſwear it on his lips too.
*Otr.* No, no forcing;
I have another courſe, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your fellows,
That when ye ſee her next, ye diſgrace and ſcorn her;
I'll ſeem to put her out o'th' doors o'th' ſudden,
And leave her to conjecture, then ſeize on her.
Away! be ready ſtraight.
*Ger.* We ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*
*Otr.* Florimel!

*Enter Florimel.*

*Flor.* My lord.
*Otr.* I'm ſure you've now conſider'd,
And like a wiſe wench weigh'd a friend's diſpleaſure,
Repented your proud thoughts, and caſt your ſcorn off.
*Flor.* My lord, I am not proud; I was ne'er
beautiful,
Nor ſcorn I any thing that's juſt and honeſt.

[32] *Metaphors from Falconry.* Theobald.

*Otr.*

*Otr.* Come, to be ſhort, can you love yet? You told me
Kindneſs would far compel you: I'm kind to you,
And mean t' exceed that way.

*Flor.* I told you too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with modeſty,
With honour, and with honeſty, I'd yield to you.
Good my lord, take ſome other theme; for love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the ſudden, Sir, to run thro' volumes
Of his moſt myſtick art, 'tis moſt impoſſible;
Nay, to begin with luſt, which is an hereſy,
A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood—
Oh, good my lord!

*Otr.* You will not out of this ſong?
Your modeſty, and honeſty? is that all?
I will not force you.

*Flor.* You're too noble, Sir.

*Otr.* Nor play the childiſh fool, and marry you:
I'm yet not mad.

*Flor.* If you did, men would imagine——

*Otr.* Nor will I wooe you at that infinite price.
It may be you expect.

*Flor.* I expect your pardon,
And a diſcharge, my lord; that's all I look for.

*Otr.* No, nor fall ſick for love.

*Flor.* 'Tis a healthful year, Sir.

*Otr.* Look ye; I'll turn ye out o'doors, and ſcorn ye.

*Flor.* Thank you, my lord.

*Otr.* A proud ſlight peat I found ye,
A fool, it may be too——

*Flor.* An honeſt woman,
Good my lord, think me.

*Otr.* And a baſe I leave you;
So, fare you well! [*Exit.*

*Flor.* Bleſſing attend your lordſhip!
This is hot love, that vaniſheth like vapours;
His ague's off, his burning fits are well quench'd,
I thank Heav'n for't.—His men! They will not force me?

*Enter*

*Enter Geraſto and Servants.*

*Ger.* What doſt thou ſtay for? doſt thou not know the way,
Thou baſe unprovident whore?

*Flor.* Good words, pray ye, gentlemen!

1 *Serv.* Has my lord ſmoak'd ye over, good-wife miller?
Is your mill broken, that you ſtand ſo uſeleſs?

2 *Serv.* An impudent quean! upon my life, ſhe's unwholeſome!
Some baſe diſcarded thing my lord has found her;
He'd not have turn'd her off o'th' ſudden elſe.

*Ger.* Now againſt every ſack, my honeſt ſweet-heart,
With every Smig and Smug [33]——

*Flor.* I muſt be patient.

*Ger.* And every greaſy gueſt, and ſweaty raſcal,
For his royal hire between his fingers, gentlewoman!

1 *Serv.* I fear th'haſt giv'n my lord the pox, thou damned thing.

2 *Serv.* I've ſeen her in the ſtews.

*Ger.* The knave her father
Was bawd to her there, and kept a tippling-houſe.
You muſt e'en to't again: A modeſt function!

*Flor.* If ye had honeſty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely, wretchedly, tho' your lord bid ye;
But he that knows——

*Ger.* Away, thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man! A little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear ſo proud——

*Flor.* This is inhuman. Let theſe tears perſuade you
(If ye be men) to uſe a poor girl better!
I wrong not you, I'm ſure; I call you gentlemen.

*Enter Otrante.*

*Otr.* What buſineſs is here? Away! Aren't you gone yet? [*Exeunt Servants.*

[33] ——*Smig and Smug.*] The copy of 1679, and the octavo read ſo, but the oldeſt folio, *Sim and Smug:* Perhaps the reader might not think the various reading worth a note. *Sympſon.*

*Flor.*

*Flor.* My lord, this is not well, altho' you hate me,
(For what I know not) to let your people wrong me,
Wrong me maliciouſly, and call me——
*Otr.* Peace,
And mark me what we ſay, adviſedly,
Mark, as you love that that you call your credit!
Yield now, or you're undone; your good name's periſh'd;
Not all the world can buoy your reputation[34];
'Tis ſunk for ever elſe: Theſe peoples' tongues will poiſon you;
Tho' you be white as innocence, they'll taint you;
They will ſpeak terrible and hideous things;
And people in this age are prone to credit;
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman:
Conſider this, and then be wiſe and tremble!
Yield yet, and yet I'll ſave you.
*Flor.* How?
*Otr.* I'll ſhew you;
Their mouths I'll ſeal up, they ſhall ſpeak no more
But what is hon'rable and honeſt of you,
And ſaint-like they ſhall worſhip you: They're mine,
And what I charge them, Florimel——
*Flor.* I'm ruin'd!
Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous wretches.
Let me not fall, my lord!
*Otr.* You ſhall not, Florimel:
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honour you.
Who waits there? come all in.

*Enter Geraſto and Servants.*

*Ger.* Your pleaſure, Sir?
*Otr.* Who dare ſay this ſweet beauty is not heav'nly?
This virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing——
*Ger.* We know it, my dear lord:

[34] *Can* buy *my reputation.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

We

We are her ſlaves; and that proud impudence
That dares diſparage her, this ſword, my lord——
1 *Serv.* They are raſcals baſe, the ſons of common women,
That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her: When we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i'th' gallies——
2 *Serv.* Brand us for villains!
*Flor.* Why, ſure I dream! theſe are all ſaints.
*Otr.* Go, and live all her ſlaves.
*Ger.* We're proud to do it. [*Exeunt Servants.*
*Otr.* What think you now? Am not I able, Florimel,
Yet to preſerve you?
*Flor.* I'm bound to your lordſhip;
You are all honour! And, good my lord, but grant me,
Until tomorrow, leave to weigh my fortunes;
I'll give you a free anſwer, perhaps a pleaſing;
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisfy you.
*Otr.* Take your good time. This kiſs! 'till then, farewell, ſweet! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Antonio, Martino, and Buſtopha.*

*Mart.* BY all means diſcharge your follower.
*Ant.* If we can get him off.
Sirrah, Buſtopha, thou muſt needs run back.
*Buſt.* But I muſt not, unleſs you ſend a bier,
Or a lictor at my back: I do not uſe
To run from my friends.
*Ant.* Well, go! will ſerve turn; I have forgot——
*Buſt.* What, Sir?
*Ant.* See, if I can think on't now!
*Buſt.* I know what 'tis now.
*Ant.* A piſtolet of that!
*Buſt.* Done! You've forgot
A device to ſend me away. You're going
A-ſmocking perhaps?

*Mart.* His own! due, due i'faith, Antonio;
The piſtolet is his own!
*Ant.* I confeſs it:
There 'tis! Now if you could afford out of it
A reaſonable excuſe to mine uncle——
*Buſt.* Yes, I can;
But an excuſe will not ſerve your turn: It muſt be
A lie, a full lie; 'twill do no good elſe.
If you'll go to the price of that——
*Ant.* Is a lie
Dearer than an excuſe?
*Buſt.* Oh, treble; this is
The price of an excuſe; but a lie is two more.
Look, how many foils go to a fair fall,
So many excuſes to a full lie; and leſs
Cannot ſerve your turn, let any taylor i'th' town make it.
*Mart.* Why, 'tis reaſonable; give him his price:
Let it be large enough now!
*Buſt.* I'll warrant you;
Cover him all over.
*Ant.* I would have proof of one now.
*Buſt.* What, ſkale[34] my invention beforehand? You ſhall
Pardon me for that! Well, I'll commend you to your uncle,
And tell him you'll be at home at ſupper with him.
*Ant.* By no means; I cannot come to-night, man.
*Buſt.* I know that too: You do not know a lie
When you ſee it.
*Mart.* Remember
It muſt ſtretch for all night.
*Buſt.* I ſhall want ſtuff:

---

[34] Scale *my invention.*] Sympſon ſubſtitutes *ſtale* for *ſcale*; which word we have reſtored on the following authority, quoted by Steevens in a note on Coriolanus: 'In the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of Virgil the following account of the word is given. *Skail*, *ſkale*, to *ſcatter*, to *ſpread*, perhaps from the Fr. *eſcheveler*, Ital. *ſcapigliare*, crines paſſos, ſeu ſparſos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *eſcheveler*, *ſchevel*, *ſkail*; but of a more general ſignification.'

I doubt

I doubt 'twill come to th' other piſtolet.

*Ant.* Well, lay out; you ſhall be no loſer, Sir.

*Buſt.* It muſt be fac'd, you know; there will be a yard
Of diſſimulation at leaſt, city-meaſure,
And cut upon an untroth or two; lin'd with fables,
That muſt needs be, cold weather's coming; if it had a galloon
Of hypocriſy, 'twould do well; and hook'd together
With a couple of conceits, that's neceſſity.
Well, I'll bring in my bill: I'll warrant you
As fair a lie by that time I have done with it,
As any gentleman i'th' town can ſwear to,
If he would betray his lord and maſter. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* So, ſo, this neceſſary trouble's over.

*Mart.* I would you had bought an excuſe of him
Before he went; you'll want one for Iſmenia.

*Ant.* Tuſh, there needs none, there's no ſuſpicion yet;
And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,
In a faſt tie with my fair Iſabel?

*Enter Buſtopha.*

*Mart.* Yes,
You'll find your errand is before you now.

*Buſt.* Oh, gentlemen, look to yourſelves! ye are
Men of another world elſe: Your enemies
Are upon you! the old houſe of the Bellides
Will fall upon your heads. Signor Liſauro——

*Ant.* Liſauro?

*Buſt.* And don what call you him? he's a gentleman,
Yet he has but a yeoman's name. Don Tarſo,
Tarſo, and a dozen at their heels.

*Ant.* Liſauro, Terzo, nor a dozen more,
Shall fright me from my ground, nor ſhun my path,
Let 'em come on in their ableſt fury.

*Mart.* 'Tis worthily reſolved; I'll ſtand by you, Sir.
This way! I am thy true friend.

*Buſt.* I'll be gone, Sir,

That one may live to tell what is become of you.—
Put up, put up! Will you never learn to know
A lie from an Æſop's fables? There's a taſte for you
now! [*Exit.*

*Enter Iſmenia and Aminta.*

*Mart.* Look, Sir! what time of day is it?
*Ant.* I know not;
My eyes go falſe, I dare not truſt 'em now!
I prithee tell me, Martin', if thou canſt,
Is that Iſmenia or Iſabella?
*Mart.* This is the lady; forget not Iſabella.
*Ant.* If this face may be borrow'd and lent out,
If't can ſhift ſhoulders, and take other tires,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it——
*Iſm.* Be ſudden:
I cannot hold out long. [*Exit Aminta.*
*Mart.* Believe't, ſhe frowns.
*Ant.* Let it come, ſhe cannot frown me off on't.
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer!
How do you, lady, ſince yeſterday's pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith——
*Iſm.* I think you were.
*Ant.* What, lady?
*Iſm.* Weary of your faith; it is a burthen
That men faint under, tho' they bear little of it.
*Mart.* So! this is to the purpoſe.
*Ant.* You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.
*Iſm.* From whence, Sir?

*Enter Aminta.*

*Amin.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman without deſires
To ſpeak with you.
*Ant.* They were
Pretty homely toys; but your preſence
Made them illuſtrious.
*Iſm.* My couſin ſpeaks to you.
*Amin.* A gentlewoman, Sir; Iſabella.

She

She names herſelf.

*Mart.* So, ſo! it hits finely now.

*Ant.* Name yourſelf how you pleaſe, ſpeak what you pleaſe,
I'll hear you chearfully.

*Iſm.* You are not well;
Requeſt her in, ſhe may have more acquaintance
With his paſſions, and better cure for 'em.

*Amin.* She's nice in that, madam: Poor ſoul, it ſeems
She's fearful of your diſpleaſure.

*Iſm.* I'll quit her
From that preſently, and bring her in myſelf. [*Exit.*

*Mart.* How careleſly do you behave yourſelf,
When you ſhould call all your beſt faculties
To counſel in you! How will you anſwer
The breach you made with fair Iſmenia?
Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your ſhame; you need no more
Enemies of the houſe, but the lady now:
You ſhall have your diſpatch.

*Enter Iſmenia like Juno.*

*Ant.* Give me that face,
And I am ſatisfied, upon whoſe ſhoulders
Soe'er it grows. Juno, deliver us
Out of this amazement! Beſeech you, goddeſs,
Tell us of our friends; how does Iſmenia?
And how does Iſabella? Both in good health
I hope, as you yourſelf are.

*Iſm.* I'm at furtheſt [*Aſide.*
In my counterfeit.—My Antonio,
I've matter againſt you may need pardon,
As I muſt crave of you.

*Ant.* Obſerve you, Sir,
What evidence is come againſt me! What think you
The Hydra-headed jury will ſay to't?

*Mart.* 'Tis I am fool'd;
My hopes are pour'd into the bottomleſs tubs.

'Tis labour for the houſe of Bellides;
I muſt not ſeem ſo yet.—But in ſooth, lady,
Did you imagine your changeable face
Hid you from me? By this hand, I knew you!

*Ant.* I went by th' face: And by theſe eyes I might
Have been deceiv'd.

*Iſm.* You might indeed, Antonio;
For this gentleman did vow to Iſabella,
That he it was that lov'd Iſmenia,
And not Antonio.

*Mart.* Good! and was not that
A manifeſt confeſſion that I knew you?
I elſe had been unjuſt unto my friend.
'Twas well remember'd! there I found you out;
And ſpeak your conſcience now.

*Ant.* But did he ſo proteſt?

*Iſm.* Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio
Wedded Iſabella, Iſmenia
Had not been loſt; there had been her lover.

*Ant.* Why, much good do you, friend! take her to you;
I crave but one; here have I my wiſh full:
I am glad we ſhall be ſo near neighbours.

*Mart.* Take both, Sir; Juno to boot, three parts in one;
St. Hilarie bleſs you[35]! Now opportunity
Beware to meet with falſhood, if thou canſt
Shun it, my friend's faith's turning from him.

*Iſm.* Might I not juſtly accuſe Antonio
For a love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confeſs troth now?

*Ant.* Here was my guide; where-e'er I find this face
I am a lover. Marry, I muſt not miſs
This freckle then, (I have the number of 'em)
Nor this dimple; not a ſilk from this brow;

---

[35] *St. Hilarie bleſs you.*] Here I think Martino's ſpeech ſhould end, and Antonio ſpeak the remainder.

*My friend's faith's turning from him,*

plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraidings to Martino. *Seward.*

I carry

I carry the full idea ever with me.
If nature can ſo punctually parallel,
I may be cozen'd.
*Iſm.* Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love muſt now
Come to our enemies' hands, where neither part
Will ever give conſent to it.
*Ant.* Moſt certain:
For which reaſon it muſt not be put to 'em.
Have we not prevention in our own hands?
Shall I walk by the tree, deſire the fruit,
Yet be ſo nice[16] to pull, 'till I aſk leave
O'th' churliſh gardener, that will deny me?
*Iſm.* Oh, Antonio!
*Ant.* 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is ſaid.
*Iſm.* That holy act's to come.
*Mart.* You may ope an oyſter or two before grace.
*Ant.* Are there not double vows, as valuable
And as well ſpoke as any friar utters?
Heaven has heard all.
*Iſm.* Yes; but ſtays the bleſſing,
'Till all dues be done: Heav'n's not ſerv'd by halves:
We ſhall have ne'er a father's bleſſing here;
Let us not loſe the better from above!
*Ant.* You take up weapons of unequal force;
It ſhews you cowardly. Hark in your ear!
*Amin.* Have I loſt all employment? 'Would this proffer
Had been to me, tho' I had paid it with
A reaſonable penance!
*Mart.* Have I paſt
All thy fore-lock, Time? I'll ſtretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again, (do but look back
Over thy ſhoulder) and have a pull at thee.
*Iſm.* I hear you, Sir; nor can I hear too much

[16] *Yet be ſo nice to pull.*] Sympſon thinks we ſhould read, *Yet be ſo nice* as not *to pull. So nice to pull* means to *ſcruple pulling, be ſo nice about it*; and is right.

While you ſpeak well: You know th' accuſtom'd place
Of our night-parley; if you can aſcend,
The window ſhall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted churchman to bid you welcome.

*Ant.* I'd meet no other man.

*Iſm.* Aminta, you hear this.

*Amin.* With joy, madam, 'cauſe it pleaſes you:
It may be mine own caſe another time.
How you go the right way, aſk the bans out;
Put it paſt father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're ſure. Sir, your Hymen taper
I'll light up for you; the window ſhall ſhew you
The way to Seſtos.

*Ant.* I will venture drowning.

*Mart.* The ſimile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You muſt aſcend your caſtle by a ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.

*Ant.* Leave me to climb it.

*Mart.* If I do turn you off?

*Ant.* 'Till night, farewell! then better.

*Iſm.* Beſt it ſhould be;
But peeviſh hatred keeps back that decree. [*Exeunt.*

*Mart.* I never look'd ſo ſmooth as now I purpoſe:
And then, beware! Knave is at worſt of knave
When he ſmiles beſt, and the moſt ſeems to ſave. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Julio.*

*Julio.* My mind's unquiet; while Antonio
My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home;
Only my fears ſtay with me; bad company!
But I cannot ſhift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the houſe of Bellides and us
Is not fair war; 'tis civil, but uncivil:
We are near neighbours; were of love as near,
'Till a croſs miſconſtruction ('twas no more,
In conſcience) put us ſo far aſunder:

I would

I would 'twere reconciled! it has laſted
Too many ſun-ſets. If grace might moderate,
Man ſhould not loſe ſo many days of peace,
To ſatisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I ſent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

*Enter Buſtopha.*

*Buſt.* No, I muſt not——
*Julio.* Ha! he is come.
*Buſt.* I muſt not;
'Twill break his heart to hear it.
*Julio.* How! there's bad tidings:
I muſt obſcure and hear it; he'll not tell me,
For breaking of my heart; it is half ſplit already.
*Buſt.* I have ſpied him: Now to knock down a don
With a lie, a ſilly harmleſs lie! 'twill be
Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.
*Julio.* I cannot hear him now.
*Buſt.* Oh, the bloody days that we live in!
The envious, malicious, deadly days,
That we draw breath in.
*Julio.* Now I hear too loud.
*Buſt.* The children that never ſhall be born may rue it;
For men that are ſlain now, might have liv'd
To have got children, that might have curs'd
Their fathers.
*Julio.* Oh, my poſterity is ruin'd!
*Buſt.* Oh, ſweet Antonio!
*Julio.* Oh, dear Antonio!
*Buſt.* Yet it was nobly done of both parts:
When he and Liſauro met——
*Julio.* Oh, death has parted 'em!
*Buſt.* Welcome, my mortal foe, ſays one! Welcome,
My deadly enemy, ſays t'other! Off go their doublets,
They in their ſhirts, and their ſwords ſtark naked;
Here lies Antonio, here lies Liſauro;

He comes upon him with an embroccado,
That he puts by with a *punčta reverſa*; Liſauro
Recoils me two paces, and ſome ſix inches back,
Takes his career, and then, oh——
*Julio.* Oh!
*Buſt.* Runs Antonio
Quite thro'——
*Julio.* Oh, villain!
*Buſt.* Quite thro' between the arm
And the body; ſo that he had no hurt at that bout,
*Julio.* Goodneſs be prais'd!
*Buſt.* But then, at next encounter,
He fetches me up Liſauro; Liſauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a paſſado, Antonio's foot
Slipping down, oh, down——
*Julio.* Oh, now thou art loſt!
*Buſt.* Oh, but the quality of the thing; both gentlemen,
Both Spaniſh Chriſtians: Yet one man to ſhed——
*Julio.* Say his enemies' blood.
*Buſt.* His hair, may come
By divers caſualties, tho' he never go
Into the field with his foe; but a man
To loſe nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a ſcruple at another,
And to live 'till he die in cold blood—Yet the ſurgeon,
That cur'd him, ſaid if *pia mater* had not
Been periſh'd, he had been a lives man
'Till this day.
*Julio.* There he concludes he is gone.
*Buſt.* But all this is nothing: Now I come to the point——
*Julio.* Ay, the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half ſo deep.
*Buſt.* Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
With telling of a tale—Oh, foul tale! No; be ſilent, tale.
Furthermore, there is the charge of burial;
Every one will cry *blacks, blacks*, that had

But

But the leaſt finger dipt in his blood, tho' ten
Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover,
The ſurgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid:
Sugar-plums and ſweet-breads! yet, I ſay,
The man may recover again, and die in his bed.

*Julio.* What motley ſtuff is this? Sirrah, ſpeak truth,
What hath befall'n my dear Antonio?
Reſtrain your pity in concealing it!
Tell me the danger full; take off your care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my death! what thou keep'ſt back from truth
Thou ſhalt ſpeak in pain; do not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor ſo much fleſh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might ſup on; diſpatch, or be diſpatch'd!

*Buſt.* Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that Antonio
Is a man of God's making to this hour;
'Tis not two ſince I left him ſo.

*Julio.* Where didſt thou leave him?

*Buſt.* In the ſame cloaths he had on when he went from you.

*Julio.* Does he live?

*Buſt.* I ſaw him drink.

*Julio.* Is he not wounded?

*Buſt.* He may have a cut i' th' leg by this time;
For don Martino and he were at whole ſlaſhes.

*Julio.* Met he not with Liſauro?

*Buſt.* I do not know her.

*Julio.* Her? Liſauro is a man, as he is.

*Buſt.* I ſaw
Ne'er a man like him.

*Julio.* Didſt thou not diſcourſe
A fight betwixt Antonio and Liſauro?

*Buſt.* Ay, to myſelf;
I hope a man may give himſelf the lie
If it pleaſe him.

*Julio.* Didſt thou lie then?

*Buſt.* As ſure as you live now.

*Julio.*

*Julio.* I live
The happier by it. When will he return?
*Buſt.* That he ſent me to tell you; within theſe
Ten days at furtheſt.
*Julio.* Ten days? he's not wont
To be abſent two.
*Buſt.* Nor I think he will not; he ſaid he would be at home
Tomorrow; but I love to ſpeak within
My compaſs.
*Julio.* You ſhall ſpeak within mine, Sir, now.
Within there! Take this fellow into cuſtody!

*Enter Servants.*

Keep him ſafe, I charge you!
*Buſt.* Safe? Do you hear? take notice
What plight you find me in; if there want but a collop,
Or a ſteak o' me, look to't!
*Julio.* If my nephew
Return not in his health tomorrow, thou goeſt
To the rack.
*Buſt.* Let me go to th' manger firſt;
I had rather eat oats than hay. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bellides with a letter.*

*Bel.* By your leave, Sir.
*Julio.* For aught I know yet, you are welcome, Sir.
*Bel.* Read that, and tell me ſo; or if thy ſpectacles
Be not eaſy, keep thy noſe unſadled, and ope
Thine ears: I can ſpeak thee the contents; I made 'em.
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I ſcorn to hire my ſecond to deliver't,
I bring't myſelf. Doſt know me, Julio?
*Julio.* Bellides?
*Bel.* Yes; is not thy hair on end now?
*Julio.* Somewhat amaz'd at thy raſh hardneſs:
How durſt thou come ſo near thine enemy?
*Bel.* Durſt?

I dare

I dare come nearer: Thou art a fool, Julio.

*Julio.* Take it home to thee, with a knave to boot.

*Bel.* Knave to thy teeth again! and all that's quit.
Give me not a fool more than I give thee,
Or, if thou doſt, look to hear on't again.

*Julio.* What an encounter's this!

*Bel.* A noble one!
My hand is to my words; thou haſt it there:
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'ſt, be
Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

*Julio.* Be friends with thee?

*Bel.* I'll ſhew thee reaſons for't:
A pair of old coxcombs, (now we go together)
Such as ſhould ſtand examples of diſcretion,
The rules of grammar to unwilling youth
To take out leſſons by; we, that ſhould check
And quench the raging fire in others' bloods,
We ſtrike the battle to deſtruction?
Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe
It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy conſcience; how haſt thou ſlept this month,
Since this fiend haunted us?

*Julio.* Sure ſome good angel
Was with us both laſt night! Speak thou truth now;
Was it not laſt night's motion?

*Bel.* Doſt not think
I would not lay hold of it at firſt proffer?
Should I ne'er ſleep again?

*Julio.* Take not all from me;
I'll tell the doctrine of my viſion.
Say that Antonio, beſt of thy blood,
Or any one, the leaſt allied to thee,
Should be the prey unto Liſauro's ſword,
Or any of the houſe of Bellides——

*Bel.* Mine was the juſt inverſion; on, on!

*Julio.* How would thine eyes have emptied thee in ſorrow,
And left the conduit of Nature dry!
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,

And

And broke the glaſſes! with thine own curſes
Have torn thy ſoul, left thee a ſtatue
To propagate thy next poſterity!

*Bel.* Yes, and thou cauſer! (ſo it ſaid to me,)
They fight but your miſchiefs; the young men were friends,
As is the life and blood coagulate,
And curded in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A legacy of blood to kill each other
Throughout your generations. Was't not ſo?

*Julio.* Word for word.

*Bel.* Nay, I can go further yet.

*Julio.* 'Tis far enough: Let us atone it here
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendſhip new again.

*Bel.* The ſign's in Gemini;
An auſpicious houſe! 'thas join'd both ours again.

*Julio.* You can't proclaim me coward now, don Bellides.

*Bel.* No; thou'rt a valiant fellow; ſo am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the laſt leg
I have to ſtand on, or breath or life left.

*Julio.* This is the ſalt unto humanity,
And keeps it ſweet.

*Bel.* Love! oh, life ſtinks without it.—
I can tell you news.

*Julio.* Good has long been wanting.

*Bel.* I do ſuſpect, and I have ſome proof on't,
(So far as a love-epiſtle comes to)
That Antonio (your nephew) and my daughter
Iſmenia are very good friends before us.

*Julio.* That were a double wall about our houſes,
Which I could wiſh were builded.

*Bel.* I had it from
Antonio's intimate, don Martino:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly part
To ſhew it me.

*Julio.* Perhaps 'twas his conſent:

Lovers

Lovers have policies as well as ſtateſmen;
They look not always at the mark they aim at.
*Bel.* We'll take up cudgels, and have one bout with 'em.
They ſhall know nothing of this union;
And, 'till they find themſelves moſt deſperate,
Succour ſhall never ſee 'em.
*Julio.* I'll take your part, Sir.
*Bel.* It grows late; there's a happy day paſt us.
*Julio.* The example I hope to all behind it. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Aminta above, with a taper.*

*Amin.* Stand fair, light of Love[37]! which epithet and place
Adds to thee honour, to me 'twould be ſhame.
We muſt be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the land-mark; but if Love be blind,
(As many that can ſee have ſo reported)
What benefit canſt thou be to his darkneſs?
Love is a jewel (ſome ſay) ineſtimable[38],
But hung at the ear, deprives our own ſight,
And ſo it ſhines to others, not ourſelves.
I ſpeak my ſkill; I have only heard on't,
But I could wiſh a nearer document.
Alas, the ignorant deſire to know!

---

[37] *Light* of *love.*] Theobald is for reading, *light love.*

[38] *Love is a jewel (ſome ſay) ineſtimable,*
*But hung at the ear,* deprives *our own ſight.*] What the Poets deſigned to ſay ſeems to be this, *viz. That the jewel of love being hung at the ear, is unſeen by them that affixed it there*; but as this is not poſſible to be made of the words as they ſtand, I imagine the line might originally run thus,

*Love is a jewel*———
*But hung at th' ear is* depriv'd *our own ſight.* *Sympſon.*

We think the Poets deſigned to compare love to a jewel, whoſe luſtre is ſeen by the reſt of the world, and not by the *wearer.* The mode of phraſe in the text is peculiar, but we believe genuine; and what editor has a right to alter it?

Some

Some ſay, Love's but a toy, and with a but——
Now, methinks, I ſhould love it ne'er the worſe;
A toy is harmleſs ſure, and may be play'd with;
It ſeldom goes without his adjunct, *pretty*,
'A pretty toy,' we ſay; 'tis metre to *joy* too.
Well, here may be a mad night yet, for all this!
Here's a prieſt ready, and a lady ready;
A chamber ready, and a bed ready;
'Tis then but making unready, and that's ſoon done:
My lady is my couſin; I myſelf;
Which is neareſt then? My deſires are mine;
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worſer cauſe.
I muſt go queſtion with my conſcience:
I have the word; centinel, do thou ſtand;
Thou ſhalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [*Exit.*

*Enter Antonio and Martino.*

*Ant.* Are we not dog'd behind us, think'ſt thou, friend?

*Mart.* I heard not one bark, Sir.

*Ant.* There are that bite
And bark not, man; methought I ſpied two fellows
That thro' two ſtreets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eyes ſuſpiciouſly upon us.

*Mart.* Your jealouſy, nothing elſe; or ſuch perhaps
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like buſineſs? but, for your fear's ſake,
I'll adviſe and entreat one courteſy.

*Ant.* What is that, friend?

*Mart.* I will not be denied, Sir;
Change your upper garments with me.

*Ant.* It needs not.

*Mart.* I think ſo too; but I will have it ſo,
If you dare truſt me with the better, Sir.

*Ant.* Nay then——

*Mart.* If there ſhould be danger towards,
There will be the main mark, I'm ſure.

*Ant.* Here thou tak'ſt from me——

*Mart.*

*Mart.* Tuſh! the general
Muſt be ſafe, howe'er the battle goes.
See you the beacon yonder?
*Ant.* Yes; we're near ſhore.

*Enter two Gentlemen, with weapons drawn; they ſet upon Martino; Antonio purſues them out in reſcue of Martino.*

*Mart.* Come, land, land! you muſt clamber by the cliff;
Here are no ſtairs to riſe by.
*Ant.* Ay! are you there? [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

*Enter Aminta above, and Martino returned again aſcends.*

*Amin.* Antonio?
*Mart.* Yes. Iſmenia?
*Amin.* Thine own.
*Mart.* Quench the light; thine eyes are guides illuſtrious.
*Amin.* 'Tis neceſſary. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Your legs have ſav'd your lives[39], whoe'er ye are.
Friend! Martin'! where art thou? not hurt, I hope!
Sure I was furtheſt i' th' purſuit of 'em.
My pleaſures are forgotten thro' my fears!
The light's extinct! it was diſcreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the broil,
And fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up:
I do commend the heed. Oh, but my friend,
I fear he's hurt! Friend! friend! It cannot be
So mortal, that I ſhould loſe thee quite, friend!
A groan! any thing that may diſcover thee!
Thou art not ſunk ſo far, but I might hear thee.
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canſt fall;
Friend! don Martino! I muſt anſwer for thee,
('Twas in my cauſe thou fell'ſt) if thou be'ſt down.

39 Mart. *Your legs have ſav'd*, &c.] The error of giving this ſpeech to *Martino* corrected by Sympſon.

Such dangers ſtand betwixt us and our joys,
That, ſhould we forethink ere we undertake,
We'd ſit at home, and ſave.—What a night's here!
Purpos'd for ſo much joy, and now diſpos'd
To ſo much wretchedneſs! I ſhall not reſt in't!
If I had all my pleaſures there within,
I ſhould not entertain 'em with a ſmile.
Good-night to you! Mine will be black and ſad;
A friend cannot, a woman may be bad. [*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Iſmenia and Aminta.*

*Iſm.* OH, thou falſe——
*Amin.* Do your daring'ſt! he's mine own,
Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
Totally mine.
*Iſm.* Dareſt thou face thy falſhood?
*Amin.* Shall I not give a welcome to my wiſhes,
Come home ſo ſweetly? Farewell, your company,
'Till you be calmer, woman! [*Exit.*
*Iſm.* Oh, what a heap
Of miſery has one night brought with it!

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Where is he? Do you turn your ſhame from me?
You're a blind adultereſs! you know you are.
*Iſm.* How's that, Antonio?
*Ant.* 'Till I have vengeance,
Your ſin's not pardonable! I will have him,
If hell hide him not! you've had your laſt of him. [*Ex.*
*Iſm.* What did he ſpeak? I underſtood him not!
He call'd me a foul name; it was not mine;
He took me for another ſure.

*Enter*

*Enter Bellides.*

*Bel.* Ha! are you there?
Where is your ſweetheart? I have found you, traytor
To my houſe! wilt league with mine enemy?
You'll ſhed his blood, you'll ſay: Ha! will you ſo?
And fight with your heels upwards? No, minion;
I have a huſband for you, (ſince you're ſo rank)
And ſuch a huſband as thou ſhalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?
*Iſm.* It thunders with the ſtorm now.
*Bel.* And to-night
I'll have it diſpatch'd; I'll make it ſure, I!
By tomorrow this time thy maidenhead
Shall not be worth a chicken[40], if it were
Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you before me:
Shough, ſhough! up to your coop, pea-hen!
*Iſm.* Then I'll try my wings. [*Exit.*
*Bel.* Ay? are you good at that? ſtop, ſtop thief!
ſtop there! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Otrante, and Florimel ſinging.*

*Flor.* Now having leiſure, and a happy wind,
Thou mayſt at pleaſure cauſe the ſtones to grind;
Sails ſpread, and griſt here ready to be ground;
Fy, ſtand not idly, but let the mill go round!

---

[40] *Shall not be worth a* chicken.] In this place the unknown gentleman reads thus,

——— *worth a* chequin,

And adds that Sir Iſaac Newton in his tables of gold and ſilver coins ſays, *ſequin*, *chequin*, or *zacheen* is a gold Venetian coin, worth nine and ſixpence. It may be ſo, but yet my friend will, I hope, pardon me if I have not altered the line according to his direction, for I am not ſure, that there is not a double entendre couched under this word, which will be loſt by his propos'd correction of the text. *Sympſon.*

We apprehend the old man's meaning is, 'Thy maidenhead ſhall 'not be worth a *chicken*, which (on a great demand for viands) has 'been killed without fatting.'

*Otr.* Why doſt thou ſing and dance thus? why ſo merry?
Why doſt thou look ſo wantonly upon me?
And kiſs my hands?
*Flor.* If I were high enough,
I'd kiſs your lips too.
*Otr.* Do! this is ſome kindneſs;
This taſtes of willingneſs; nay, you may kiſs ſtill.
But why o' th' ſudden now does the fit take you,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why theſe ſweet curt'ſies?
E'en now you would have bluſh'd to death to kiſs thus:
Prithee, let me be prepar'd to meet thy kindneſs!
I ſhall be unfurniſh'd elſe to hold thee play, wench;
Stay now a little, and delay your bleſſings!
If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your ſtrictneſs to me,
It is ſo ſudden, it wants circumſtance.
*Flor.* Fy, how dull!
How long ſhall I pine for love?
How long ſhall I ſue in vain?
How long, like the turtle-dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the ſails of my love ſtand ſtill?
Shall the griſt of my hopes be unground?
Oh fy, oh fy, oh fy!
Let the mill, let the mill go round!
*Otr.* Prithee be calm a little!
Thou mak'ſt me wonder; thou that wert ſo ſtrange,
And read ſuch pious rules to my behaviour
But yeſternight; thou that wert made of modeſty,
Shouldſt in a few ſhort minutes turn thus deſp'rate!
*Flor.* You are too cold.
*Otr.* I do confeſs I freeze now!
I am another thing, all over me.
It is my part to wooe, not to be courted
Unfold this riddle; 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o' th' inſtant, ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A ſeparation of your honeſt carriage

From

From the deſires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——
*Flor.* I will tell you,
And tell you ſeriouſly, why I appear thus,
To hold you no more ignorant and blinded:
I have no modeſty; I'm truly wanton;
I'm that you look for, Sir: Now, come up roundly!
If my ſtrict face and counterfeited ſtayedneſs
Could have won on you, I had caught you that way,
And you ſhould ne'er have come t' have known who hurt you.
Prithee, ſweet count, be more familiar with me!
However we are open in our natures,
And apt to more deſires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloſs of good on't.
I ſaw you touch'd not at the bait of Chaſtity,
And that it grew diſtaſteful to your palate
To appear ſo holy; therefore I take my true ſhape:
Is your bed ready, Sir? you ſhall quickly find me.

On the bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the rights that belong to love?
No, no; there I'll wóoe thee with a crown,
Crown our deſires;
Kindle the fires,
When love requires we ſhould wanton prove,
We'll kiſs, we'll ſport, we'll laugh, we'll play;
If thou com'ſt ſhort, for thee I'll ſtay;
If thou unſkilful art, on the ground
I'll kindly teach;—we'll have the mill go round.

*Otr.* Are you no, maid?
*Flor.* Alas, my lord, no certain;
I'm ſorry you're ſo innocent to think ſo.
Is this an age for ſilly maids to thrive in?
It is ſo long too ſince I loſt it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What ſhould you do with maidenheads? you hate 'em;

They're peeviſh, pettiſh things, that hold no game up,
No pleaſure neither; they are ſport for ſurgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond maidenhead:
A fair and eaſy way men travel right in,
And with delight, diſcourſe, and twenty pleaſures,
They enjoy their journey; mad men creep thro' hedges.

*Otr.* I'm metamorphos'd! Why do you appear,
I conjure you, beyond belief thus wanton?

*Flor.* Becauſe I would give you pleaſure beyond belief.

Think me ſtill in my father's mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd ſack,
While the mill has ſtill gone round-a:
Prithee, ſirrah, try thy ſkill;
And again let the mill go round-a!

*Otr.* Then you have traded?

*Flor.* Traded? how ſhould I know elſe how to live, Sir,
And how to ſatisfy ſuch lords as you are,
Our beſt gueſts and our richeſt?

*Otr.* How I ſhake now!
You take no baſe men?

*Flor.* Any that will offer;
All manner of men, and all religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all ſtates and ages;
We exempt none.

The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, tho' ne'er ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whilſt that the mill goes round.

*Otr.* You are a common thing then?

*Flor.* No matter, ſince you have your private pleaſure,
And have it by an artiſt excellent:

Whether

Whether I am thus, or thus, your men can tell you.
*Otr.* My men? defend me! how I freeze together,
And am on ice! Do I bite at ſuch an orange?
After my men? I am preferr'd!
*Flor.* Why ſtay you?
Why do we talk, my lord, and loſe our time?
Pleaſure was made for lips, and ſweet embraces;
Let lawyers uſe their tongues!—Pardon me, Modeſty!
This deſp'rate way muſt help; or I am miſerable.
*Otr.* She turns, and wipes her face; ſhe weeps for certain!
Some new way now; ſhe cannot be thus beaſtly;
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looſeneſs,
The art of lewdneſs [41]. That, that, that—How now, Sir?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The king, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, is alighted
Cloſe at the gate.
*Otr.* The king?
*Serv.* And calls for you, Sir;
Means to breakfaſt here too.
*Flor.* Then I'm happy!
*Otr.* Stolen ſo ſuddenly? Go, lock her up;
Lock her up where the courtiers may not ſee her;
Lock her up cloſely, ſirrah, in my cloſet.
*Serv.* I will, my lord. What, does ſhe yield yet?
*Otr.* Peace!
She's either a damn'd devil, or an angel.
No noiſe, upon your life, dame, but all ſilence!
[*Exeunt Flor. and Serv.*

[41] *The art of lewdneſs.*] However Florimel's language ſhews that ſhe had heard of the elements at leaſt of looſeneſs, yet I think Otrante ſhould ſay, that he did not believe ſhe knew the practical part of it, and ſo I would read,

*Not th' art of lewdneſs*——

Or rather thus,

*Not th' act of lewdneſs. Art* and *act* being often confounded both in Shakeſpear and our Authors. *Seward.*

The reſt of the ſpeech ſeems to confirm the old reading.

*Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Liſauro, and Terzo.*

*Otr.* Your majeſty heaps too much honour on me,
With ſuch delight to view each ſeveral corner
Of a rude pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.
*Phil.* Methinks 'tis handſome, and the rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd; the gallery
Stands pleaſantly and ſweet. What rooms are theſe?
*Otr.* They're ſluttiſh ones.
*Phil.* Nay, I muſt ſee.
*Otr.* Pray you do, Sir.
They're lodging-chambers o'er a homely garden.
*Phil.* Fit ſtill, and handſome; very well! and thoſe?
*Otr.* Thoſe lead to th' other ſide o' th' houſe, an't like you.
*Phil.* Let me ſee thoſe.
*Otr.* You may; the doors are open.—
What ſhould this view mean? I am half ſuſpicious,
*Phil.* This little room?
*Otr.* 'Tis mean; a place for traſh, Sir,
For rubbiſh of the houſe.
*Phil.* I would ſee this too:
I will ſee all.
*Otr.* I beſeech your majeſty!
The ſavour of it, and the coarſe appearance——
*Phil.* 'Tis not ſo bad; you'd not offend your houſe with't:
Come, let me ſee.
*Otr.* Faith, Sir——
*Phil.* I'faith, I will ſee.
*Otr.* My groom has the key, Sir; and 'tis ten to one—
*Phil.* But I will ſee it. Force the lock, my lords!
There be ſmiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep ſome rare things here, you would not ſhew, Sir.

*Florimel diſcovered.*

*Terzo.* Here's a fair maid indeed!
*Phil.* By my faith is ſhe;

A handſome

A handſome girl!—Come forward! do not fear, wench.
Ay, marry, here's a treaſure worth concealing.
Call in the miller.

*Otr.* Then I am diſcover'd!—
I'll confeſs all before the miller comes, Sir:
'Twas but intention; from all act I'm clear yet.

*Enter Franio.*

*Phil.* Is this your daughter?

*Fra.* Yes, an't pleaſe your highneſs,
This is the ſhape of her; for her ſubſtance, Sir,
Whether ſhe be now honourable or diſhonourable,
Whether ſhe be a white roſe, or a canker, is the queſtion.
I thank my lord, he made bold with my filly:
If ſhe be for your pace, you had beſt preſerve her, Sir;
She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken handſomely!

*Phil.* Maid, were you ſtol'n?

*Flor.* I went not willingly,
An't pleaſe your Grace; I was ne'er bred ſo boldly.

*Phil.* How has he us'd you?

*Flor.* Yet, Sir, very nobly.

*Phil.* Be ſure you tell truth. And be ſure, my lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell you,
You've loſt me, and yourſelf too! Speak again, wench.

*Flor.* He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I'm yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir!
Only I ſuffer'd under ſtrong temptations,
The heat of youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.—
My lord, I am no whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd elſe,
I had been miſerable; but I forgive you.

*Phil.* What recompenſe for this?

*Otr.* A great one, Sir;
Firſt a repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, ſweet!

*Flor.* I do, my lord.

*Otr.* I thank you!
The next, take this, and theſe; all I have, Florimel!

*Flor.*

*Flor.* No, good my lord, theſe often corrupt maidens;
I dare not touch at theſe, they're lime for virgins;
But if you'll give me——
*Otr.* Any thing in my power,
Or in my purchaſe.
*Flor.* Take heed, noble Sir!
You'll make me a bold aſker.
*Otr.* Aſk me freely.
*Flor.* Aſk you? I do aſk you, and I deſerve you;
I've kept you from a crying ſin would damn you
To men and time; I have preſerv'd your credit,
That would have died to all poſterity:
Curſes of maids ſhall never now afflict you,
Nor parents' bitter tears make your name barren.
If he deſerves well that redeems his country,
And as a patriot be remember'd nobly,
Nay, ſet the higheſt; may not I be worthy
To be your friend, that have preſerv'd your honour?
*Otr.* You are, and thus I take you; thus I ſeal you
Mine own, and only mine.
*Phil.* Count, ſhe deſerves you:
And let it be my happineſs to give you!
[*Gives her to Otrante.*
I've giv'n a virtuous maid now, I dare ſay it;
'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion, Sir;
And it ſhall be worthy you.
*Fra.* I'll ſell my mill,
I'll pay ſome too! I'll pay the fidlers,
And we'll have all i' th' country at this wedding.
Pray let me give her too: Here, my lord, take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kiſs her freely.
'Would I could give you all this hand has ſtol'n too,
In portion with her! 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now; get me a young miller!
*Vert.* She muſt have new cloaths.
*Terzo.* Yes.
*Vert.* Yes, marry muſt ſhe.
If't pleaſe ye, madam, let me ſee the ſtate of your body;
I'll fit you inſtantly.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Art not thou gone yet?
*Vert.* An't pleaſe your Grace, a gown, a handſome gown now,
An orient gown——
*Phil.* Nay, take thy pleaſure of her.
*Vert.* Of cloth of tiſſue—I can fit you, madam:
(My lords, ſtand out o' th' light!) a curious body!
The neateſt body in Spain this day—with embroider'd flowers,
A clinquant petticoat of ſome rich ſtuff,
To catch the eye: I have a thouſand faſhions.
Oh, ſleeve, oh, ſleeve! I'll ſtudy all night, madam,
To magnify your ſleeve.
*Otr.* Do, ſuperſtitious taylor,
When you've more time.
*Flor.* Make me no more than woman, and I'm thine.
*Otr.* Sir, happily my wardrobe, with your help,
May fit her inſtantly; will you try her?
*Vert.* If I fit her not, your wardrobe cannot:
But if the faſhion be not there, you mar her.

*Enter Antonio, Conſtable, and Officers.*

*Ant.* Is my offence ſo great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with raſcals? If it be law,
Let 'em be wild horſes rather than theſe.
*Phil.* What's that?
*Con.* This is a man ſuſpected of murder, if it pleaſe your Grace.
*Phil.* It pleaſes me not, friend; but who ſuſpects him?
*Con.* We that are your highneſs' extraordinary officers,
We that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.
*Phil.* 'Twill be a great charge to you.
*Con.* 'Tis a great charge indeed;
But then we call our neighbours to help us. This gentleman
And another were fallen out (yet's that's more
Than I am able to ſay, for I heard no words

Between

Between 'em, but what their weapons ſpoke, claſh, and clatter)
Which we ſeeing, came with our bills of government,
And firſt knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

*Phil.* And this you did to keep the peace?

*Con.* Yes, an't like your Grace,
We knock'd 'em down, to keep the peace: This we laid hold on,
The other we ſet in the ſtocks. That I could do
By mine own power, without your majeſty.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Phil.* How ſo, Sir?

*Con.* I am a ſhoemaker by my trade.

*Amin.* Oh, my huſband!
Why ſtands my huſband as a man endanger'd?
Reſtore him me, as you are merciful!
I'll anſwer for him.

*Ant.* What woman is this?
What huſband? Hold thy bawling! I know thee for no wife.

*Amin.* You married me laſt night.

*Ant.* Thou lieſt! I neither was
In church nor houſe laſt night, nor ſaw I thee.
A thing that was my friend, I ſcorn to name now,
Was with Iſmenia, like a thief, and there
He violated a ſacred truſt: This thou mayſt know, Aminta.

*Amin.* Are not you he?

*Ant.* No, nor a friend of his:
'Would I had killed him! I hope I have.

*Amin.* That was my huſband, royal Sir, that man,
That excellent man!

*Enter Bellides.*

*Ant.* That villain, that thief!

*Bel.* Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken!
This is mine enemy. Pardon, my ſovereign!

*Phil.* Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy!

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Mine own pardon, Sir, for my joy's rudeneſs.
In what place better could I meet my foe,
And both of us ſo well provided too?
He with ſome black blood-thirſty crime upon him,
That (ere the horſe-leech burſt) will ſuck him dry;
I with a ſecond accuſation,
Enough to break his neck, if need ſhould be;
And then to have e'en Juſtice' ſelf to right us[42]!
How ſhould I make my joys a little civil,
They might not keep this noiſe?

*Ant.* Here is ſome hope:
Should th' axe be dull, the halter is preparing.

*Phil.* What is your accuſation, Sir? We've heard the former.

*Enter Julio.*

*Bel.* Mine, my lord? A ſtrong one.

*Julio.* A falſe one, Sir,
At leaſt malicious; an evidence
Of hatred and deſpite: He would accuſe
My poor kinſman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking ſaw, the ſtealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak, Antonio, didſt thou ever ſee her?

*Ant.* Yes, Sir; I have ſeen her.

*Bel.* Ah, ha, friend Julio!

*Julio.* He might; but how? With an unheedful eye,
An accidental view, as men ſee multitudes,
That the next day dare not preciſely ſay
They ſaw that face, or that, amongſt 'em all.
Didſt thou ſo look on her?

---

[42] *Juſtice ſelf to right us*] Is from the moſt ancient edition; the octavo has it,

*Juſtice it ſelf*, &c.

The reading in the text completes the meaſure here, and I wiſh I could have done the ſame by the aſſiſtance of all the copies through the reſt of the play, for great part of it is ſo far from being verſe, that it has no pretence to any ſuch thing, and indeed in a multitude of places is neither better nor worſe than *proſe run mad*. *Sympſon.*

This juſtice to the meaſure has been attempted in this edition.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Guilty, guilty!
His looks hang themſelves.
*Phil.* Your patience, gentlemen!
I pray you tell me if I be in error;
I may ſpeak often when I ſhould but hear:
This is ſome ſhow you would preſent us with,
And I do interrupt it. Pray you ſpeak,
(It ſeems no more) is't any thing but a ſhow?
*Bel.* My lord, this gentlewoman can ſhew you all,
So could my daughter too, if ſhe were here:
By this time they are both immodeſt enough.
She is fled me, and I accuſe this thief for't.
Don Martino, his own friend, is my teſtimony;
A practis'd night-work!
*Phil.* That Martino's the other
In your cuſtody; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.
*Con.* We'll bring the ſtocks and all elſe,
An't pleaſe your Grace!

*Enter Buſtopha and Iſmenia.*

*Amin.* That man's my huſband certain,
Inſtead of this: Both would have deceiv'd, and both
Beguil'd [41].
*Buſt.* So ho, miller, miller! look out, miller!
Is there ne'er a miller amongſt you here, gentlemen?
*Terzo.* Yes, Sir, here is a miller amongſt gentlemen,
A gentleman miller.
*Buſt.* I ſhould not be far off then;
There went but a pair of ſheers and a bodkin between us.
Will you to work, miller? here is a maid
Has a ſack full of news for you: Shall your ſtones walk?

[41] *Both wou'd have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.*] What, *deceiv'd* and *beguil'd* too? Aminta purpos'd no ſuch tautology, but only that ſhe and Martino were two deſigning cheats, and had been as well fitted for their purpos'd knavery. But as the old reading does not, nay cannot make out this ſenſe, I ſuſpect we ſhou'd write thus,

*Both* (i.e. *of us*) *would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.*
*Sympſon.*

The old reading bears the ſame ſenſe.

Will

Will you grind, miller?
*Phil.* This your ſon, Franio?
*Fra.* My ungracious, my diſobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel ſon, my lord.
*Buſt.* Fy! your hopper runs over, miller.
*Fra.* This villain
(Of my own fleſh and blood) was acceſſary
To the ſtealing of my daughter.
*Buſt.* Oh mountain,
Shalt thou call a molehill a ſcab upon the face of the earth?
Tho' a man be a thief, ſhall
A miller call him ſo? Oh, egregious!
*Julio.* Remember, ſirrah, who you ſpeak before.
*Buſt.* I ſpeak before a miller, a thief in grain;
For he ſteals corn: He that ſteals a wench,
Is a true man to him.
*Phil.* Can you prove that?
You may help another cauſe that was in pleading.
*Buſt.* I'll prove it ſtrongly. He that ſteals corn, ſteals
The bread of the commonwealth; he that ſteals
A wench, ſteals but the fleſh.
*Phil.* And how
Is the bread-ſtealing more criminal than the fleſh?
*Buſt.* He that ſteals bread, ſteals that which is
Lawful every day; he that ſteals fleſh, ſteals nothing from the faſting day:
*Ergo*, to ſteal the bread is the arranter theft.
*Phil.* This is to ſome purpoſe.
*Buſt.* Again, he
That ſteals fleſh ſteals for his own belly full;
He that ſteals bread, robs the guts of others:
*Ergo*, the arranter thief the bread-ſtealer.
Again, he that ſteals fleſh, ſteals once, and gives over;
Yes, and often pays for it; the other
Steals every day, without ſatisfaction.
To conclude, bread-ſtealing is the more capital crime;

For

For what he ſteals, he puts it in at the head;
He that ſteals fleſh (as the Dutch author ſays)
Puts it in at the foot (the lower member).
Will you go as you are now, miller?

*Phil.* How has this ſatisfied you, don Bellides?

*Bel.* Nothing, my lord; my cauſe is ſerious!
I claim a daughter from that loving thief there.

*Ant.* I would I had her for you, Sir!

*Bel.* Ha, ha, Julio!

*Julio.* How ſaid you, Antonio! Wiſh you, you had his daughter?

*Ant.* With my ſoul I wiſh her; and my body
Shall periſh, but I will enjoy my ſoul's wiſh.
I would have ſlain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

*Julio.* Will you vex my ſoul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted? Come hither, girl!
Whoſe pretty maid art thou?

*Iſm.* The child of a poor man, Sir.

*Julio.* The better for it. With my ſovereign's leave,
I will wed thee to this man, will he, nill he.

*Phil.* Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no love-enforcer;
I uſe no power of mine unto thoſe ends.

*Julio.* Wilt thou have him?

*Iſm.* Not unleſs he love me.

*Ant.* I do love thee: Farewell all other beauties!
I ſettle here. You are Iſmenia. [*Aſide to Iſmenia.*

*Iſm.* The ſame I was; better, nor worſe, Antonio.

*Ant.* I ſhall have your conſent here, I am ſure, Sir,

*Bel.* With all my heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindneſs to mine enemy,
And give her as a father.

*Ant.* She'll thank you as a daughter;
Will you not, Iſmenia?

*Bel.* How! Iſmenia?

*Iſm.* Your daughter, Sir.

*Bel.* Is it poſſible?—
Away, you feeble-witted things! You thought
You'd caught the old ones! You wade, you wade

In

In ſhallow fords; we can ſwim, we: Look here!
We made the match; we are all friends, good friends:
Thin, thin! Why, the fool knew all this, this fool.
*Buſt.* Keep that to yourſelf, Sir; what I knew I knew:
This ſack is a witneſs. Miller, this is not for your thumbing.
Here's gold lace; you may ſee her in her holiday
Cloaths if you will; I was her wardrobe-man.

*Enter Martino, Aminta, Conſtable and Officers.*

*Ant.* You beguil'd me well, Sir.
*Mart.* Did you ſpeak to me, Sir?
*Ant.* It might ſeem to you, Martino;
Your conſcience has quick ears.
*Mart.* My ſight was
A little dim i'th' dark indeed; ſo was
My feeling cozen'd; yet I am content:
I am the better underſtander now;
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman!
There you're my junior.
*Ant.* You're not hurt?
*Mart.* Not ſhrewdly hurt;
I have good fleſh to heal, you ſee, good round fleſh.
Theſe cherries will be worth chopping, crack ſtones and all;
I ſhould not give much to boot to ride
In your new, and you in my old ones now.
*Ant.* You miſtake the weapon: Are you not hurt?
*Mart.* A little ſcratch; but I ſhall claw't off well enough.

*Enter Gillian.*

*Gil.* I can no longer own what is not mine,
With a free conſcience. My liege, your pardon.
*Phil.* For what?—Who knows this woman?
*Fra.* I beſt, my lord; I've been acquainted with her
Theſe forty ſummers, and as many winters,
Were it ſpring again: She's like the gout; I can get

No cure for her.
*Phil.* Oh, your wife, Eranio?
*Era.* 'Tis 'oh, my wife' indeed, my lord; a painful
Stitch to my ſide; 'would it were pick'd out!
*Phil.* Well, Sir,
Your ſilence!
*Buſt.* Will you be
Older and older every day than other?
The longer you live the older ſtill? Muſt his majeſty
Command your ſilence, ere you'll hold your tongue?
*Phil.* Your reprehenſion runs into the ſame fault;
Pray, Sir, will you be ſilent?
*Buſt.* I have told him
Of this before now, my liege; but age
Will have his courſe, and his weakneſſes——
*Phil.* Good Sir,
Your forbearance.
*Buſt.* And his frailties, and his follies,
As I may ſay, that cannot hold his tongue
Ere he be bidden——
*Phil.* Why, ſirrah!
*Buſt.* But I believe
Your majeſty will not be long troubled with him;
I hope that woman has ſomething to confeſs
Will hang them both.
*Phil.* Sirrah, you'll pull your deſtiny upon you,
If you ceaſe not, the ſooner.
*Buſt.* Nay, I have done, my liege; yet
It grieves me that I ſhould call that man father,
That ſhould be ſo ſhameleſs, that being commanded
To hold his tongue——
*Phil.* To th' porter's lodge with him.
*Buſt.* I thank your Grace! I have a friend there.
*Phil.* Speak, woman!
If any interruption meet thee more, it ſhall
Be puniſh'd ſharply.
*Gil.* Good my liege, (I dare not)
Aſk you the queſtion why that old man weeps.
*Phil.* Who? count Julio? I obſerv'd it not.

You

You hear the queſtion, Sir; will you give the cauſe?
*Julio.* Oh, my lord, it hardly will get paſſage,
(It is a ſorrow of that greatneſs grown)
'Leſs it diſſolve in tears, and come by parcels.
*Gil.* I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy: You loſt a daughter.
*Julio.* 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth theſe ſorrows.
*Gil.* She's found again. Know you this mantle, Sir?
*Julio.* Ha?
*Gil.* Nay, leave your wonder; I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your child, whom ever ſince
I have call'd mine, when nurſe Amaranta,
In a remove from Mora to Corduba,
Was ſeiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear;
She was the ravin's prey, as Heav'n ſo would!
He with his booty fill'd, forſook the babe:
All this was in my ſight; and ſo long I ſaw,
Until the cruel creature left my ſight;
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To reſcue the ſweet lamb: I did it, Sir;
And ever ſince I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine. But age hath wearied me,
And bids me back reſtore unto the owner
What I unjuſtly kept theſe fourteen years.
*Julio.* Oh, thou haſt ta'en ſo many years from me,
And made me young as was her birth-day to me.
Oh, good my liege, give my joys a pardon!
I muſt go pour a bleſſing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and troubleſome. [*Ex.*
*Phil.* Franio, you knew this before?
*Buſt.* Oh, oh! *Item* for you, miller!
*Fra.* I did, my liege; I muſt confeſs I did:
And I confeſs, I ne'er would have confeſs'd,
Had not that woman's tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, Sir,
As well as great. This is no ſtrange fault, Sir;
There's many men keep other mens' children,
As tho' they were their own.

*Buſt.* It may ſtretch
Further yet; I beſeech you, my liege, let
This woman be a little further examin'd;
Let the wards of her conſcience be ſearch'd[44]:
I would know how ſhe came by me; I am
A loſt child, if I be theirs: Though I have
Been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever
A mind, methought, to be a greater man.

*Phil.* She will reſolve you ſure.

*Gil.* Ay, ay,
Boy; thou art mine own fleſh and blood, born
Of mine own body.

*Buſt.* 'Tis very unlikely
That ſuch a body ſhould bear me! There's no
Truſt in theſe millers. Woman, tell the truth!
My father ſhall forgive thee, whatſoever
He was, were he knight, ſquire, or captain; leſs
He ſhould not be.

*Gil.* Thou art mine own child, boy.

*Buſt.* And was the miller my father?

*Gil.* Wouldſt thou make
Thy mother a whore, knave?

*Buſt.* Ay, if ſhe make me
A baſtard. The rack muſt make her confeſs, my lord;
I ſhall never come to know who I am elſe.
I have a worſhipful mind in me ſure; methinks
I do ſcorn poor folks.

*Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.*

*Phil.* Here comes the brighteſt glory of the day;
Love yok'd with love, the beſt equality,
Without the level of eſtate or perſon[45],

*Julio.*

---

[44] *Let the* words *of her conſcience be ſearch'd.*] Sympſon reads *wounds* for *words*. We thinks *wards* is as much more congruous to the ſenſe, as it is nearer the trace of the letters.

[45] *Level of eſtate or* perſon.] In the buſineſs of match-making, generally the chief conſideration turns not on the quality of the perſons, but the quantity of their means. If ſo, then poſſibly the Poets made the king expreſs himſelf thus,

*Without*

*Julio.* You both ſhall be rewarded bountifully;
We'll be a-kin too; brother and ſiſter
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

*Buſt.* Thank you, uncle! My ſiſter is my couſin
Yet at the laſt caſt: Farewell, ſiſter-foſter!
If I had known the civil law would have
Allowed it; thou hadſt had another manner
Of huſband than thou haſt; but much good do thee!
I'll dance at thy wedding, kiſs the bride, and ſo——

*Julio.* Why, how now, ſirrah?

*Buſt.* 'Tis lawful now, ſhe's none of my ſiſter.

It was a miller and a lord
That had a ſcabbard and a ſword,
He put it up in the country word,
The miller and his daughter.

She has a face, and ſhe can ſing,
She has a grace, and ſhe can ſpring,
She has a place with another thing,
Tradoodle.

*Fra.* A knaviſh brother of yours, my lord.

*Buſt.* 'Would I
Were acquainted with your taylor, noble brother.

*Otr.* You may; there he is! mine, newly entertain'd.

*Vert.* If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir;
I fitted the lady.

*Buſt.* My ſiſter, taylor?
What fits her will hardly fit me.

*Vert.* Who fits her
May fit you, Sir; the taylor can do both.

*Buſt.* You have a true yard, taylor?

---

*Without the level of eſtate or* portion.
So in this very play, act ii. ſcene ii. Martino ſays to Antonio,

——*You not conſider, Sir,*
*The great diſparity is in their bloods;*
Eſtates, and fortunes.

Unleſs the reader will ſay that *perſon* above may mean the quality of blood. On that ſuppoſition indeed the line may ſtand without any alteration. *Sympſon.*

As it undoubtedly ſhould do, ſpite of hypercriticiſm.

*Vert.* Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

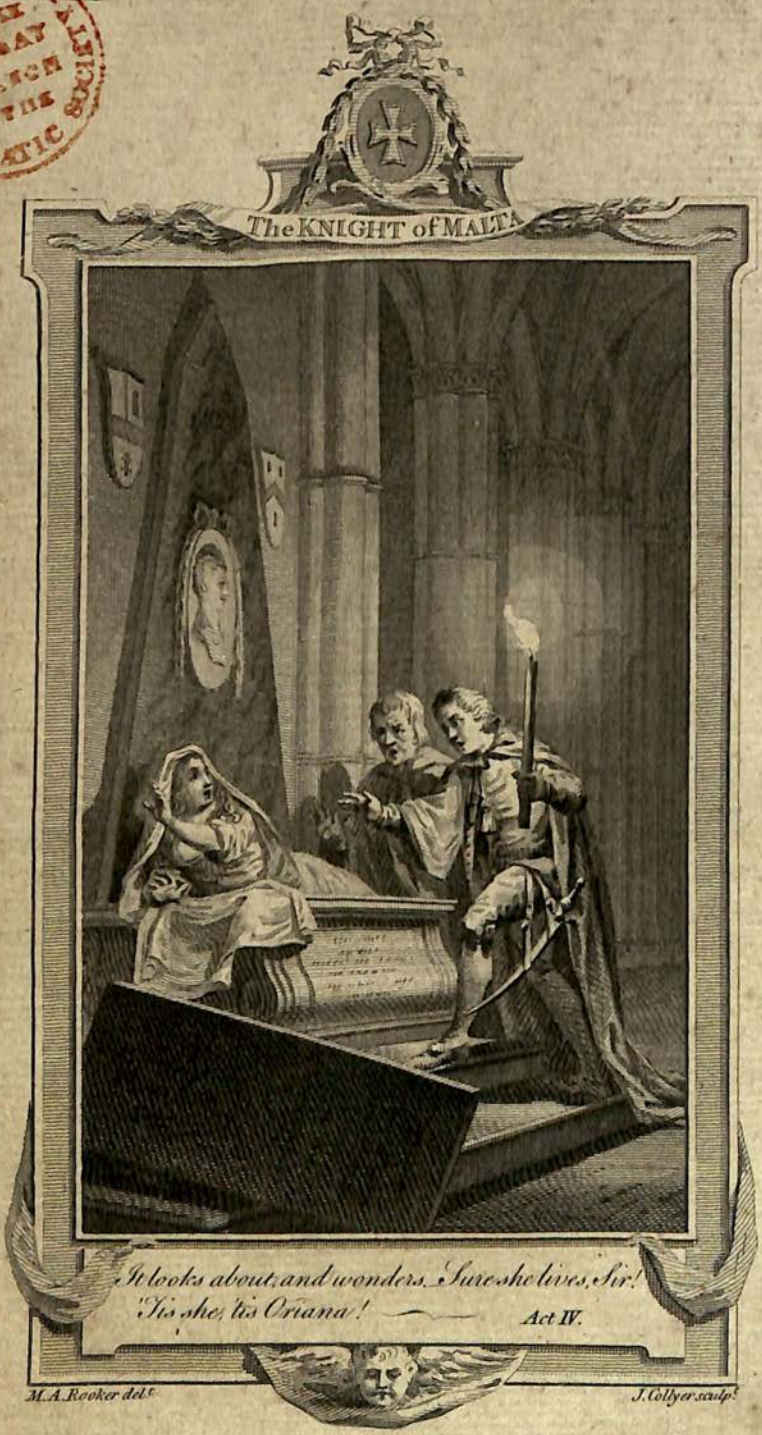
*Buſt.* Then, taylor, march with me away!
I ſcorn theſe robes, I muſt be gay;
My noble brother he ſhall pay
Tom Taylor. [*Exeunt.*

*Phil.* Your recover'd friendſhips are ſound, gentlemen?

*Bel.* At heart, at heart, my lord: The worm ſhall not
Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

*Phil.* Theſe lovers' unities I will not doubt of.
How happy have you made our progreſs then,
To be the witneſs of ſuch fair accords!
Come, now we'll eat with you, my lord Otrante:
'Tis a charge ſav'd; you muſt not grudge your gueſt;
'Tis both my welcome, and your wedding-feaſt.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY




Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May, 1777.

# THE

# KNIGHT OF MALTA.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this play (which was firſt printed in the folio of 1647) to Fletcher alone. It hath not been acted within the memory of any perſon now living, nor do we know of any alteration of it.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Valetta, *the Grand-maſter of Malta.*
Miranda, *an Italian gentleman, the* Knight of Malta.
Aſtorius, Caſtriot, } *two knights of the order.*
Mountferrat, *a knight of the order, but a villain.*
Gomera, *a deſerving Spaniſh gentleman.*
Norandine, *a valiant merry Dane, commander in chief of the gallies of Malta.*
Colonna, *alias* Angelo, *a captive redeemed from the gallies, and beloved of Miranda.*
Rocca, *ſervant and inſtrument to Mountferrat.*
*Two* Biſhops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Priſoners.
*Two* Marſhals.
Doctor.
*One of the* Eſguard.
Servants.

### WOMEN.

Oriana, *ſiſter to Valetta, and wife of Gomera.*
Velleda, *attendant on Oriana.*
Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *a Moor, ſervant to Oriana.*
Lucinda, *a beautiful Turkiſh woman, contracted to Angelo, priſoner to Miranda.*
*Two* Gentlewomen.

SCENE, MALTA.

THE

THE

# KNIGHT OF MALTA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mountferrat.*

*Mountferrat.* DARES ſhe deſpiſe me thus? me, that with ſpoil
And hazardous exploits, full ſixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezi call my ſervitors?
Tempeſts I have ſubdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd light'ning in my chivalry,
Rid (tame as Patience) billows that kick'd Heav'n,
Whiſtled enraged Boreas 'till his guſts
Were grown ſo gentle, that he ſeem'd to ſigh,
Becauſe he could not ſhew the air my keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, tho' they blaze, both comfort and invite;
Neither by force, nor fraud, paſs thro' her ear,
Whoſe guard is only bluſhing Innocence,
To take the leaſt poſſeſſion of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt with meritorious actions,
She might with colour diſallow my ſuit:
But, by the honour of this Chriſtian croſs,
(In blood of infidels ſo often died,
Which mine own ſoul and ſword hath fixed here,

And

And neither favour, nor birth's privilege)
Oriana ſhall confeſs, (altho' ſhe be
Valetta's ſiſter, our Grand-maſter here)
The wages of ſcorn'd love is baneful hate,
And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.

*Enter Rocca.*

Rocca, my truſty ſervant, welcome!

*Rocca.* Sir,
I wiſh my news deſerv'd it! Hapleſs I,
That, being lov'd and truſted, fail to bring
The loving anſwer that you do expect.

*Mountf.* Why ſpeak'ſt thou from me? thy pleas'd eyes ſend forth
Beams brighter than the ſtar that uſhers day;
Thy ſmiles reſtore ſick expectation.

*Rocca.* I bring you, Sir, her ſmiles, not mine.

*Mountf.* Her ſmiles?
Why, they are preſents for kings' eldeſt ſons:
Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes
But to peruſe his deck'd ſeraglio,
When from the number of his concubines
He chuſeth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not ſo rich as I
In this one ſmile, from Oriana ſent.

*Rocca.* Sir, fare you well!

*Mountf.* Oh, Rocca! thou art wiſe,
And wouldſt not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! Aptly thou conceiv'ſt,
If one reviving ſmile can raiſe me thus,
What trances will the ſweet words which thou bring'ſt
Caſt me into. I felt, my deareſt friend,
(No more my ſervant) when I employ'd thee,
That knew'ſt to look and ſpeak as lovers ſhould,
And carry faithfully thy maſter's ſighs,
That it muſt work ſome heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.

*Rocca.* Will you yet hear me?

*Mountf.*

*Mountf.* Yes:
But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou doſt
Tenderly by degrees aſſault mine ears
With her conſent, now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'ſt I've been ſo plung'd, ſo torn
With her reſolved reject, and neglect,
That to report her ſoft acceptance now,
Will ſtupify ſenſe in me, if not kill.
Why ſhew'ſt thou this diſtemper?

*Rocca.* Draw your ſword,
And, when I with my breath have blaſted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you ſmiles of pity, not affection,
For ſuch ſhe ſent.

*Mountf.* Oh! can ſhe pity me?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the ſtraighteſt.

*Rocca.* Waken, Sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it ſo)
Continues ſtill; ſhe bids you throw your pearl
Into ſtrong ſtreams, and hope to turn them ſo,
Ere her to foul diſhonour; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the ſea;
Them hope to ſoften to compaſſion,
Or change their modeſt bluſh to love-ſick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requeſts.
All your looſe thoughts ſhe chides you home again,
But with ſuch calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For juſt as others love, ſo doth ſhe hate.
She ſays, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her, and your own *faith*,
That being the virgin you ſhould now protect.
Hitherto, ſhe profeſſes, ſh' has conceal'd
Your luſtful batt'ries; but the next, ſhe vows,
(In open hall, before the honour'd croſs,
And her great brother) ſhe will quite diſcloſe,
Calling for juſtice, to your utter ſhame.

*Mountf.*

*Mountf.* Hence! find the Blackamoor that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me; ſhe doth love me yet,
And I muſt her now, at leaſt ſeem to do.
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguiſh!—Art not gone?
[*Exit Rocca.*
Shall my deſires, like beggars, wait at door,
Whilſt any others revel in her breaſt?
Sweat on, my ſpirits! Know, thou trick'd-up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where thou art fall'n;
Playing with which tide th' hadſt been gently toſs'd,
But, croſſing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and loſt.

*Enter Aſtorius and Caſtriot.*

*Caſt.* Monſieur, good day!
*Aſto.* Good morrow, valiant knight!
What, are you for this great ſolemnity
This morn intended?
*Mountf.* What ſolemnity?
*Aſto.* Th' inveſting of the martial Spaniard,
Peter Gomera, with our Chriſtian badge,
*Caſt.* And young Miranda, the Italian;
Both which, with wondrous proweſs and great luck,
Have dar'd and done for Malta ſuch high feats,
That not one fort in it but rings their names
As loud as any man's.
*Mountf.* As any man's?
Why, we have fought for Malta.
*Aſto.* Yes, Mountferrat,
No bold knight ever paſt you; but we wear
The dignity of Chriſtians on our breaſts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conqueſts:
Theſe conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
*Mountf.* Aſtorius, you're a moſt indulgent knight,
Detracting from yourſelf, to add to others.
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs;

Which

Which we with ſweat and agony have reach'd,
And ſhould not then ſo eaſily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap deſert.
*Caſt.* How is this Frenchman chang'd, Aſtorius!
Some ſullen diſcontent poſſeſſes him,
That makes him envy what he heretofore
Did moſt ingenuouſly but emulate.
*Mount.* Oh, furious deſire, how like a whirlwind
Thou hurrieſt me beyond mine honour's point!
Out of my heart, baſe luſt! or, heart, I vow
Thoſe flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in. [*Aſide.*
*Aſto.* Do you obſerve him?
*Mountf.* What news of the Dane?
That valiant captain Norandine?
*Caſt.* He fights ſtill,
In view o'th' town; he plays the devil with 'em,
And they, the Turks with him.
*Mountf.* They're well met then;
'Twere ſin to ſever 'em. Piſh—woman—memory—
'Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aſide.*
*Aſto.* Six freſh gallies
I in St. Angelo from the promontory
This morn deſcried, making a girdle for him;
But our Great-maſter doth intend relief
This preſent meeting. Will you walk along?
*Mountf.* Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd have been
The gulphs of worthieſt men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And ſent them ſtinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her diſdain,
Am like to prove as wretched. Woman then
Checking, or granting, is the grave of men. [*Aſide.*
*Aſto.* He's ſaying of his prayers ſure.
*Caſt.* Will you go, Sir?
*Mountf.* I cry you mercy! I am ſo tranſported.
(Your pardon, noble brothers) with a buſineſs
That doth concern all Malta, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almoſt blind and deaf—

(Luſt

(Luſt neither ſees nor hears aught but itſelf)—
But I will follow inſtantly. Your croſs.

*Aſto.* Not mine. [*Croſs dropt.*

*Caſt.* Nor mine; 'tis yours.

*Aſto. Caſt.* Good morrow, brother. [*Exeunt.*

*Mountf.* White innocent ſign, thou doſt abhor to dwell
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breaſt,
And grace theſe graceleſs projects of my heart!

*Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella.*

Yet I muſt wear thee, to protect my crimes,
If not for conſcience, for hypocriſy;
Some churchmen ſo wear caſſocks. Oh, my Zanthia,
My pearl, that ſcorns a ſtain! I much repent
All my neglects; let me, Ixion like,
Embrace my black cloud, ſince my Juno is
So wrathful, and averſe: Thou art more ſoft
And full of dalliance than the faireſt fleſh,
And far more loving.

*Zant.* Ay, you ſay ſo now;
But, like a property, when I have ſerv'd
Your turns, you'll caſt me off, or hang me up
For a ſign ſomewhere.

*Mountf.* May my life then forſake me,
Or, from my expected bliſs, be caſt to hell!

*Zant.* My tongue, Sir, cannot liſp to meet you ſo,
Nor my black cheek put on a feigned bluſh,
To make me ſeem more modeſt than I am.
This ground-work will not bear adult'rate red,
Nor artificial white, to cozen love.
Theſe dark locks are not purchas'd, nor theſe teeth,
For ev'ry night they are my bedfellows;
No bath, no blanching water, ſmoothing oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
I am as full of pleaſure in the touch
As e'er a white-fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unfledge them of their tires,
Their wires, their partlets, pins, and perriwigs,

And

And they appear like bald-cootes, in the neſt:
I can as blithly work in my love's bed,
And deck thy fair neck with theſe jetty chains,
Sing thee aſleep, being wearied; and, refreſh'd,
With the ſame organ, ſteal ſleep off again.
*Mountf.* Oh, my black ſwan, ſleeker than cygnet's pluſh[1],
Sweeter than is the ſweet of pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus, cooling limon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or cedars in the grove!
Quickly deſcend, lovers' beſt canopy,
Still Night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
Beyond all continence! Perpetrate, dear wench,
What thou haſt promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in it my honours here,
And in ſome other country, Zanthia make
My wife, and my beſt fortune.
*Zant.* From this hope,
Here is an anſwer to that letter, which
I lately ſhew'd you, ſent from Tripoly,
By the great baſha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the iſland;
Which will ſhe undertake, by Mahomet,
The Turk there vows, on his bleſt Alcoran,
Marriage unto her: This the Maſter knows,
But is reſolv'd of her integrity,
As well he may, ſweet lady; yet, for love
For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh! what chains
Of deity, or duty can hold love?)
I have this anſwer fram'd, ſo like her hand
As if it had been moulded off, returning
The baſha's letter ſafe into her pocket.
What you will do with it, yourſelf beſt knows.
Farewell! keep my true heart, keep true your vows.
[*Exit.*
*Mountf.* 'Till I be duſt, my Zanthia, be confirm'd.
Sparrows, and doves, ſit coupling 'twixt thy lips.—

[1] Silkner *than cygnet's pluſh.*] So firſt folio. *Sympſon.*

It

It is not love, but ſtrong libidinous will
That triumphs o'er me; and to ſatiate that,
What diff'rence 'twixt this Moor, and her fair dame?
Night makes their hues alike, their uſe is ſo;
Whoſe hand's ſo ſubtle he can colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Luſt being blind,
Never in women did diſtinction find. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter, two Gentlewomen.*

1 *Gent.* But i'faith doſt thou think my lady
Was never in love?

2 *Gent.* I rather think ſhe was ever
In love; in perfect charity[2], I mean,
With all the world.

1 *Gent.* A moſt Chriſtian anſwer,
I promiſe you. But I mean in love
With a man.

2 *Gent.* With a man? what elſe? wouldſt have her
In love with a beaſt?

1 *Gent.* You are ſomewhat quick;
But if ſhe were, it were no precedent:
Did you never read of Europa
The fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the ſea,
That ſwam to land, and then leapt her?

2 *Gent.* Oh, heavens! a bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord! how could ſhe ſit him?
Where did ſhe hold?

1 *Gent.* Why, by the horn; ſince which time,
No woman, almoſt, is contented 'till
She have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou
Art very knaviſh.

---

[2] 2 Gent. *I rather think ſhe was ever in love, in perfect charity.*
1 Gent. *I mean, with all the world.*
2 Gent. *A moſt Chriſtian anſwer, I promiſe you; but,* &c.
2 Gent. With a man?] Corrected in 1750.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* And thou very fooliſh.
But, ſirrah, why doſt not thou marry?
2 *Gent.* Becauſe
I would be no man's looking-glaſs.
1 *Gent.* As how?
2 *Gent.* As thus; there is no wife (if ſhe
Be good and true, will honour and obey)
But muſt reflect the true countenance of
Her huſband upon him: If he look ſad upon her,
She muſt not look merrily upon him; if he
Look merrily, ſhe muſt not ſorrowfully;
Elſe ſhe is a falſe glaſs, and fit for
Nothing but breaking: His anger muſt be
Her diſcontent, his pleaſure her delight:
If he weep, ſhe muſt cry;
If he laugh, ſhe muſt ſhew her teeth;
If he be ſick, ſhe muſt not be in health;
If he eat caudles, ſhe muſt eat pottage; ſhe
Muſt have no proper paſſion of her own!
And is not this a tyranny?
1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith!
Marriage may well be call'd a yoke! Wives then
Are but like ſuperficial lines in geometry,
That have no proper motion of their own,
But as their bodies (their huſbands) move. Yet
I know ſome wives, that are never freely merry,
Nor truly pleas'd, but when they're furtheſt off
Their huſbands.
2 *Gent.* That's becauſe the moon
Governs 'em; which hath moſt light and ſhines
Brighteſt, the more remote it is from the ſun;
And, contrary, is more ſullen, dim, and ſhews
Leaſt ſplendor, when it is neareſt.
1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry,
I would marry a fair effeminate fool.
2 *Gent.* Why?
1 *Gent.* Becauſe I would lead the blind whither I liſt.
2 *Gent.* And I the wiſeſt man I could get for money,

Becauſe I had rather follow the clear-ſighted:
Bleſs me from a huſband that ſails by his wife's compaſs!

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but ſhe
Breaks his head in her youth; and, when ſhe is old,
She'll never leave 'till ſhe has broke his back too!

1 *Gent.* But what ſcurvy knights have we here in Malta[3],
That when they are dub'd take their oath of allegiance
To live poor, and chaſtly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith,
Many knights in other nations (I have heard)
Are as poor as ours; marry, where one of 'em
Has taken the oath of chaſtity, we want
A new Columbus to find out.

*Enter Zanthia.*

*Zant.* Hiſt, wenches!
My lady calls; ſhe's entering the terrace,
To ſee the ſhow.

1 *Gent.* Oh, black pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little labour in vain! [*Exeunt.*

---

[3] *Broke his back too* ——
But what ſcurvy *knight* have *you* here in Malta, &c.

*Enter Zanthia.*

*Zan. Hiſt, wenches: my lady calls, ſhe's entring*
*The terraſs, to ſee the ſhow.*

1 *Gent. Oh black pudding.*

2 *Gent. My little labour in vain.*

1 *Gent.* But what ſcurvy knights have we here in Malta, *that*, &c.] This confuſion and repetition appear in all the editions but the preſent. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, ſhould be removed to the concluſion of the ſcene, which hitherto ended with the words, *Columbus to find out.* The &c. (with the ſenſeleſs variation of the words) induces us to think, that the firſt occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to paſs on to that paſſage beginning, *But what ſcurvy*, &c.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gentlewomen; beneath, Valetta, Mountferrat, Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Gomera, Miranda, attendants of Knights, &c.*

*Mountf.* Are you there, lady?
*Ori.* Thou'rt a naughty man;
Heav'n mend thee!
*Val.* Our great meeting, princely brothers,
Ye holy ſoldiers of the Chriſtian-Croſs,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk[4];
A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By freſh ſupply of head-bound infidels[5].
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath ſpent
T' advance our flag above their horned moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conqueſt:
We muſt not ſee him periſh in our view.
How far off fight they?
*Mir.* Sir, within a league.
*Val.* 'Tis well. Our next occaſion of conventing
Are theſe two gentlemen, ſtanding in your ſight;
(Ye noble props of Malta!) royally
Deſcended are they both, valiant as War[6],
Miranda, and Gomera: Full ten years
They've ſerv'd this iſland, perfected exploits

[4] *Now fighting* for *Valetta.*] Sympſon aſks, 'But was Norandine 'then fighting only for the grand-maſter?" Anſwering himſelf in the negative, he ſuppoſes a corruption, and reads, *fighting* 'FORE *Valetta.* We ſee no need for variation, the ſenſe being, that he is fighting *for* Valetta, upon the ſafety of which town their own ſecurity depends.

[5] *Head-bound.*] i. e. *Turban'd*, as in Othello. *Theobald.*

[6] *Valiant* as War.] Sympſon thinks this corrupt, and ſays, 'We muſt turn the *W* upſide down, and add an *s*,' and ſo ſubſtitute *Mars* for *Wars*; or elſe read, *Valiant* IN *war*; 'or, if ſuch a liberty may be allowed, *a valiant pair.*' There needs no variation, ſince by *War* is underſtood the *genius* or *god* of *war.*

Matchleſs, and infinite; they're honeſt, wiſe,
Not empty of one ornament of man.
Moſt eminent agents were they in that ſlaughter,
That great marvellous ſlaughter of the Turks,
Before St. Elme, where five and twenty thouſand
Fell, for five thouſand of our Chriſtians.
Theſe ripe conſiderations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their worths[6],
Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood!
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chaſtity, any part of life,
Let 'em ſpeak now.

*Aſto.* None does.

*All.* None can, Great-maſter.

*Val.* The dignity then dignify, by them[7],
As their reward. Tender Miranda firſt
(Becauſe he is to ſuccour Norandine)
Our ſacred robe of knighthood, our white croſs
(The holy cognizance of him we ſerve),
The ſword, the ſpurs.

*Mir.* Grave, and moſt honour'd Maſter,
With humble duty, and my ſoul's beſt thanks
To you, and all this famous conventicle,
Let me with modeſty refuſe acceptance
Of this high order! I, alas, am yet
Unworthy, and uncapable of ſuch honour;
That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
Is far, far ſhort, of this propos'd reward.
Who takes upon him ſuch a charge as this,
Muſt come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd mind,
That time nor all occaſions ever may
After diſperſe, or ſtain. Did this title here
Of knighthood, aſk no other ornaments
Than other countries, glitt'ring ſhow, poor pride,

[6] *Their* worthies.] Firſt folio. Probably wrote, THESE *worthies*.

[7] *The dignity then* dignifie, *by them*
Is *their reward.*] So firſt folio. Sympſon propoſes reading,
——— *then* dignified *by them,*
Is *their reward.*

A jingling

A jingling ſpur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder[8], perfumes, and luſt,
Drinking ſweet wines, ſurfeits, and ignorance,
Raſhly and eas'ly ſhould I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of man.

*Mountf.* A ſtaid and mature judgment! ſpeak on, Sir.

*Mir.* May't pleaſe you then t' allow me ſome ſmall time
To rectify myſelf for that high ſeat,
Or give my reaſons to the contrary.
I' th' mean ſpace, to diſmiſs me to the aid
Of Norandine: My ſhips ride in the bay
Ready to diſembogue, tackled, and mann'd
Even to my wiſhes.

*Mountf.* His requeſt
Is fair and honeſt.

*Val.* At your pleaſure go.

*Mir.* I humbly take my leave of all: Of you,
My noble friend Mountferrat! Gracious miſtreſs—
Oh, that auſpicious ſmile doth arm your ſoldier!
Who fights for thoſe eyes, and this ſacred croſs,
Can neither meet ſad accident, nor loſs! [*Exit.*

*Ori.* The mighty maſter of that livery,
Conduct thee ſafely to theſe eyes again!

*Mountf.* Blows the wind that way?

*Val.* Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, Gomera, you
Without excuſe receive that dignity,
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.

*Gom.* Great-maſter of Jerus'lem's Hoſpital,
From whence to Rhodes this bleſt fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Malteſe ſtands,
Long may it flouriſh, whilſt Gomera ſerves it,
But dares not enter further!

*All.* This is ſtrange!

*Val.* What do you object?

[8] *A frizled hair*, powder'd, *perfumes*, &c.] Mr. Seward reads with me thus,

*A frizled hair; powder, perfumes*, &c. *Sympſon.*

*Gom.* Nothing againſt it, but myſelf, fair knights;
I may not wear this robe.
*Val.* Expreſs your reaſons:
Doth any hid ſin goar your conſcience?
*Aſto.* Are you unſtedfaſt in religion?
*Caſt.* Or do you intend to forſake Malta now,
And viſit your own country, fruitful Spain?
*Gom.* Neither, good Sir[9].
*Val.* Then explicate your thoughts.
*Gom.* This then: I ſhould be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in Malita, your next city here,
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
T' approach it once. None but a gentleman
Can be admitted——
*Val.* That's no obſtacle
In you.
*Gom.* I ſhould be ſorry that were it.—
No married man——
*Mountf.* You never felt that yoke.
*Gom.* None that hath been contracted——
*Caſt.* Were you ever?
*Gom.* Nor married, nor contracted.—None that ever
Hath vow'd his love to any womankind,
Or finds that ſecret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am caſt; this article my heart
Objects againſt the title of my fame;
I am in love. Laugh not! tho' Time hath ſet
Some wrinkles in this face, and theſe curl'd locks
Will ſhortly dye into another hue,
Yet, yet I am in love: (I'faith, you ſmile!)
What age, what ſex, or what profeſſion,
Divine or human, from the man that cries
For alms in the highway, to him that ſings
At the high altar, and doth ſacrifice,
Can truly ſay he knows not what is love?
*Val.* 'Tis honeſtly profeſs'd. With whom, Gomera?
Name the lady, that with all advantage

9 Never, *good Sir.*] The variation propoſed by Seward.

We

We may advance your ſuit.

*Gom.* But will you, Sir?

*Val.* Now by our holy rock, were it our ſiſter,
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy; freely name her.

*Gom.* Be maſter of your word: It is ſhe, Sir,
The matchleſs Oriana.

*Val.* Come down, lady.
You've made her bluſh: Let her conſent, I will
Make good my oath.

*Mountf.* Is't ſo?—Stay! I do love
So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame[10],
As not to ſuffer your perdition.

*Gom.* What means Mountferrat?

*Mountf.* This whole Auberge hath[11]—
(A guard upon this lady!) Wonder not!—

*Enter Guard.*

Ta'en publick notice of the baſha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and conſented
She ſhould return this anſwer, (as he writ
For her converſion, and betraying Malta)
She ſhould adviſe him betray Tripoly,
And, turning Chriſtian, he ſhould marry her.

*All.* All this was ſo.

*Mountf.* How weakly does this court then
Send veſſels forth to ſea, to guard the land,
Taking ſuch ſpecial care to ſave one bark,
Or ſtrive to add fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our boſoms would ſubvert
This ſtate and us, preſuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their ſex?

[10] *Your bright* flame.] Corrected in 1750.

[11] *Auberge.*] In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de L'Ordre de Saint Jean de Jeruſalem*, the word *Auberge* frequently occurs; and, in the chapter *De la Signification des Termes*, is thus explained: 'Auberge *eſt un nom connu des François, des Eſpagnols, & des Italiens, pour ſignifier un lieu, ou l'on mange, & ou l'on s'aſſemble Nation par Nation.*' Vertot's *Hiſtoire de Chevaleirs de Malthe*, tome vi. p. 266, Edit. Paris, 1761.

*Val.* Who can this be?
*Mountf.* Your ſiſter, great Valetta!
Which thus I prove: Demand the baſha's letter.
*Ori.* 'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor anſwer'd, nor perus'd, by——
*Mountf.* Do not ſwear;
Caſt not away your fair ſoul; to your treaſon
Add not foul perjury!—Is this your hand?
*Ori.* 'Tis very like it.
*Mountf.* May it pleaſe the Maſter,
Confer theſe letters, and then read her anſwer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valetta, that am made the means
To puniſh this moſt beauteous treachery,
E'en in your ſiſter, ſince in it I ſave
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Becauſe it is ſo palpable, and withal
Know our Great-maſter to this country firm
As was the Roman Marcus, who ſpar'd not
As dear a ſiſter in the publick cauſe.
*Val.* I am amaz'd! attend me.
[*Reads.*] 'Let your forces by the next even be 'ready; my brother feaſts then; put in at St. Mi-'chaels; the aſcent at that port is eaſieſt; the keys 'of the caſtle you ſhall receive at my hands. That 'poſſeſs'd, you are lord of Malta, and may ſoon de-'ſtroy all by fire; than which I am hotter, 'till I em-'brace you. Farewell! Your wife, Oriana.'
From this time let me never read again!
*Gentlew.* 'Tis, certain, her hand,
*Val.* This letter too,
So cloſe kept by herſelf, could not be anſwer'd
To every period thus, but by herſelf.
*Ori.* Sir, hear me!
*Val.* Peace! thou fair ſweet bank of flowers,
Under whoſe beauty ſcorpions lie, and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in ſome new name
Dearer than ſiſter, mother, or all blood,

I would

I would not hear thee ſpeak.—Bear her to priſon!
So groſs is this, it needs no formal courſe.
Prepare thyſelf; tomorrow thou ſhalt die.
*Ori.* I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almoſt i'faith as innocent as born!
Thou know'ſt thou'rt wicked, Frenchman; Heav'n forgive thee! [*Exit.*
*All.* This ſcene is ſtrangely turned.
*Val.* Yet can nature be
So dead in me!—I would my charge were off!
Mountferrat ſhould perceive my ſiſter had
A brother, would not live to ſee her die
Unfought for, ſince the ſtatutes of our ſtate
Allow, in caſe of accuſations,
A champion to defend a lady's truth.—
Peter Gomera, thou haſt loſt thy wife:
Death pleads a precontract.
*Gom.* I've loſt my tongue,
My ſenſe, my heart, and every faculty!
Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence
To our Great-maſter, and this conſiſtory
(I have conſider'd it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-ſucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A moſt unworthy wearer of our croſs;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'ſt, that gage,
And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me tomorrow morning, where the Maſter
And this fraternity ſhall deſign[12]; where I
Will cram this ſlander back into thy throat,
And with my ſword's point thruſt it to thy heart,
The very neſt where luſt and ſlander breeds.
(Pardon my paſſion!) I will tear thoſe ſpurs
Off from thy heels, and ſtick 'em in thy front,
As a mark'd villain!
*Mountf.* This I look'd not for.—

[12] *And this fraternity ſhall* deſign.] This word has its original ſignification to *appoint or decree*, in Latin, *deſignare*, from whence *deſignator*, an herald. *Seward.*

Ten

Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the law of arms!

*Gom.* 'Tis that I crave!

*All.* It cannot be denied.

*Gom.* Do not I know,
With thouſand gifts and importunacies,
Thou often haſt ſolicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chaſtity!)
Who ne'er diſcloſing this thy hot-rein'd luſt[11],
Yet tender to prevent a publick ſcandal,
That Chriſtendom might juſtly have impos'd
Upon this holy inſtitution,
Thou now haſt drawn this practice 'gainſt her life,
To quit her charity.

*Mountf.* Spaniard, thou lieſt!

*Aſto.* No more, Gomera! thou art granted combat.
And you, Mountferrat, muſt prepare againſt
Tomorrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St. George's Port. A lady,
In caſe of life, 'gainſt whom one witneſs comes,
May have her champion.

*Val.* And who hath moſt right,
With, or againſt our ſiſter, ſpeed in fight! [*Flouriſh. Ex.*

*Manet Mountferrat. Enter Rocca.*

*Mountf.* Rocca, the firſt news of Miranda's ſervice
Let me have notice of.

*Rocca.* You ſhall. The Moor
Waits you without.

*Mountf.* Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; ſhe, as I ſhould gueſs,
Affects Miranda; theſe are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as ſteel and flint.
To make 'em ſo now, one againſt the other—

[11] *Thy* hot reign'd *luſt.*] Seward propoſes reading, *Thy* not reign'd *luſt.* The variation is from Sympſon's conjecture.

*Enter*

*Enter Zanthia.*

Stay; let me like it better.—Zanthia,
Firſt tell me this; did don Gomera uſe
To give his viſits to your miſtreſs?
*Zant.* Yes,
And Miranda too, but ſeverally.
*Mountf.* Which did ſhe moſt apply to?
*Zant.* Faith, to neither:
Yet infinitely I've heard her praiſe them both,
And in that manner, that, were both one man,
I think ſhe was in love with't.
*Mountf.* Zanthia,
Another letter you muſt frame for me
Inſtantly, in your lady's character,
To ſuch a purpoſe as I'll tell thee ſtraight.
Go in, and ſtay me! Go, my tinder-box!
Croſs lines I'll croſs. So, ſo! my after-game
I muſt play better: Woman, I will ſpread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy ſake!
Spaniard, Italian, like my ſteel and ſtone,
I'll knock ye thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilſt I ſeem preciſe,
And wink, to ſave the ſparkles from mine eyes. [*Exe.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Sea-fight within, Alarm.*

*Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.*

*Mir.* HOW is it, Sir?
*Nor.* Pray ſet me down! I cool,
And my wounds ſmart.
*Mir.* I hope yet,
Tho' there be many, there's none dangerous.
*Nor.* I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em
Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the ſurgeons
Will

Will take an order I ſha'n't leave 'em ſo.
I make the rogues more work than all the iſland,
And yet they give me th' hardeſt words for my money.
*Mir.* I'm glad ye are ſo ſprightly! Ye fought bravely,
(Go call the ſurgeons, ſoldiers.) wondrous nobly;
Upon my life, I have not ſeen ſuch valour,
Maintain'd ſo long, and to ſo large a ruin,
The odds ſo ſtrong againſt ye.
*Nor.* I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely ſuccour!
By th' maſs, it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled,
Stoutly, and ſtrongly handled; we had duck'd elſe;
My Turk had turk'd me elſe: But h'has well paid for't.
Why, what a ſign for an almanack h'has made me!

*Enter Aſtorius.*

*Aſto.* I'm glad to find you here, Sir; of neceſſity
I muſt have come aboard elſe. And, brave captain,
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the iſland ſpeaks your valour nobly.
Have you brought the Turk in that you took?
*Mir.* He rides there.
*Nor.* If he were out again, the devil ſhould bring him;
H'has truly circumcis'd me.
*Aſto.* I've a buſineſs
Which much concerns you, preſently concerns you;
But not this place nor people: Pray ye draw off, Sir!
For 'tis of that weight to you——
*Mir.* I'll wait on you.—
I muſt crave leave awhile; my care dwells with you,
And I muſt wait myſelf——
*Nor.* Your ſervant, Sir.
*Mir.* Believe I ſhall, and what my love can miniſter—
Keep your ſtout heart ſtill——
*Nor.* That's my beſt phyſician! [*Exit Aſto.*
*Mir.* And I ſhall keep your fame fair. [*Exit.*
*Nor.* You're too noble.

A brave

A brave young fellow, of a matchleſs ſpirit!
He brought me off like thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been ſhot to ſave mine honour:
And when my fainting men, tir'd with their labour
And lack of blood, gave to the Turk aſſurance
The day was his; when I was cut in ſhreds thus,
And not a corn of powder left to bleſs us;
Then flew his ſword in, then his cannon roar'd,
And let fly blood and death, in ſtorms amongſt 'em.
Then might I hear their ſleepy prophet howl too;
And all their ſilver creſcents then I ſaw
Like falling meteors ſpent, and ſet for ever
Under the croſs of Malta: Death ſo wanton
I never look'd upon, ſo full of revel.—

*Enter Surgeon.*

I will not be dreſs'd yet.—Methought that fellow
Was fit for no converſation, nor no Chriſtian,
That had not half his brains knock'd out, no ſoldier.
Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!

1 *Sold.* Pray you, Sir, be dreſs'd! alas, you bleed apace yet.

*Nor.* 'Tis but the ſweat of honour. Alas! thou milkſop,
Thou man of marchpane, canſt thou fear to ſee
A few light hurts, that bluſh they are no bigger?
A few ſmall ſcratches? Get ye a caudle, ſirrah,
(Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee!
Bring in the booty, and the priſoners:
By Heav'n, I'll ſee 'em, and diſpoſe 'em firſt,
Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me! go.

*Surg.* You'll faint, Sir. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

*Nor.* No, you lie, Sir, like an aſs, Sir!
I have no ſuch pig's heart in my belly[14].

*Surg.* By my life, captain,
Theſe hurts are not to be jeſted with.

*Nor.* If thou hadſt 'em;

[14] *I have no ſuch pigs* hurt *in my belly.*] The correction is from Sympſon's conjecture.

They're

They're my companions, fool, my family:
I cannot eat nor ſleep without their company.
Doſt take me for St. Davy, that fell dead
With ſeeing of his noſe bleed?

*Enter Soldiers with booty.*

*Surg.* Here they come, Sir:
But 'would you would be dreſs'd!
*Nor.* Pox, dreſs thyſelf firſt!
Thou faint'ſt a great deal faſter. What's all this?
1 *Sold.* The money and the merchandize ye took, Sir.
*Nor.* A goodly purchaſe! Is't for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? What can all this do?
Get me ſome dozen ſurfeits, ſome ſeven freſh whores[15],
And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.
Lay the knights' part by, and that to pay the ſoldier:
This is mine own; I think I have deſerv'd it.—
Come; now look to me, and grope me like a chamber-
maid;
I'll neither ſtart nor ſqueak.—What's that i'th' truſs
there?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis cloth of tiſſue, Sir; and this is ſcarlet.
*Nor.* I ſhall look redder ſhortly then, I fear me,
And as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, ſurgeon?
*Surg.* Yes, when your ſuit's at pawn, Sir.
*Nor.* There's for your plaiſter.
A very learned ſurgeon!—What's in that pack there?
1 *Sold.* 'Tis Engliſh cloth.

---

15. *Get me——ſome ſeven freſh whores,*
*And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.*] The oldeſt copy reads thus,
*And twenty pot allies and* to: *and then*, &c.
Which wou'd induce one to think the original might run ſo,
*And twenty pot allies, and* two.
*Two* is often miſtakenly wrote *too* in the oldeſt edition, and poſſibly might have been ſo here. *Sympſon.*
The meaning of the whole paſſage, we think, is this: 'What can 'all this money do? Get me ſurfeits, whores, and a ſcore of pot-'companions to cry me up!' *And to*, we think, is corrupt, but not explain'd properly by Sympſon.

*Nor.*

*Nor.* That's a good wear indeed,
Both ſtrong and rich; but it has a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that ſpoils all;
A man ſhall ne'er be ſober in't. Where are the gentlemen
That ventur'd with me, both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward, my fair ſpirits! Norandine
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours.
You've loſt an eye; I ſaw you face all hazards;
You've one left yet, to chuſe your miſtreſs.
You have your leg broke with a ſhot; yet, ſitting,
I ſaw you make the place good with your pike ſtill.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no inſtruments.
Share that amongſt ye: There's an eye; an arm;
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.—
Oh, where's the honeſt ſailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his muſquet
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off,
That ſtood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd?—Welcome aſhore, knave!
Give me thy hand, if they be not both loſt.
Faith, thou art welcome! my tough knave, welcome!
Thou wilt not ſhrink i'th' waſhing.
Hold, there's a piece of ſcarlet; get thee handſome;
And this to buy thee buttons.

*Sailor.* Thank you, captain.
Command my life at all hours.

*Nor.* Thou durſt give it.—
You have deſerv'd too?

3 *Sold.* We have ſeen the fight, Sir.

*Nor.* Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like ſalt eels,
Or buried low i'th' ballaſt: Do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs, rogues?
Art not thou he that aſk'd the maſter-gunner
Where thou might'ſt lie ſafeſt? and he ſtrait anſwer'd,
Put thy head in that hole, new bor'd with a cannon,

For

For it was an hundred to one, another ſhot would not hit there?
Your wages you ſhall have; but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns;
There, when ye're hot with wine, 'mongſt your admirers,
Take ſhips, and towns, and caſtles at your pleaſures,
And make the Great Turk ſhake at your valours.—Bring in
The priſoners. Now, my brave Muſſulmans,

*Enter Priſoners and Lucinda.*

You that are lords o' th' ſea, and ſcorn us Chriſtians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to priſon with 'em, ſee 'em ſafe!
You ſhall find we have gallies too, and ſlaves too.
1 *Sold.* What ſhall be done with this woman, Sir?
*Nor.* Pox take her! [*Surgeons dreſs him.*
'Twas ſhe that ſet me on to fight with theſe rogues!—
That ring-worm, rot it!—What can you do now,
With all your paintings, and your pouncings, lady,
To reſtore my blood again? you, and your Cupid,
That have made a carbonado of me—Plague take you,
You are too deep, you rogue!—This is thy work, woman,
Thou louſy woman!—Death, you go too deep ſtill!—
The ſeeing of your ſimpering ſweetneſs, you filly,
You tit, you tomboy! what can one night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, ſweetheart, and 'oh, my dear chicken,'
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my foremaſt,
Do me good now? You've powder'd me for one year:
I am in ſouce, I thank you; thank your beauty,
Your moſt ſweet beauty! Pox upon thoſe goggles!
We cannot fight like honeſt men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in ſteps one of you; the devil's holineſs
And you muſt have a dance. Away with her!
She ſtinks to me now.
1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, captain?

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* Or I?
3 *Sold.* I'll marry her——
4 *Sold.* Good captain, I——
3 *Sold.* And make her a good Chriſtian. Lay hands on her;
I know ſhe's mine.
2 *Sold.* I'll give my full ſhare for her!
Have ye no manners, to thruſt the woman ſo?
*Nor.* Share her among ye;
And may ſhe give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!
*Luc.* Noble captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from theſe ſoldiers' wildneſs,
'Till I but ſpeak two words.
*Nor.* Now for your maidenhead!
You have your book; proceed.
*Luc.* Victorious Sir,
Seldom are ſeen in men ſo valiant,
Minds ſo devoid of virtue; he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preſerve his conqueſt;
'Tis but a baſe theft elſe: Valour's a virtue,
Crown of mens' actions here; yours, as you make it.
And can you put ſo rough a foil as violence,
As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph?
*Nor.* Let her alone!
*Luc.* I've loſt my huſband, Sir;
You feel not that: Him that I love; you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too.
My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour
(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet)
Make dear and precious, Sir. You had a mother——
*Nor.* The roguy thing ſpeaks finely, neat. Who took you?
For he muſt be your guard.
*Luc.* I wiſh no better:
A noble gentleman, and nobly us'd me.
They call'd his name Miranda.
*Nor.* You are his then:

You've lit upon a young man worth your ſervice,
I free you from all the reſt, and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs for't!
Go ſee her ſafe kept, till the noble gentleman
Be ready to diſpoſe her. Thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preſerve it good ſtill.
Soldiers, come wait on me; I'll ſee ye paid all. [*Exe.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Miranda and Aſtorius.*

*Aſto.* I knew you lov'd her, virtuouſly you lov'd her,
Which made me make that haſte: I knew you priz'd her,
As all fair minds do goodneſs.
*Mir.* Good Aſtorius,
I muſt confeſs I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope ſtill.
*Aſto.* 'Tis no doubt, Sir;
For on my life ſhe's much wrong'd.
*Mir.* Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was abſent.
*Aſto.* You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble,
Of a tried faith and valour.
*Mir.* This I know too:
But whilſt I was not there, and whilſt ſhe ſuffer'd,
Whilſt Virtue ſuffer'd, friend—Oh, how it loads me!
Whilſt Innocence and Sweetneſs ſunk together——
How cold it ſits here! If my arm had fought for her,
My youth, tho' naked, ſtood againſt all treaſons,
My ſword here graſp'd, Love on the edge, and Honour,
And but a ſignal from her eye to ſteel it [16];
If then ſhe had been loſt—I brag too late,

[16] *From her eye to* ſeal *it* ] *To ſeal a ſword* ſeems a very odd metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was *ſteel*. The propriety and elegance of which might be prov'd by forty paſſages in Shakeſpear and our Authors, where 'tis us'd in the ſame ſenſe; and the reader will find it twice before the end of this act. *Seward.*

And

And too much I decline the noble Peter.
Yet ſome poor ſervice I would do her ſweetneſs:
Alas, ſhe needs it, my Aſtorius,
The gentle lady needs it,

*Aſto.* Noble ſpirit!

*Mir.* And what I can—Prithee, bear with this weakneſs!
Often I do not uſe theſe womens' weapons,
But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
And ſomething have to do, I cannot form yet!

*Aſto.* I'll take my leave, Sir; I ſhall but diſturb you.

*Mir.* An't pleaſe you, for a while; and pray to Fortune
To ſmile upon this lady.

*Aſto.* All my help, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Mir.* Gomera's old and ſtiff, and he may loſe her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him;
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's fury in his heat of ſummer,
The whiſtling of his ſword like angry ſtorms,
Renting up life by th' roots: I've ſeen him ſcale
As if a falcon had run up a train,
Claſhing his warlike pinions, his ſteel'd cuiraſs,
And at his pitch inmew the town below him [17],
I muſt do ſomething!

*Enter Colonna.*

*Col.* Noble Sir, for Heav'n ſake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Chriſtian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!

*Mir.* Boldly you aſk that; we are bound to give it.
From what affliction, Sir?

*Col.* From cold and hunger,
From nakedneſs and ſtripes.

*Mir.* A priſoner?

*Col.* A ſlave, Sir, in the Turkiſh prize, new taken;
That, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand

[17] *Inmew the* town *below him.*] Theobald would read, *the* fowl *below him*; but *ſcale* ſeems to confirm *town*.

Brought the Dane ſuccour, got my irons off,
And put myſelf to mercy of the ocean.
*Mir.* And ſwam to land?
*Col.* I did, Sir; Heav'n was gracious!
But now a ſtranger, and my wants upon me,
(Tho' willingly I would preſerve this life, Sir,
With honeſty and truth) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that ſhould give for Heav'n's ſake,
And charitable hearts, are grown ſo cold, Sir,
Never remembring what their fortunes may be.
*Mir.* Thou ſay'ſt too true. Of what profeſſion art thou?
*Col.* I have been better train'd, and can ſerve truly,
Where truſt is laid upon me.
*Mir.* A handſome fellow!
Haſt thou e'er bore arms?
*Col.* I've trod full many a march, Sir,
And ſome hurts have to ſhew; before me too, Sir.
*Mir.* Pity this thing ſhould ſtarve, or, forc'd for want,
Come to a worſe end.—I know not what thou mayſt be,
But if thou think'ſt it fit to be a ſervant,
I'll be a maſter, and a good one to thee,
If you deſerve, Sir.
*Col.* Elſe I aſk no favour.
*Mir.* Then, Sir, to try your truſt, becauſe I like you,
Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkiſh priſoner, for me receive her;
I hear ſhe is my prize: Look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my priſoner,
The Chriſtians need no ſchoolmaſters for honour.
Take this to buy thee cloaths; this ring, to help thee
Into the fellowſhip of my houſe; you are a ſtranger,
And my ſervants will not know you elſe; there keep her,
And with all modeſty preſerve your ſervice!
*Col.* A foul example find me elſe! Heav'n thank ye!
Of captain Norandine?

*Mir.*

*Mir.* The ſame.
*Col.* 'Tis done, Sir:
And may Heav'n's goodneſs ever dwell about you!
*Mir.* Wait there 'till I come home.
*Col.* I ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Mountferrat and Abdella.*

*Abd.* 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully, moſt unmanly——
*Mountf.* Let me alone.
*Abd.* Thus leadenly——
*Mountf.* Pox take you!
*Abd.* At every childiſh fear, at every ſhadow!
Are you Mountferrat, that have done ſuch deeds?
Wrought thro' ſuch bloody fields men ſhake to ſpeak of?
Can you go back? is there a ſafety left yet,
But fore-right? is not ruin round about you?
Have you not ſtill theſe arms, that ſword, that heart whole?
Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
A man half-kill'd already? am not I here?
As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
As high and full of heat to meet thy pleaſures——
*Mountf.* I'll be alone.
*Abd.* You ſhall: Farewell, Sir!
And do it bravely! never think of conſcience;
There is none to a man reſolv'd. Be happy! [*Exit.*

*Enter Miranda.*

*Mountf.* No, moſt unhappy wretch, as thou haſt made me,
More devil than thyſelf, I am.
*Mir.* Alone,
And troubled too, I take it. How he ſtarts!

All is not handſome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—
God ſpeed you, Sir! I have been ſeeking of you:
They ſay you are to fight to-day.

*Mountf.* What then?

*Mir.* Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your ſword, Sir!
You have a cauſe requires it; the iſland's ſafety
The order's, and your honour's.

*Mountf.* And do you make a queſtion
I will not fight it nobly?

*Mir.* You dare fight;
You have; and with as great a confidence as juſtice,
I've ſeen you ſtrike as home, and hit as deadly.

*Mountf.* Why are theſe queſtions then?

*Mir.* I'll tell you quickly.
You have a lady in your cauſe, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——

*Mountf.* Do you come on ſo faſt? I have it for you. [*Aſide.*

*Mir.* The ſun ne'er ſaw a ſweeter.

*Mountf.* Theſe I grant you;
Nor dare I againſt beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir, too much unmanly:
But when theſe excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themſelves, and thoſe protect 'em;
When virtue's loſt, luſt and diſhonour enter'd;
Loſs of ourſelves and ſouls baſely projected——

*Mir.* Do you think 'tis ſo?

*Mountf.* Too ſure.

*Mir.* And can it be?
Can it be thought, Mountferrat, ſo much ſweetneſs,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind ſo heavenly made—Prithee obſerve me.

*Mountf.* I thought ſo too: Now, by my holy order,
He that had told me, ('till experience found it,
Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—
I wear no dull ſword, Sir, nor hate I virtue.

*Mir.* Againſt her brother? to the man has bred her?
Her blood and honour?

*Mountf.*

*Mountf.* Where ambitious Luſt
Deſires to be above the rule preſcrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chaſtity, cold Duty,
Like faſhions old forgot, ſhe flings behind her,
And puts on blood and miſchief, death and ruin,
To raiſe her new-built hopes, new faith to faſten her:
Ma'foy, ſhe is as foul as Heav'n is beauteous!

*Mir.* Thou lieſt, thou lieſt, Mountferrat, thou lieſt baſely!
Stare not, nor ſwell not with thy pride! thou lieſt;
And this ſhall make it good.

*Mountf.* Out with your heat firſt!
You ſhall be fought withal.

*Mir.* By Heav'n, that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one ſparkle
Would fire that wiſp, and turn it to light aſhes.

*Mountf.* Oh, pitiful young man, ſtruck blind with beauty!
Shot with a woman's ſmile! Poor, poor Miranda!
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou loſt man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didſt thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!)
Which like a father I have kept from blaſting,
Thy tender honour, is abus'd—But fight firſt,
And then, too late, thou ſhalt know all.

*Mir.* Thou lieſt ſtill!

*Mountf.* Stay! now I'll ſhew thee all, and then I'll kill thee:
I love thee ſo dear, time ſhall not diſgrace thee.
Read that! [*Gives him a letter.*

*Mir.* It is her hand, it is moſt certain.
Good angels, keep me! that I ſhould be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the baſha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never ſee again, melt out for ſorrow!
Did the devil do this?

*Mountf.* No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love ſo dearly;
Come, will you fight again?
*Mir.* No; prithee kill me,
For Heav'n's ſake, and for goodneſs' ſake, diſpatch me!
For the diſgrace ſake that I gave thee, kill me!
*Mountf.* Why, are you guilty?
*Mir.* I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
To ſee Diſhonour ſwallow up all Virtue,
And now would die. By Heav'n's eternal brightneſs,
I am as clear as Innocence!
*Mountf.* I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this ſword from anger; you had died elſe.
And yet I lie, and baſely lie,
*Mir.* Oh, Virtue,
Unſpotted Virtue, whither art thou vaniſh'd?
What haſt thou left us to abuſe our frailties,
In ſhape of goodneſs?
*Mountf.* Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your raſhneſs,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I griev'd your love. Take comfort!
There be more women.
*Mir.* And more miſchief in 'em!
*Mountf.* The juſtice I ſhall do, to right theſe villainies,
Shall make you man again: I'll ſtrike it ſure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely; put this puling paſſion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
When ſhe accepted thee her champion,
And in thy abſence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: 'He is too young,
'Too *boyiſh*, and too tender, to adventure:'
I'll give him one ſound rap for that: I love thee;
Thou art a brave young ſpark.
*Mir.* *Boy* did he call me?
Gomera call me *boy*?
*Mountf.* It pleas'd his gravity,

To

To think ſo of you then: They that do ſervice,
And honeſt ſervice, ſuch as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.
*Mir.* *Boy*, by Gomera?
How look'd he when he ſaid it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and ſweet.
*Mountf.* Yes, when he will, he can be.
But, let it go; I would not breed diſſention;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been
To any of a higher ſtrain than you, Sir[18],
The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda,
I had not thought on't: 'Twas happily his haſte too,
And zeal to her.
*Mir.* A traitor and a *boy* too?
Shame take me, if I ſuffer it!—Puff! farewell, love!
*Mountf.* You know my buſineſs; I muſt leave you, Sir;
My hour grows on apace.
*Mir.* I muſt not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your goodneſs
Have granted me one courteſy: You ſay you love me?
*Mountf.* I do, and dearly; aſk, and let that courteſy
Nothing concern mine honour——
*Mir.* You muſt do it,
Or you will never ſee me more.
*Mountf.* What is it?
It ſhall be great that puts you off: Pray ſpeak it.
*Mir.* Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat!

[18] *To any of an* higher ſtrain *than you are* ] At firſt glance, the reader may think as I once did with Mr. Seward, that *lighter*, or *lower*, or ſome ſuch word ſhould ſupply the place of *higher*. But poſſibly the paſſage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even temper and diſpoſition* of Miranda, and means that had he been of an hot fiery temper prone to paſſion, &c. he ſhould not have diſcovered a ſecret, which might poſſibly breed diſſenſion betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play, if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are ſtill at his ſervice. *Symſon.*

Let

Let me, and bold Gomera——

*Mountf.* Fy, Miranda!
D'ye weigh my worth ſo little?

*Mir.* On my knees!
As ever thou hadſt true touch of a ſorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee——

*Mountf.* Shall I turn recreant now?

*Mir.* 'Tis not thy cauſe;
Thou haſt no reputation wounded in it;
Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted;
The deareſt twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled and *boy'd*.

*Mountf.* I'm glad you've ſwallow'd it.— [*Aſide.*
I muſt confeſs I pity you; and 'tis a juſtice,
A great one too, you ſhould revenge theſe injuries;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do't,
And man as much as man may: But, Miranda—
Why do you kneel?

*Mir.* By Heav'n, I'll grow to th' ground here,
And with my ſword dig up my grave, and fall in't,
Unleſs thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend!
Is any thing in my power? to my life, Sir!
The honour ſhall be yours.

*Mountf.* I love you dearly;
Yet ſo much I ſhould tender——

*Mir.* I'll preſerve all;
By Heav'n, I will, or all the ſin fall with me!
Pray let me.

*Mount.* You have won; I'll once be coward
To pleaſure you.

*Mir.* I kiſs your hands, and thank you.

*Mountf.* Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

*Mir.* Blow not the fire that flames.

*Mountf.* I'll ſend mine armour;
My man ſhall preſently attend you with it,
(For you muſt arm immediately; the hour calls)
I know 'twill fit you right. Be ſure, and ſecret,
And laſt be fortunate! farewell!—You are fitted:
I'm glad the load's off me.

*Mir.* My beſt Mountferrat! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Norandine and Doctor.*

*Nor.* Doctor, I'll ſee the combat, that's the truth on't;
If I had ne'er a leg, I'd crawl to ſee it.
*Doctor.* You're moſt unfit, if I might counſel you,
Your wounds ſo many, and the air——
*Nor.* The halter!
The air's as good an air, as fine an air—
Wouldſt thou have me live in an oven?
*Doctor.* Beſide, the noiſe, Sir;
Which, to a tender body——
*Nor.* That's it, Doctor,
My body muſt be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never proſper
With knuckles o'veal, and birds in ſorrel ſops,
Caudles and cullices; they waſh me away
Like a horſe had eaten grains: If thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of ſack, Doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets!
*Doctor.* You're a ſtrange gentleman——
*Nor.* As e'er thou knew'ſt. Wilt thou give me another cliſter,
That I may ſit cleanly there like a French lady,
When ſhe goes to a maſque at court? Where's thy hoboy?
*Doctor.* I'm glad you're grown ſo merry.

*Enter Aſtorius and Caſtriot.*

*Nor.* Welcome, gentlemen!
*Aſto.* We come to ſee you, Sir; and glad we are
To ſee you thus, thus forward to your health, Sir.
*Nor.* I thank my Doctor here.
*Doctor.* Nay, thank yourſelf, Sir;
For, by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd!

He

He ne'er obſerves any of our preſcriptions.

*Nor.* Give me my money again then, good ſweet Doctor!
Wilt thou have twenty ſhillings a-day for vexing me?

*Doctor.* That ſhall not ſerve you, Sir.

*Nor.* Then forty ſhall, Sir,
And that will make you ſpeak well. Hark, the drums!

[*Drums afar off. A low march.*

*Caſt.* They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble Dane,
Never was ſuch a ſtake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

*Aſto.* It makes us hang our heads all.

*Nor.* A bold villain!
If there be treaſon in it—Accuſe poor ladies?
And yet they may do miſchief too. I'll be with ye:
If ſhe be innocent I ſhall find it quickly,
And ſomething then I'll ſay——

*Aſto.* Come, lean on us, Sir.

*Nor.* I thank ye, gentlemen! and, domine Doctor,
Pray bring a little ſneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I ſwoon when I ſee blood.

*Doctor.* You're pleaſant. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter two Marſhals.*

1 *Marſh.* Are the combatants come in?

2 *Marſh.* Yes. [*The ſcaffold ſet out, and the ſtairs.*

1 *Marſh.* Make the field clear there!

2 *Marſh.* That's done too.

1 *Marſh.* Then to the priſoner; the Grand-maſter's coming.
Let's ſee that all be ready there.

2 *Marſh.* Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, ſweet lady, if ſhe be innocent, [*Flouriſh.*
No doubt but juſtice will direct her champion.
Away!

Away! I hear 'em come.

1 *Marſh.* Pray Heav'n ſhe proſper!

*Enter Valetta, Norandine, Aſtorius, Caſtriot, &c.*

*Val.* Give captain Norandine a chair.

*Nor.* I thank your lordſhip.

*Val.* Sit, Sir, and take your eaſe; your hurts require it:

You come to ſee a woman's cauſe decided;
(That's all the knowledge now, or name, I've for her)
They ſay a falſe, a baſe, and treach'rous woman,
And partly prov'd too.

*Nor.* Pity it ſhould be ſo;
And, if your lordſhip durſt aſk my opinion,
Sure I ſhould anſwer No, (ſo much I honour her)
And anſwer't with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not, good, dogs gnaw his fleſh off!
And one above 'em both will find the truth out;
He never fails, Sir.

*Val.* That's the hope reſts with me.

*Nor.* How nature and his honour ſtruggle in him!
A ſweet, clear, noble gentleman!

[*Guard within*]. Make room there!

*Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.*

*Val.* Go up, and what you have to ſay, ſay there.

*Ori.* Thus I aſcend; nearer, I hope, to Heav'n!
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black manſion,
The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it ſtill, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls ſadly toward it. My noble brother,
(For yet mine innocence dares call you ſo)
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus to this tragick ſcene, behold me,
Behold me with your juſtice, not with pity,
(My cauſe was ne'er ſo poor to aſk compaſſion)
Behold me in this ſpotleſs white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;

So

So ye ſhall find my ſtory, tho' I periſh.
Behold me in my ſex; I am no ſoldier;
Tender and full of fears our bluſhing ſex is,
Unharden'd with relentleſs thoughts; unhatcht[19]
With blood and bloody practice: Alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told. Had I been practis'd,
And known the way of miſchief, travell'd in it,
And giv'n my blood and honour up to reach it;
Forgot religion, and the line I ſprung on;
Oh, Heav'n! I had been fit then for thy juſtice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I'd howl'd here.
Laſt, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongſt ye I was planted from an infant,
('Would then, if Heav'n had ſo been pleas'd, I'd periſh'd!)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blaſted in my bud, with treaſon?
Boldly and baſely of my fair name raviſh'd,
And hither brought to find my reſt in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time reſtores, knows me!—I've ſpoken.

*Val.* If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye,
And ſo I leave ye to his ſword ſtrikes for ye;
Farewell!

*Ori.* Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear brother,
And howſoe'er my cauſe goes, ſee my body
(Upon my knees I aſk it) buried chaſtely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never treſpaſs'd.

*Aſto.* Juſtice ſit on your cauſe, and Heav'n fight for ye!

*Nor.* Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too.

*Val.* You have it, Sir.

*Nor.* Give me your fair hands fearleſs:
As white as this I ſee your innocence,
As ſpotleſs, and as pure; be not afraid, lady!

[19] See note 56 on The Cuſtom of the Country. *Sympſon.*

You

You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal ſtory:
Virtue thro' hardeſt things arrives at happineſs.
Shame follow that blunt ſword that loſes you!
And he that ſtrikes againſt you, I ſhall ſtudy
A curſe or two for him. Once more your fair hands!
I ne'er brought ill luck yet; be fearleſs, happy.

*Ori.* I thank ye, noble captain.

*Nor.* So I leave ye.

*Val.* Call in the knights ſeverally.

*Enter ſeverally, Gomera and Miranda.*

*Ori.* But two words to my champion;
And then to Heav'n and him I give my cauſe up.

*Val.* Speak quickly, and ſpeak ſhort.

*Ori.* I have not much, Sir.
Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You've undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may ſuſpect the cauſe, tho' in your true worth
You will not ſhew it; therefore take this teſtimony,
(And, as I hope for happineſs, a true one!)
And may it ſteel your heart, and edge your good ſword!
You fight for her, as ſpotleſs of theſe miſchiefs
As Heav'n is of our ſins, or Truth of errors;
And ſo defy that treacherous man, and proſper!

*Nor.* Bleſſing o' thy heart, lady!

*Val.* Give the ſignal to 'em. [*Low alarms.*

*Nor.* 'Tis bravely fought! Gomera, follow that blow—
Well ſtruck again, boy!—look upon the lady,
And gather ſpirit! brave again! lie cloſe,
Lie cloſe, I ſay! he fights aloft, and ſtrongly;
Cloſe for thy life!—A pox o' that fell buffet!
Retire and gather breath; ye've day enough, knights—
Look lovely on him, lady! to't again now!
Stand, ſtand, Gomera, ſtand—one blow for all now!
Gather thy ſtrength together; God bleſs the woman!
Why, where's thy noble heart? Heav'n bleſs the lady!

*All.*

*All.* Oh, oh!
*Val.* She is gone, ſhe is gone.
*Nor.* Now ſtrike it.
Hold, hold—he yields: Hold thy brave ſword, he's conquer'd—
He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady!
What could this thief have done, had his cauſe been equal!
He made my heart-ſtrings tremble.
*Val.* Off with's caſque there[20];
And, executioner, take you his head next.
*Abd.* Oh, curſed Fortune! [*Aſide.*
*Gom.* Stay, I beſeech you, Sir! and this one honour
Grant me, I have deſerv'd it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my juſtice;
That he may pine and die, before the ſword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won, her goodneſs.
*Val.* He ſhall; and you the harveſt of your valour
Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.
*Gom.* I've ſav'd her,
Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs worth from black deſtruction[21],
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd)
Her youth and ſweetneſs from a timeleſs ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deſerve her favour——
*Mir.* Stay, and hear me firſt.
*Val.* Off with his caſque! This is Miranda's voice.
*Nor.* 'Tis he indeed, or elſe mine eyes abuſe me:
What makes he here thus?
*Ori.* The young Miranda?

[20] *Caſk.*] This word is generally ſpelt *caſque*. It ſignifies here *a helmet*, and ſometimes is uſed only for *a beaver*, or *hat*. *R.*

[21] *Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs worth from black* deſtruction.] If by worth the Poets mean her *worthy ſelf*, to ſave that from deſtruction, would be only ſaying the ſame thing, with preſerving

*Her youth, and ſweetneſs, from a timeleſs ruin,*

Three lines below. But if by worth be meant her *fame* and *character*, I then ſhould think *deſtruction* a corruption, and would propoſe reading the line ſo,

*Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs worth from black* detraction. *Sympſon.*

*Detraction* would be beſt, were there authority for the change.

Is

Is he mine enemy too?
*Mir.* None has deſerv'd her,
If worth muſt carry it, and ſervice ſeek her,
But he that ſav'd her honour.
*Gom.* That is I, Miranda.
*Mir.* No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not ſo forward!
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.
*Gom.* I fought it.
*Mir.* And I gave it, which is nobler.
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did: Fought it? that's a poor deſert, Sir;
They're bound to that. But then to make that fight ſure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldneſs that muſt call me now
Into diſgrace for ever, into pity——
*Gom.* I undertook firſt, to preſerve her from hazard.
*Mir.* And I made ſure no hazard ſhould come near her.
*Gom.* 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.
*Mir.* 'Twas I wrought him,
(You'd had a dark day elſe) 'twas I defied
His conſcience firſt, 'twas I that ſhook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.
*Gom.* My life and honour
At ſtake I laid.
*Mir.* My care and truth lay by it,
Leſt that ſtake might be loſt. I have deſerv'd her,
And none but I: The lady might have periſh'd
Had fell Mountferrat ſtruck it, from whoſe malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it;
And 'twas high time. And ſuch a ſervice, lady,
For you, and for your innocence—for who knows
Not th' all-devouring ſword of fierce Mountferrat?
I ſhew'd you what I could do, had I been ſpiteful,
Or maſter but of half the poiſon he bears:
(Hell take his heart for't!) And beſhrew theſe hands, madam,
With all my heart, I wiſh a miſchief on 'em!

They made you once look ſad: Such another fright
I would not put you in, to own the iſland:
Yet, pardon me; twas but to ſhew a ſoldier,
Which, when I'd done, I ended your poor coward.
*Val.* Let ſome look out, for the baſe knight Mountferrat——
*Abd.* I hope he's far enough, if his man be truſty:
This was a ſtrange misfortune; I muſt not know it.
*Val.* That moſt deboſhed knight. Come down, ſweet ſiſter,
My ſpotleſs ſiſter now! Pray thank theſe gentlemen;
They have deſerv'd both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the reſpect and favour——
*Ori.* Both ſhall have it;
And as my life their memories I'll nouriſh.
*Val.* Ye're both true knights, and both moſt worthy lovers;
Here ſtands a lady ripen'd with your ſervice,
Young, fair, and (now I dare ſay) truly honourable:
'Tis my will ſhe ſhall marry, marry now,
And one of you (ſhe cannot take more nobly): Your deſerts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare you make me your umpire?
*Gom. Mir.* With all our ſouls.
*Val.* He muſt not then be angry
That loſes her.
*Gom.* Oh, that were, Sir, unworthy.
*Mir.* A little ſorrow he may find.
*Val.* 'Tis manly.
Gomera, you're a brave accompliſh'd gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is Miranda.
In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
You've been a pilgrim long; yet no man further
Has trod thoſe thorny ſteps than young Miranda:
You're gentle, he is gentleneſs itſelf: Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.
*Nor.* The young man now, an't be thy will!

*Val.*

*Val.* Your hand, Sir!
You undertook firſt, nobly undertook,
This lady's cauſe; you made it good, and fought it;
You muſt be ſerv'd firſt, take her and enjoy her!
I give her to you: Kiſs her! Are you pleas'd now?
*Gom.* My joy's ſo much I cannot ſpeak.
*Val.* Nay, faireſt Sir,
You muſt not be diſpleas'd; you break your promiſe.
*Mir.* I never griev'd at good; nor dare I now, Sir,
Tho' ſomething ſeem ſtrange to me.
*Val.* I've provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: There's a miſtreſs
Whoſe beauty ne'er decays (Time ſtands below her);
Whoſe honour, ermin-like, can never ſuffer
Spot or black ſoil; whoſe eternal iſſue
Fame brings up at her breaſts, and leaves 'em fainted;
Her you ſhall marry.
*Mir.* I muſt humbly thank you.
*Val.* Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no ſmall value,
I give you too, in preſent, to keep waking
Your noble ſpirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll ſend you a probation-robe; wear that,
'Till you ſhall pleaſe to be our brother.—How now?

*Enter Aſtorius.*

*Aſto.* Mountferrat's fled, Sir.
*Val.* Let him go a while,
'Till we have done theſe rites, and ſeen theſe coupled:
His miſchief now lies open. Come, all friends now!
And ſo let's march to th' temple. Sound thoſe inſtruments,
That were the ſignal to a day of blood!
Evil beginning hours may end in good. [*Flouriſh.*
*Nor.* Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all brave things.
Pox! let her go; we'll want no miſtreſſes;
Good ſwords, and good ſtrong armours!
*Mir.* Thoſe are beſt, captain.

*Nor.* And fight 'till queens be in love with us, and run after us.
I'll ſee you at the fort within theſe two days;
And let's be merry, prithee!
*Mir.* By that time I ſhall.
*Nor.* Why, that's well ſaid! I like a good heart truly. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.*

*Serv.* THE day is not yet broke, Sir.
*Nor.* 'Tis the cooler riding.
I muſt go ſee Miranda: Bring my horſe
Round to the South port; I'll out here at the beach,
And meet you at the end o'th' ſycamores:
'Tis a ſweet walk, and if the wind be ſtirring
Serves like a fan to cool.
*Serv.* Which walk?
*Nor.* Why, that, Sir,
Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.
*Serv.* I know it. [*Exit. Singing above.*
*Nor.* Speed ye then [22]!—What mirth is this?
The watches are not yet diſcharg'd, I take it:
Theſe are brave careleſs rogues! I'll hear the ſong out,
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

SONG, BY THE SOLDIERS.

1. Sit, ſoldiers, ſit and ſing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the day is near.
Each toſs his cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing; the ſoldier has no fellow!

[22] Nor. *Speed ye then*, &c.] This and the three following lines have hitherto been placed *after* the Song, which they ſhould undoubtedly *precede*. It is not printed in the firſt folio.

2. To

2. To thee a full pot, my little lance-priſado,
And when thou haſt done, a pipe of Trinidado!
Our glaſs of life runs wine, the vintner ſkinks it[23],
Whilſt with his wife the frolick ſoldier drinks it.

3. The drums beat, enſigns wave, and cannons thump it;
Our game is ruffe, and the beſt heart doth trump it:
Each toſs his cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing; the ſoldier has no fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my Corporal, were it a flagon;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon;
What blood we loſe i' th' town, we gain i' th' tuns;
Furr'd gowns, and flat caps, give the wall to guns.
Each toſs his cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing; the ſoldier has no fellow.

*Nor.* Here's notable order! Now for a trick to tame ye!
Owgh, owgh!

1 *Watch.* Hark, hark! what's that below us? Who goes there?

*Nor.* Owgh, owgh, owgh!

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a bear broke looſe; pray call the Corporal.

1 *Watch.* The Dutchman's huge fat ſow.

2 *Watch.* I ſee her now,
And five fine pigs.

*Nor.* Owgh, owgh!

*Enter Corporal.*

*Corp.* Now, what's the matter?

1 *Watch.* Here's the great fat ſow, Corporal,
The Dutchman's ſow; and all the pigs, brave fat pigs:
You have been wiſhing long, ſhe would break looſe.

*Nor.* Owgh, owgh!

*Corp.* 'Tis ſhe indeed; there's a white pig now ſucking:

[23] *The vintner* ſkinks *it.*] As we can affix no idea to the word *ſkinks* here, we have ſubſtituted *ſkinks*. A *ſkinker*, the very ingenious Dr. Percy tells us, is 'one that ſerves drink.' The word occurs as late as Dryden's Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of Homer.

Look, look! d'you ſee it, Sirs?

1 *Watch.* Yes, very well, Sir.

*Corp.* A notable fat whoreſon! Come, two of ye,
Go down with me; we'll have a tickling breakfaſt.

2 *Watch.* Let's eat 'em at the Croſs.

*Corp.* There's the beſt liquor.

*Nor.* I'll liquor ſome of ye, ye lazy rogues!
Your minds are of nothing but eating and ſwilling,
What a ſweet beaſt they've made of me! A ſow?
Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

*Enter Corporal below, and Watch.*

*Corp.* Go ſoftly,
And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly,

1 *Watch.* Bleſs me!

*Corp.* Why, what's the matter?

1 *Watch.* Oh, the devil! the devil,
As high as a ſteeple!

2 *Watch.* There he goes, Corporal!
His feet are cloven too.

*Corp.* Stand, ſtand, I ſay!
Death, how I ſhake! Where be your muſkets?

1 *Watch.* There's
No good of them: Where be our prayers, man?

2 *Watch.* Lord, how he ſtalks! Speak to him, Corporal.

*Corp.* Why, what a devil art thou?

*Nor.* Owgh, owgh!

*Corp.* A dumb devil?
The worſt devil that could come, a dumb devil!
Give me a muſket. He gathers in to me!
I' th' name of——Speak! what art thou? Speak, devil, or
I'll put a plumb in your belly.

*Nor.* Owgh, owgh, owgh!

*Corp.* Fy, fy! in what a ſweat I am! Lord bleſs me,
My muſket's gone too! I am not able to ſtir it.

*Nor.* Who goes there? Stand, ſpeak!

*Corp.* Sure I am enchanted!

Yet

Yet here's my halbert ſtill. Nay, who goes there, Sir?
What, have I loſt myſelf? What are ye?
*Nor.* The guard.
*Corp.* Why, what are we then? He's not half ſo long now,
Nor h'has no tail at all. I ſhake ſtill damnably.
*Nor.* The word!
*Corp.* Have mercy on me! what word does he mean?
Prithee, devil, if thou be'ſt the devil, do not
Make an aſs of me! for I remember yet,
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal;
I'll lay my life on't, devil.
*Nor.* Thou art damn'd!
*Corp.* That's all one; but am not I the Corporal?
I'd give a thouſand pound to be reſolv'd now.
Had not I ſoldiers here?
*Nor.* No, not a man;
Thou art deboſh'd, and cozen'd.
*Corp.* That may be,
It may be I am drunk.—Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my halbert in my hand?
*Nor.* No, 'tis a May-pole.
*Corp.* Why then, I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.
*Nor.* You are an arrant raſcal!
You corporal of a watch?
*Corp.* 'Tis the Dane's voice. You are no devil then?
*Nor.* No, nor no ſow, Sir.
*Corp.* Of that I am right glad, Sir; I was ne'er
So frighted in my life, as I am a ſoldier.
*Nor.* Tall watchmen!
A guard for a gooſe! you ſing away your centries:
A careful company! Let me out o' th' port here,
(I was a little merry with your worſhips)
And keep your guards ſtrong, tho' the devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Go off no more to hunt pigs; ſuch another trick,
And you will hunt the gallows.
*Corp.* Pray, Sir, pardon us!

And, let the devil come next, I'll make him ſtand,
Or make him ſtink.
*Nor.* Do, do your duty truly.
Come, let me out, and come away[24]. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.*

*Rocca.* No more rage.
*Abd.* Write thus to me? H'hath fearfully and baſely
Betray'd his own cauſe; yet, to free himſelf,
He now aſcribes the fault to me.
*Rocca.* I know not
What he hath done; but what he now deſires
His letters have inform'd you.
*Abd.* Yes; he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections!—I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better ſteel'd in my ſtrong reſolutions
Than he hath ſhewn himſelf in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I ſhould ſtick here,
And move no further. Bid him yet take comfort;
For ſomething I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wiſhes. In the mean time
Let him lie cloſe, (for he is ſtrictly ſought for)

[24] *Come let me out, and come away; no more rage.*
SCENE II.
*Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.*
*Abd. Write thus to me?*] If this latter part of the line belong to Norandine, 'tis ſtrangely odd; for why muſt he ſay *no more rage?* This implies, that the corporal and the guard had been in one before, which the reader knows is ſo far from true, that they were frighted with the mimic grunt of a hog, and took it for the devil; but ſuppoſing Abdella had been ſtorming at Mountſerrat's letter, ſome time before Rocca and her coming upon the ſtage, theſe mollifying words of his to her, viz. *no more rage*, will be exceedingly in character, and highly proper to introduce the angry ſpeech of Abdella. *Sympſon.*

And

And practiſe to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger!

*Enter Oriana and Velleda.*

*Rocca.* All this I will tell him. [*Exit.*

*Abd.* Do ſo. Farewell!—My lady, with my fellow,
So earneſt in diſcourſe! Whate'er it be,
I'll ſecond it.

*Vel.* He's ſuch a noble huſband,
In every circumſtance ſo truly loving,
That I might ſay, and without flatt'ry, madam,
The ſun ſees not a lady but yourſelf
That can deſerve him.

*Abd.* Of all men, I ſay,
That dare (for 'tis a deſperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the ſweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true huſbands)
Give me a ſoldier!

*Ori.* Why? are they more loving
Than other men?

*Abd.* And love too with more judgment:
For, but obſerve, your courtier is more curious
To ſet himſelf forth richly, than his lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more coſtly
Than his frugality will allow to her;
His cloaths as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may paſs
At all times for a woman, and with ſome
Have better welcome: Now, your man of lands
For the moſt part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow; your great merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reaſon
She looks elſewhere for payment: Now, your ſoldier—

*Vel.* Ay, marry, do him right!

*Abd.* Firſt, who has one
Has a perpetual guard upon her honour;
For while he wears a ſword, Slander herſelf
Dares not bark at it; next, ſhe ſits at home

Like

Like a great queen, and ſends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which, being brought home,
He lays it at her feet, and ſeeks no further
For his reward than what ſhe may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

*Ori.* Be more modeſt!

*Abd.* Why, we may ſpeak of that we're glad to taſte of,
Among ourſelves I mean.

*Ori.* Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

*Abd.* Of nothing, madam? You have found it ſomething;
Or, with the raiſing-up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with ſpirits.

*Enter Gomera.*

*Ori.* Two long hours abſent?

*Gom.* Thy pardon, ſweet! I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought ſomething
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiſs,
And then poſſeſs my purchaſe: There's a piece
Of cloth of tiſſue, this of purple velvet,
And (as they ſwear) of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy uſe, wear them; if not,
Beſtow them on thy women.

*Abd.* Here's the huſband!

*Gom.* While there is any trading on the ſea,
Thou ſhalt want nothing. 'Tis a ſoldier's glory,
However he neglect himſelf, to keep
His miſtreſs in full luſtre.

*Ori.* You exceed, Sir.

*Gom.* Yet there was one part of the prize diſpos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miſs'd of,
Being almoſt aſſur'd, it would have been
A welcome preſent.

*Ori.* Pray you ſay, what was it?

*Gom.*

*Gom.* A Turkiſh captive, of incomparable beauty,
And, without queſtion, in her country noble;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy ſlave.
*Ori.* But was ſhe
Of ſuch an exquiſite form?
*Gom.* Moſt exquiſite.
*Ori.* And well deſcended?
*Gom.* So the habit promis'd,
In which ſhe was ta'en.
*Ori.* Of what years?
*Gom.* 'Tis ſaid
A virgin of fourteen.
*Ori.* I pity her,
And wiſh ſhe were mine, that I might ha' the means
To entertain her gently.
*Gom.* She is now Miranda's;
And, as I've heard, made it her ſuit to be ſo.
*Ori.* Miranda's? then her fate deſerves not pity,
But envy rather.
*Gom.* Envy, Oriana?
*Ori.* Yes, and their envy that live free.
*Gom.* How's this?
*Ori.* Why, ſhe is fallen into the hands of one,
So full of that which in men we ſtile Goodneſs,
That, in her being his ſlave, ſhe's happier far
Than if ſhe were confirm'd the ſultan's miſtreſs.
*Gom.* Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair deſert, and better hopes; but yet
He hath his equals.
*Ori.* Where? I would go far,
As I am now, tho' much unfit for travels,
But to ſee one that without injury
Might be put in the ſcale, or paralleld,
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all ſervices of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a ſoldier,
You beſt may ſpeak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better ſubject.

And

And Heav'n did well, in ſuch a lovely feature
To place ſo chaſte a mind; for he is of
So ſweet a carriage, ſuch a winning nature,
And ſuch a bold, yet well-diſpos'd behaviour;
And, to all theſe, h'has ſuch a charming tongue,
That, if he would ſerve under Love's freſh colours,
What monumental trophies might he raiſe
Of his free conqueſts, made in ladies' favours!
*Gom.* Yet you did reſiſt him, when he was
An earneſt ſuitor to you?
*Ori.* Yes, I did;
And, if I were again ſought to, I ſhould;
But muſt aſcribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.
*Gom.* E'en ſo?
*Abd.* Thanks, Fortune!
The plot I had to raiſe in him doubts of her
Thou haſt effected.
*Ori.* I could tell you too,
What cauſe I have to love him; with what reaſon
In thankfulneſs he may expect from me
All due obſervance; but I paſs that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.
*Abd.* I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.
*Ori.* He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord?
*Gom.* Who, lady?
*Ori.* Why, Miranda:
Having you here, can there be any elſe
Worth my enquiry?
*Gom.* This is ſomewhat more [*Aſide.*
Than love to virtue!
*Ori.* Faith, when he comes hither,
(As ſometimes, without queſtion, you ſhall meet him)
Invite him home.
*Gom.* To what end?

*Ori.*

*Ori.* To dine with us,
Or ſup.
*Gom.* And then to take a hard bed with you;
Mean you not ſo?
*Ori.* If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better. For his entertainment,
Leave that to me; he ſhall find noble uſage,
And from me a free welcome.
*Gom.* Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaſte ones, I pray you underſtand) whoſe huſband,
Tax'd for his ſour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?
*Ori.* 'Tis a common one:
Her anſwer was, having kiſs'd none but him,
She thought it was a general diſeaſe
All men were ſubject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord?
*Gom.* Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts ſo fix'd upon her lord,
That ſhe could find no ſpare time to ſing praiſes
Of any other; nor would ſhe employ
Her huſband (tho' perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an inſtrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight her
With their diſcourſe, or——
*Ori.* What, my lord?
*Gom.* Their perſons;
Or, if I ſhould ſpeak plainer——
*Ori.* No, it needs not;
You've ſaid enough to make my innocence know
It is ſuſpected.
*Gom.* You betray yourſelf
To more than a ſuſpicion: Could you elſe,
To me, that live in nothing but love to you,
Make ſuch a groſs diſcov'ry, that your luſt
Had ſold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda?

Or

Or riſe to ſuch a height in impudence,
As to preſume to work my yielding weakneſs
To play, for your bad ends, to my diſgrace,
The wittol, or the pander?
*Ori.* Do not ſtudy
To print more wounds (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierc'd thro' already.
*Gom.* Thy heart? thou haſt pierc'd thro' mine honour, falſe one,
The honour of my houſe! Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving truſt
Of wicked woman! For thy ſake, vile creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I've digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied my conſtant miſtreſs,
That never fail'd her ſervant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the fellowſhip of an order
Which princes, thro' all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jeruſalem:
And am I thus rewarded?
*Vel.* By all goodneſs,
You wrong my lady, and deſerve her not,
When you are at your beſt! Repent your raſhneſs;
'Twill ſhew well in you.
*Abd.* Do, and aſk her pardon.
*Ori.* No; I have liv'd too long, to have my faith,
My tried faith, call'd in queſtion, and by him
That ſhould know true affection is too tender
To ſuffer an unkind touch, without ruin.
Study ingratitude, all, from my example!
For to be thankful now is to be falſe.
But, be't ſo; let me die! I ſee you wiſh it;
Yet dead, for truth and pities' ſake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd me.
*Vel.* She faints!
*Abd.* What have you done?
*Ori.* My laſt breath cannot
Be better ſpent, than to ſay I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, ſince with me

I take

I take along what might have been hereafter
In ſcorn deliver'd for the doubtful iſſue
Of a ſuſpected mother. [*She ſwoons.*

*Vel.* Oh, ſhe's gone!

*Abd.* For ever gone!—Are you a man?

*Gom.* I grow here!

*Abd.* Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it:
If any ſpark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.

*Vel.* 'Tis all in vain!
She's ſtiff already. Live I, and ſhe dead?

*Gom.* How like a murderer I ſtand!—Look up,
And hear me curſe myſelf, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana,
And then in peace forſake me! Jealouſy,
Thou loathſome vomit of the fiends below,
What deſp'rate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and ſoul? I'll let thee forth,
And ſo in death find eaſe! And does my fault then
Deſerve no greater puniſhment? No; I'll live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth!
All joys and hopes forſake me! all mens' malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wiſh it,
Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may mine enemies ſmile to hear me groan;
And, dead, may I be pitied of none! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Colonna and Lucinda.*

*Luc.* Pray you, Sir, why was the ordnance of the fort
Diſcharg'd ſo ſuddenly?

*Col.* 'Twas the governor's pleaſure,
In honour of the Dane; a cuſtom us'd,
To ſpeak a ſoldier's welcome.

*Luc.* 'Tis a fit one.
But is my maſter here too?

*Col.* Three days ſince.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Might I demand without offence ſo much,
Is't pride in him (however now a ſlave)
That I am not admitted to his preſence?
*Col.* His courteſy to you, and to mankind,
May eaſily reſolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Eſteem a virtue.
*Luc.* What's the reaſon then,
As you imagine, Sir?
*Col.* Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, ſhould he ſee you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuſes
With care t'avoid the cauſe that may produce
Some ſtrange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto.
*Luc.* This much encreaſes
My ſtrong deſire to ſee him,
*Col.* It ſhould rather
Teach you to thank the prophet that you worſhip,
That you are ſuch a man's, who, tho' he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your preſent fortune; and (if all thoſe tears
Which made grief lovely in you, i' th' relation
Of the ſad ſtory that forc'd me to weep too,
Your huſband's hard fate, were not counterfeit)
You ſhould rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaſte life to his memory, and bring to him
Thoſe ſweets, which while he liv'd he could not taſte of:
But if you wantonly beſtow them on
Another man, you offer violence
To him, tho' dead; and his griev'd ſpirit will ſuffer
For your immodeſt looſeneſs.
*Luc.* Why, I hope, Sir,

My

My willingneſs to look on him to whom
I owe my life and ſervice, is no proof
Of any unchaſte purpoſe.
*Col.* So I wiſh too!
And in the confidence it is not, lady,
I dare the better tell you he will ſee you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I eaſily ſhould gueſs, were I Lucinda [25]:
And therefore, tho' I can yield little reaſon
(But in a general love to womens' goodneſs)
Why I ſhould be ſo tender of your honour,
I willingly would beſtow ſome counſel of you;
And would you follow it?
*Luc.* Let me firſt hear it,
And then I can reſolve you.
*Col.* My advice then
Is, that you would not (as moſt ladies uſe,
When they prepare themſelves for ſuch encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dreſſings,
To native excellence; yours, without help,
But ſeen as it is now, would make a hermit
Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
Of endleſs comforts, for a few ſhort minutes
Of preſent pleaſures; to prevent which, lady,
Practiſe to take away from your perfections,
And to preſerve your chaſtity unſtain'd:
The moſt deform'd ſhape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to ſo chaſte an end)
Will prove the faireſt ornament.

[25] ——— *to what end*
*I eaſily ſhould gueſs, were I* Miranda;] Before we condemn this *Miranda*, let us put the ſenſe of this paſſage into plain proſe. You are intended to be brought into Miranda's chamber this night, ſays Colonna to Lucinda, and if I was *Miranda*, I could eaſily gueſs for what end, *&c.* i. e. if I ſent for you, I could ſurely tell why I ſent for you. Is not this mighty elegant? I doubt not but my reader ſees where the fault lies, and has made the correction for me.
*I eaſily ſhould gueſs, was I* Lucinda. *Sympſon.*

*Luc.* To take from
The workmanſhip of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chaſtity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct impos'd by Nature, than a bleſſing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Tho' ne'er ſo oft aſſaulted, in reſiſtance:
For me, I'll therefore ſo diſpoſe myſelf,
That if I hold out it ſhall be with honour;
Or if I yield, Miranda ſhall find ſomething
To make him love his victory. [*Exit.*

*Col.* With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor ſhould I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born ſophiſters, to maintain
That luſt is lawful, and the end and uſe
Of their creation. 'Would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Tho' ſeen, the ruin I muſt ever grieve! [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with lights.*

*Mir.* I'll ſee you in your chamber.

*Nor.* Pray you no further!
It is a ceremony I expect not:
I am no ſtranger here; I know my lodging,
And have ſlept ſoundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it: Oh, 'twas royal muſick!
And to procure a ſound ſleep for a ſoldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Preſs it no further!

*Mir.* You will overcome.—
Wait on him carefully.

*Nor.* I've took, ſince ſupper,
A rouſe or two too much [26], and, by the gods,

[26] *A rouſe.*] This ſeems in general to ſignify what we now call, *a chearful glaſs.*—It is a word which frequently occurs, but not always in

It warms my blood.

*Mir.* You'll ſleep the better for't.

*Nor.* Pox on't, I ſhould, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hoſe off, and warm my night-cap;
There's no charm like it. I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time!
Hang up your ſmooth-chin page! And, now I think on't,
Where is your Turkiſh priſoner?

*Mir.* In the caſtle;
But yet I never ſaw her.

*Nor.* Fy upon you!
See her, for ſhame! or, hark you; if you would
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part,
It being a faſhion of the laſt edition,
Far from panderiſm, now ſend her to me.
You look ſtrange on't[27]! No entertainment's perfect
Without it, on my word, no livery like it!
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee.—There's no ſuit got without it;
Gold is an aſs to't.

---

in the ſame ſenſe: 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a *rouſe* 'already,' ſays Caſſio in Othello, act iii. ſc. iii. and Mr. Steevens ſays, that 'a *rouſe* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large;' and, in proof of it, cites Hamlet and the following paſſage in The Chriſtian Turned Turk, 1612:

'—— our friends may tell
'We drank a *rouſe* to them.'

But neither this paſſage nor that in the text warrants Steevens's explanation:—*A* rouſe *or two* TOO MUCH implies that a *rouſe* is not in itſelf too much, no more than if we were to ſay a *glaſs* or two too much.

[27] Nor. *You look ſtrange on't, no entertainment's perfect*
*Without it on my word, no livery like it;*]

The paſſage

*I'll tell her he looks for it as duly*
*As for his fee* ——

which I have recovered from the folio of the oldeſt date is not to be found in the ſucceeding editions; but I muſt confeſs I don't underſtand the latter part of the ſpeech any more than I know reaſon why the editors of the copies of 1679 and 1711, thought proper to drop it. *Sympſon.*

The paſſage ſeems corrupt; or, at leaſt, not to belong to this place.

*Mir.* Go to bed, to bed!

*Nor.* Well, if ſhe come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the ſin lie on your head!—Good night!
[*Exeunt Nor. and Servants.*

*Enter Colonna and Lucinda.*

*Col.* There you ſhall find him, lady: You know what I've ſaid,
And if you pleaſe you may make uſe.

*Luc.* No doubt, Sir.

*Col.* From hence I ſhall hear all. [*He retires.*

*Mir.* Come hither, young one.—
Beſhrew my heart, a handſome wench!—Come nearer.
A very handſome one!—Do not you grieve, ſweet,
You are a priſoner?

*Luc.* The loſs of liberty,
No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and ſharp burden
To them that feel it truly: But your ſervant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;
Thanks to that noble will! No want, no hunger
(Companions ſtill to ſlaves) no violence,
Nor any unbeſeeming act we ſtart at,
Have I yet met withal: Content and goodneſs,
Civility, and ſweetneſs of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy maſter,
I cannot ſay I grieve my liberty.

*Mir.* Do not you fancy me too cold a ſoldier,
Too obſtinate an enemy to youth,
That had ſo fair a jewel in my cabinet.
And in ſo long a time would ne'er look on it?

*Col.* What can ſhe ſay now?

*Luc.* Sure, I deſir'd to ſee you;
And with a longing wiſh——

*Col.* There's all her virtue.

*Luc.* Purſued that full deſire, to give you thanks, Sir,
The only ſacrifice I've left, and ſervice,
For all the virtuous care you've kept me ſafe with.

*Col.* She holds well yet.

*Mir.* The pretty fool ſpeaks finely.—

Come,

Come, ſit down here.
*Luc.* Oh, Sir, 'tis moſt unſeemly.
*Mir.* I'll have it ſo; ſit cloſe. Now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?
*Luc.* My tears will anſwer that, Sir[28].
*Mir.* And did you then love truly?
*Luc.* So I thought, Sir.
*Mir.* Can you love me ſo?
*Col.* Now!
*Luc.* With all my duty;
I were unworthy of thoſe favours elſe,
You daily ſhower upon me.
*Mir.* What think'ſt thou of me?
*Luc.* I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,
A pattern, and a pride, to the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.
*Mir.* A pretty flatt'ring rogue!—Dare you kiſs that ſweet man
You ſpeak ſo ſweetly of? Come.
*Col.* Farewell, virtue!
*Mir.* What haſt thou got between thy lips? (Kiſs once more.)
Sure thou haſt a ſpell there!
*Luc.* More than e'er I knew, Sir.
*Col.* All hopes go now!
*Mir.* I muſt tell you
A thing in your ear; and you muſt hear me,
And hear me willingly, and grant me ſo too;
'Twill not be worth my aſking elſe.
*Luc.* It muſt be
A very hard thing, Sir, and from my power,
I ſhall deny your goodneſs.
*Mir.* 'Tis a good wench!
I muſt lie with you, lady.
*Luc.* 'Tis ſomething ſtrange;
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.
*Mir.* You'll quickly find that knowledge.
*Luc.* To what end, Sir?

[28] *My* years *will anſwer that, Sir.*] Corrected from Sympſon's conjecture.

*Mir.* Art thou ſo innocent thou canſt not gueſs at it?
Did thy dreams ne'er direct thee?
*Luc.* Faith, none yet, Sir.
*Mir.* I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth, and pleaſure;
Give thee my youth for that, (by Heav'n, ſhe fires me!)
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thouſand new embraces.
*Luc.* Is that all, Sir?
And ſay I ſhould try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conſcience, I could!
*Mir.* That's as we make it.
*Luc.* Grant that that likes you beſt, what would you do then?
*Mir.* What would I do? Certainly I'm no baby,
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear!
*Luc.* Fy, fy, Sir!
*Mir.* I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
*Luc.* Sure we ſhall get ill Chriſtians.
*Mir.* We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
*Luc.* Sweet maſter!
*Col.* Never belief in woman come near me more!
*Luc.* My beſt and nobleſt Sir, if a poor virgin
(For yet, by Heaven, I'm ſo) ſhould chance ſo far
(Seeing your excellence, and able ſweetneſs)
To forget herſelf, and ſlip into your boſom,
Or to your bed, out of a doting on you,
(Take it the beſt way) have you that cruel heart,
That murd'ring mind, to——
*Mir.* Yes, by my troth, ſweet, have I,
To lie with her.
*Luc.* And do you think it well done?
*Mir.* That's as ſhe'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed, wench!
For thou'rt ſo pretty, and ſo witty a companion,
We muſt not part to-night.
*Luc.* Faith, let me go,
Sir, and think better on't.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* I'faith, thou ſhalt not!
I warrant thee, I'll think on't.
*Luc.* I've heard 'em ſay here,
You are a maid too.
*Mir.* I am ſure I am, wench,
If that will pleaſe thee.
*Luc.* I have ſeen a wonder!
And would you loſe that, for a little wantonneſs,
(Conſider, my ſweet maſter, like a man, now)
For a few honied kiſſes, ſlight embraces,
That glory of your youth? that crown of ſweetneſs
Can you deliver? that unvalued treaſure
Would you forſake, to ſeek your own diſhonour?
What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance?
To a poor ſtranger?
*Col.* Hold there, again thou'rt perfect!
*Luc.* I know you do but try me.
*Mir.* And I know
I'll try you a great deal further. Prithee, to bed!
I love thee, and ſo well—Come, kiſs me once more!
Is a maidenhead ill beſtow'd o' me?
*Luc.* What's this, Sir? [*Taking hold of his croſs.*
*Mir.* Why, 'tis the badge, my ſweet, of that holy order
I ſhortly muſt receive, the Croſs of Malta.
*Luc.* What virtue has it?
*Mir.* All that we call virtuous.
*Luc.* Who gave it firſt?
*Mir.* He that gave all, to ſave us.
*Luc.* Why then, 'tis holy too?
*Mir.* True ſign of holineſs;
The badge of all his ſoldiers that profeſs him.
*Luc.* The badge of all his ſoldiers that profeſs him?
Can it ſave in dangers?
*Mir.* Yes.
*Luc.* In troubles, comfort?
*Mir.* You ſay true, ſweet.
*Luc.* In ſickneſs, reſtore health?
*Mir.* All this it can do.

*Luc.* Preſerve from evils that afflict our frailties?
*Mir.* I hope ſhe will be Chriſtian.—All theſe truly.
*Luc.* Why are you ſick then, ſick to death with luſt?
In danger to be loſt? no holy thought
In all that heart? Nothing but wandring frailties,
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.
*Mir.* Forgive me, Heav'n! ſhe ſays true.
*Luc.* Dare you profeſs that badge, prophane that goodneſs——
*Col.* Thou haſt redeem'd thyſelf again, moſt rarely!
*Luc.* That holineſs and truth you make me wonder at?
Blaſt all the bounty Heav'n gives? that remembrance—
*Col.* Oh, excellent woman!
*Luc.* Fling it from you quickly,
If you be thus reſolv'd; I ſee a virtue
Appear in't like a ſword, both edges flaming,
That will conſume you, and your thoughts, to aſhes.
Let them profeſs it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and juſt of thought, that build the Croſs,
Not thoſe that break it! By Heaven, if you touch me,
Ev'n in the act, I'll make that Croſs, and curſe you.
*Mir.* You ſhall not, fair: I did diſſemble with you,
And but to try your faith I faſhion'd all this.
Yet ſomething you provok'd me. This fair Croſs,
By me (if he but pleaſe to help firſt gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.
Go to your reſt, my modeſt, honeſt ſervant,
My fair and virtuous maid, and ſleep ſecure there;
For when you ſuffer, I forget this ſign here.
*Col.* A man of men too! Oh, moſt perfect gentleman!
*Luc.* All ſweet reſt to you, Sir! I'm half a Chriſtian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.
*Mir.* This is the fouleſt play I'll ſhew. Good night, ſweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.*

*Mountf.* THE ſun's not ſet yet?

*Rocca.* No, Sir.

*Mountf.* 'Would it were,
Never to riſe again to light the world!
And yet, to what vain purpoſe do I wiſh it,
Since, tho' I were environ'd with thick miſts,
Black as Cymerian darkneſs, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thouſand hammers ſtrike, and every ſpark,
They force from it, to me's another ſun
To light me to my ſhame?

*Rocca.* Take hope and comfort.

*Mountf.* They're aids indeed, but yet as far from me
As I from being innocent. This cave, faſhion'd
By provident Nature in this ſolid rock,
To be a den for beaſts, alone receives me;
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forſake me.

*Rocca.* I'll ne'er leave you;
And wiſh you would call back that noble courage,
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That us'd to ſhrink at nothing.

*Mountf.* Then it did not;
But 'twas when I was honeſt! Then, i' th' height
Of all my happineſs, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durſt die, Rocca! Death itſelf then to me
Was nothing terrible, becauſe I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Freſh on my memory: But ſince I fell
From my integrity, and diſmiſs'd thoſe guards,
Thoſe ſtrong aſſurances of innocence;

That

That conſtancy fled from me; and, what's worſe,
Now I am loathſome to myſelf, and life
A burden to me; rack'd with ſad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my preſent horrors
Unſufferable to me; tortur'd with deſpair
That I ſhall ne'er find mercy; hell about me,
Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not,
Still fearing worſe, put off my wretched being!

*Enter Abdella.*

*Rocca.* To ſee this would deter a doubtful man
From miſchievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked. Here's the Moor; look up, Sir!
Some eaſe may come from her.

*Mountf.* New trouble rather,
And I expect it.

*Abd.* Who is this? Mountferrat?
Riſe up, for ſhame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous ſea,
Receive thoſe tides of comfort that flow to you.
If ever I look'd lovely; if deſert
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleaſing,
Or could endear the giver of ſuch bleſſings;
All theſe I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of thoſe ſo-long-wiſh'd embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.

*Mountf.* Why, what have you done for me?

*Abd.* Made Gomera
As truly miſerable, as you thought him happy:
Could you wiſh more?

*Mountf.* As if his ſickneſs could
Recover me! The injuries I receiv'd
Were Oriana's.

*Abd.* She has paid dear for 'em;
She's dead.

*Mountf.* How!

*Abd.* Dead; my hate could reach no further.
Taking advantage of her in a ſwoon,

Under

Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poiſon'd her.—What ſtupid dullneſs is this?
What you ſhould entertain with ſacrifice,
Can you receive ſo coldly?
*Mountf.* Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleaſing to the devil;
And thou, in thy black ſhape, and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character, art delighted
To do what I, tho' infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou haſt, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends, with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and deſpoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or muſt ſuffer.
*Abd.* I did it for the beſt.
*Mountf.* For thy worſt ends!
And be aſſur'd, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy deſpair muſt force thee
To do unto thyſelf, and ſo to add to
Thy moſt aſſur'd damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my ſight! and if luſt of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from thoſe ſteep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyſelf, and then
I may laugh at it.
*Abd.* In the mean time, I muſt
Be bold to do ſo much for you: Ha, ha!
*Mountf.* Why grin'ſt thou, devil?
*Abd.* That 'tis in my power
To puniſh thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you ſtood affected, and ſince I
Know I'm us'd only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full:
For underſtand, in thy contempt of me,
Thoſe hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are loſt for ever.
*Mountf.* Why, lives ſhe?
*Abd.* Yes; but never to Mountferrat,
Altho' it is in me, with as much eaſe

To

To give her freely up to thy poſſeſſion,
As to remove this ruſh; which yet deſpair of:
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, ſhall ever win me to it:
So, with my curſe, I leave thee!
*Mountf.* Prithee, ſtay!
Thou know'ſt I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peeviſh, and perverſe, ſo apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me——
*Abd.* To perſuade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn myſelf,
With you are trifles!
*Mountf.* 'Twas my melancholy
That made me ſpeak I know not what: Forgive!
I will redeem my fault.
*Rocca.* Believe him, lady.
*Mountf.* A thouſand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kiſſes.
*Abd.* There's ſomething elſe, that would prevail more with me.
*Mountf.* Thou ſhalt have all thy wiſhes: Do but bleſs me
With means to ſatisfy my mad deſires
For once in Oriana, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my beſt Abdella!
*Abd.* Were I aſſur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——
*Mountf.* Any thing! make choice of
Thine own conditions.
*Abd.* Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.
*Mountf.* That our ſafety
Muſt of neceſſity urge us to.
*Abd.* Then know,
It was not poiſon, but a ſleeping potion,
Which ſhe receiv'd; yet of ſufficient ſtrength
So to bind up her ſenſes, that no ſign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,

In

In her beſt habit[29], as the cuſtom is
(You know) in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
I'th' temple of St. John: I'll bring you thither;
Thus, as you are diſguis'd. Some ſix hours hence
The potion will leave working.

*Rocca.* Let us haſte then.

*Mountf.* Be my good angel; guide me!

*Abd.* But remember
You keep your oath.

*Mountf.* As I deſire to proſper
In what I undertake!

*Abd.* I aſk no more. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.*

*Col.* Here, Sir; I've got the key: I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.

*Mir.* Look to the horſes then, and pleaſe the fellow.
After a few devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off; there may be ſome uſe of you.
Give me the light. Come, friend, a few good prayers
Were not beſtow'd in vain now, e'en from you, Sir:
Men that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or waſh it off, but penitence and prayer.
I am to take the order; and my youth
Loaden, I muſt confeſs, with many follies,
Circled and bound about with ſins as many
As in the houſe of memory live figures.
My heart I'll open now, my faults confeſs,
And riſe a new man, Heav'n, I hope, to a new life.

*Nor.* I have no great devotion, at this inſtant;
But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, Sir.
Hold up your finger when you've pray'd enough.

[29] *In her beſt habit*, &c.] This ſpeech bears an obvious ſimilitude to one of Friar Laurence in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Go you to that end.
*Nor.* I ſhall never pray
Alone ſure, I have been ſo us'd to anſwer
The clerk. 'Would I had a cuſhion; for I
Shall ne'er make a good hermit, and kneel 'till
My knees are horn; theſe ſtones are plaguy hard!
Where ſhall I begin now? for if I do not
Obſerve a method, I ſhall be out preſently.
*Ori.* Oh, oh!
*Nor.* What's that, Sir? Did you hear?
*Mir.* Ha? to your prayers!
*Nor.* 'Twas hereabouts! It has put me clean awry
Now; I ſhall ne'er get in again! Ha! by land,
And water, all children and all women;
Ay, there it was I left.
*Ori.* Oh, oh!
*Nor.* Ne'er tell me, Sir!
Here's ſomething got amongſt us.
*Mir.* I heard a groan,
A diſmal one.
*Ori.* Oh, oh!
*Nor.* Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir!
A devil in the wall!
*Mir.* 'Tis ſome illuſion
To fright us from devotion.
*Ori.* Oh, oh!
*Nor.* Why, 'tis here;
The ſpirit of a huntſman choak'd with butter[30].
Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.
*Mir.* For certain,
This has not been three days here.
*Nor.* And a tablet
With rhimes upon't.
*Mir.* I prithee read 'em, Norandine.
*Nor.* An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis; ay, 'tis taph!

[30] *The ſpirit of a* huntſman *choak'd with butter.*] As I can ſee no humour in an *huntſman's being choak'd with butter*, I make no doubt of its being a corruption for *Dutchman*, who are always laugh'd at for eating ſuch quantities of oyl'd butter. *Seward.*

An

An epitaph upon the moſt excel—excel—lent—and—

*Mir.* Thou canſt not read.

*Nor.* I've ſpoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.

*Mir.* An epitaph upon the moſt virtuous and excellent lady,
The honour of chaſtity, Oriana.

*Nor.* The Grand-maſter's ſiſter? how a devil came ſhe here?
When ſlipt ſhe out o'th' way? The ſtone's but half upon her.

*Mir.* It is a ſudden change!—Certain the miſchief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her heart-ſtrings.

*Nor.* 'Would he were here! I'd be the clerk myſelf,
And, by this little light, I'd bury him alive here.
Here's no lamenting now,

*Ori.* Oh, oh!

*Nor.* There 'tis.

*Mir.* Sure from
The monument! the very ſtone groans for her.
Oh, dear lady, bleſſing of women, virtue of thy ſex;
How art thou ſet for ever, how ſtol'n from us!
Babbling and prating now converſe with women.

*Nor.* Sir, it riſes; it looks up! [*She riſes up.*

*Mir.* Heav'n bleſs us!

*Nor.* It is in woman's cloaths. It riſes higher.

*Mir.* It looks about, and wonders: Sure ſhe lives, Sir!
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady.

*Nor.* Shall I go to her?

*Ori.* Where am I?

*Mir.* Stand ſtill.

*Ori.* What place is this?

*Nor.* She is as live as I am.

*Ori.* What ſmell of earth, and rotten bones? what dark place?
Lord, whither am I carried?

*Nor.* How ſhe ſtares,
And ſets her eyes upon him!

*Mir.*

*Mir.* How is't, dear lady?
D' you know me? how ſhe ſhakes!
*Ori.* You are a man.
*Mir.* A man that honours you.
*Ori.* A cruel man;
Ye are all cruel! Are you in your grave too?
For there's no truſting cruel man, above ground.
*Nor.* By'r lady, that goes hard!
*Mir.* To do you ſervice,
And to reſtore you to the joys you were in——
*Ori.* I was in joys indeed, and hope——
*Mir.* She ſinks again!
Again ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, gone as a ſhadow!
She ſinks for ever, friend!
*Nor.* She is cold now;
She's certainly departed: I muſt cry too.
*Mir.* The bleſſed angels guide thee! Put the ſtone to.
Beauty, thou'rt gone to duſt, goodneſs to aſhes!
*Nor.* Pray take it well; we muſt all have our hours, Sir.
*Mir.* Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory
A bubble that a boy blows into the air,
And there it breaks.
*Nor.* I am glad you ſav'd her honour yet.
*Mir.* 'Would I had ſav'd her life now too! Oh, Heav'n,
For ſuch a bleſſing, ſuch a timely bleſſing!
Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what ſtory
To keep my name from worms!
*Ori.* Oh, oh!
*Nor.* She lives again!
'Twas but a trance.
*Mir.* Pray you call my man in preſently.
Help with the ſtone firſt! Oh, ſhe ſtirs again!
Oh, call my man! away!
*Nor.* I fly, I fly, Sir! [*Exit.*
*Mir.* Upon my knees, oh, Heav'n, oh, Heav'n, I thank thee!

*Enter*

*Enter Colonna and Norandine.*

The living heat ſteals into every member.
Come, help the coffin out ſoftly, and ſuddenly!
Where is the clerk?

*Col.* Drunk above; he is ſure, Sir.

*Mir.* Sirrah, you muſt be ſecret.

*Col.* As your ſoul, Sir.

*Mir.* Softly, good friend! take her into your arms.

*Nor.* Put in the cruſt again.

*Mir.* And bring her out there. When I am a-horſe-back,
My man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the fort; ſtay you, and watch what iſſue,
And what enquiry's for the body.

*Nor.* Well, Sir?

*Mir.* And when you've done, come back to me.

*Nor.* I will.

*Mir.* Softly, oh, ſoftly!

*Nor.* She grows warmer ſtill, Sir.

*Col.* What ſhall I do with the key?

*Mir.* Thou canſt not ſtir now;
Leave it i'th' door. Go, get the horſes ready. [*Exit.*

*Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, and Abdella, with a dark-lanthorn.*

*Rocca.* The door's already open, the key in it.

*Mountf.* What were thoſe paſt by?

*Rocca.* Some ſcout of ſoldiers, I think.

*Mountf.* It may be well ſo, for I ſaw their horſes:
They ſaw not us, I hope.

*Abd.* No, no, we were cloſe;
Beſide, they were far off.

*Mountf.* What time of night is't?

*Abd.* Much about twelve, I think.

*Rocca.* Let me go in firſt;
For, by the leaving open of the door here,
There may be ſomebody i'th' church. Give me the lanthorn.

*Abd.* You'll love me now, I hope.

*Mountf.* Make that good to me
Your promiſe is engag'd for.
*Abd.* Why, ſhe's there,
Ready prepar'd; and much about this time
Life will look up again.
*Rocca.* Come in; all's ſure;
Not a foot ſtirring, nor a tongue.
*Mountf.* Heav'n bleſs me!
I never enter'd, with ſuch unholy thoughts,
This place before.
*Abd.* You are a fearful fool!
If men have appetites allowed 'em,
And warm deſires, are there not ends too for 'em?
*Mountf.* Whither ſhall we carry her?
*Rocca.* Why, to the bark, Sir;
I have provided one already waits us:
The wind ſtands wondrous fair too for our paſſage.
*Abd.* And there, when you've enjoy'd her, (for you've that liberty)
Let me alone to ſend her to feed fiſhes!
I'll no more ſighs for her.
*Mountf.* Where is the monument?
Thou'rt ſure ſhe will awake about this time?
*Abd.* Moſt ſure,
If ſhe be not knockt o' th' head. Give me the lanthorn!
Here 'tis.—How's this? the ſtone off?
*Rocca.* Ay, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worſe; no body,
I'm ſure of that, nor ſign of any here,
But an empty coffin.
*Mountf.* No lady?
*Rocca.* No, nor lord, Sir;
This pie has been cut up before.
*Abd.* Either the devil
Muſt do theſe tricks——
*Mountf.* Or thou, damned one, worſe!
Thou black ſwoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon ſuffer'd,
Thou hell itſelf confin'd in fleſh, what trick now?

Tell

Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy miſchief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou haſt remov'd her body; or, by this holy place,
This ſword ſhall cut thee into thouſand pieces,
A thouſand thouſand, ſtrew thee o'er the temple,
A ſacrifice to thy black ſire, the devil!

*Rocca.* Tell him; you ſee he's angry.

*Abd.* Let him burſt!
Neither his ſword nor anger do I ſhake at;
Nor will yield, to feed his poor ſuſpicions,
His idle jealouſies, and mad-dogs' heats,
One thought againſt myſelf. You've done a brave deed,
A manly, and a valiant piece of ſervice,
When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongſt your battles!
I'm ſorry you're ſo poor, ſo weak a gentleman,
Able to ſtand no fortune: I diſpoſe of her?
My miſchief make her away? a likely project,
I muſt play booty 'gainſt myſelf! If any thing croſs ye,
I am the devil, and the devil's heir;
All plagues, all miſchiefs——

*Mountf.* Will you leave, and do yet?

*Abd.* I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for ſuch a thankleſs fellow!
If I be devil, you created me:
I never knew thoſe arts, nor bloody practices,
(Plague o' your cunning heart, that mine of miſchief!)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.—
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

*Mountf.* Where is ſhe?
This is the laſt demand.

*Abd.* Did I now know it,
And were I ſure this were my lateſt minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curſe thee.

*Rocca.* I ſee a light. Stand cloſe, and leave your angers!
We all miſcarry elſe.

*Enter Gomera, and page with a torch.*

*Abd.* I am now careleſs.

*Mountf.* Peace, prithee peace, ſweet! peace! all friends!

*Abd.* Stand cloſe then.

*Gom.* Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee.

In darkneſs was my ſoul and ſenſes clouded
When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealouſy
In all her blackneſs drawn about my judgment;
No light was let into me, to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt my ſudden anger and her honour:
A blind ſad pilgrimage ſhall be my penance;
No comfort of the day will I look up at;
Far darker than my jealous ignorance,
Each place of my abode ſhall be; my prayers
No ceremonious lights ſhall ſet off more;
Bright arms, and all that carry luſtre, life,
Society, and ſolace, I forſake ye!
And were it not once more to ſee her beauties,
(For, in her bed of death, ſhe muſt be ſweet ſtill)
And on her cold ſad lips ſeal my repentance,
Thou child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not miſs thee[31].

*Mountf.* I know the tongue: 'Would I were out again!'
I've done him too much wrong to look upon him.

*Abd.* There is no ſhifting now; boldneſs and confidence
Muſt carry't now away: He's but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a ſtrength far under.

[31] *Thou child of Heav'n, fair light, I could not miſs thee.*] Seward propoſes to read, *I* would *not* uſe *thee*; and Sympſon ſays, 'What 'Gomera intends to ſay is only this; that unleſs it was to ſee the 'beauty of his (ſuppoſed) dead wife, &c. he never ſhould *deſire* or 'want light more. Now this by an eaſy change may be made out thus,

——*fair light, I* ſhould *not miſs thee.*'

But neither Sympſon nor Seward ſeem to have obſerved, that the whole ſpeech turns on Gomera's abandoning *light* for darkneſs, which is the only key to explain the laſt line; but, adverting to that, it becomes intelligible. Sympſon explains the paſſage quite wrong.

*Mountf.*

*Mountf.* But h'has a cauſe above me!

*Abd.* That's as you handle it.

*Rocca.* Peace! he may go again, and never ſee us.

*Gom.* I feel I weep apace; but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moiſt South, drop to nothing!
Give me the torch, boy.

*Rocca.* Now he muſt diſcover us.

*Abd.* He has already.—Never hide your head;
Be bold and brave! If we muſt die, together——

*Gom.* Who's there? what friend to ſorrow?—The tomb wide open?
The ſtone off too? the body gone, by Heaven!
Look to the door, boy! keep it faſt!—Who are ye?
What ſacrilegious villains?—Falſe Mountferrat,
The wolf to honour! has thy helliſh hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o'th' tomb too?
Has thy foul mind ſo far wrought on thee?—Ha!
Are you there too? Nay, then I ſpy a villainy
I never dream'd of yet. Thou ſinful uſher,
Bred from that rottenneſs, thou bawd to miſchief,
D' you bluſh thro' all your blackneſs? won't that hide it?

*Abd.* I cannot ſpeak.

*Gom.* You're well met, with your dam, Sir,
Art thou a knight? did ever on that ſword
The Chriſtian cauſe ſit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame and fortune? that heart inflame thee,
With virtuous fires of valour? To fall off,
Fall off ſo ſuddenly, and with ſuch foulneſs,
As the falſe angels did, from all their glory!
Thou art no knight! Honour thou never heardſt of,
Nor brave deſires could ever build in that breaſt!
Treaſon, and tainted thoughts, are all the gods
Thou worſhip'ſt, all the ſtrength thou haſt, and fortune!
Thou didſt things out of fear, and falſe heart, villain,
Out of cloſe traps and treach'ries; they have rais'd thee.

*Mountf.* Thou rav'ſt, old man.

*Gom.* Before thou get'ſt off from me,
Hadſt thou the glory of thy firſt fights on thee,
(Which thou haſt baſely loſt) thy nobleſt fortunes,
And in their greateſt luſtres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confeſs (nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying)
Thou art the recreant'ſt rogue time ever nouriſh'd;
Thou art a dog, I'll make thee ſwear, a dog[32],
A mangy cur dog! D' you creep behind the altar?
Look, how it ſweats, to ſhelter ſuch a raſcal!
Firſt, with thy venomous tooth infect her chaſte life,
And then not dare to do? next, rob her reſt,
Steal her dead body out o'th' grave——

*Mountf.* I have not.

*Gom.* Prithee, come out; (this is no place to quarrel in)
Valiant Mountferrat, come!

*Mountf.* I will not ſtir.

*Gom.* Thou haſt thy ſword about thee,
That good ſword that ne'er fail'd thee: Prithee come!
We'll have but five ſtrokes for it. On, on, boy!
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wondrous fain cleave that calf's head of yours, Sir;
Come, prithee let's diſpatch! the moon ſhines finely:
Prithee, be kill'd by me! thou wilt be hang'd elſe;
But, it may be, thou longeſt to be hang'd.

*Rocca.* Out with him, Sir!
You ſhall have my ſword too; when he's diſpatch'd once,
We have the world before us.

---

[32] *Thou art a dog. I'll make thee ſwear, a dog.*] The firſt folio copy has an addition to this verſe, which is wrote there thus,

*I'll make thee ſwear a dog* ſtav'd.

But what buſineſs *ſtav'd* has here I can't diſcover; a *ſtav'd dog* in the bear-garden language, I believe, is no more than a dog taken off the bear, by wrenching his mouth open to make him leave his hold. Poſſibly the Poets might have wrote it thus, *a dog ſtav'd*, and then *a mangy cur dog* may follow agreeably enough. *Sympſon.*

*Gom.*

*Gom.* Wilt thou walk, fellow?
I never knew a rogue hang arſe-ward ſo,
And ſuch a deſperate knave too.
*Abd.* Pray go with him!
Something I'll promiſe too.
*Mountf.* You would be kill'd then?
No remedy, I ſee.
*Gom.* If thou dar'ſt do it?
*Mountf.* Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll follow preſently;
Under the mount I'll meet you.
*Gom.* Go before me;
I'll have you in a ſtring too.
*Mountf.* As I'm a gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not fail thee.
Fear not, thou ſhalt be kill'd, take my word for it;
I will not fail.
*Gom.* If thou ſcap'ſt, thou haſt cats' luck.
The mount?
*Mountf.* The ſame. Make haſte, I'm there before elſe.
*Gom.* Go, get ye home. Now if he ſcape, I'm coward.
*Mountf.* Well, now I am reſolv'd; and he ſhall find it.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Miranda, Lucinda, and Colonna.*

*Mir.* How is it with the lady?
*Luc.* Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curſe the divine juſtice laid
On the firſt ſinful woman.
*Mir.* Is ſhe in travail?
*Luc.* Yes, Sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more than what her body ſuffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, ſhe cries out,
'Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?'

Then ſometimes names Miranda, and then ſighs,
As if to ſpeak, what queſtionleſs ſhe loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.
*Col.* Heaven's ſweet mercy
Look gently on her!
*Mir.* Prithee tell her, my prayers
Are preſent with her; and, good wench, provide
That ſhe want nothing! What's thy name?
*Luc.* Lucinda.
*Mir.* Lucinda? there's a proſperous omen in it!
Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That ſhe is ſafe deliver'd of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty. Come, Colonna,
We will go ſee how th' engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-maſter ſent. Be careful
To view the works, and learn the diſcipline
That is us'd here! I am to leave the world;
And for your ſervice, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter may concern you.
*Col.* I ſtill find
A noble maſter in you.
*Mir.* 'Tis but juſtice;
Thou doſt deſerve it in thy care and duty. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, and Abdella.*

*Gom.* Here's even ground; I'll ſtir no foot beyond it
Before I have thy head.
*Mountf.* Draw, Rocca!
*Gom.* Coward,
Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage
As honeſty, that without odds thou dar'ſt not
Anſwer a ſingle enemy?
*Mountf.* All advantage
That I can take, expect.
*Rocca.* We know you're valiant;

Nor

Nor do we purpoſe to make further trial
Of what you can do now, but to diſpatch you.
*Mountf.* And therefore fight and pray together.
*Gom.* Villains,
Whoſe baſeneſs all diſgraceful words made one
Cannot expreſs! ſo ſtrong is the good cauſe
That ſeconds me, that you ſhall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what ſtrength is in that arm,
Tho' old, that holds a ſword made ſharp by juſtice.
*Abd.* You come then here to prate? [*Fight.*
*Mountf.* Help, Rocca, now,
Or I am loſt for ever!—How comes this? [*He is diſarm'd.*
Are villainy and weakneſs twins?
*Rocca.* I'm gone too.
*Gom.* You ſhall not ſcape me, wretches!
*Abd.* I muſt do it;
All will go wrong elſe. [*Shoots him.*
*Gom.* Treach'rous, bloody woman,
What haſt thou done?
*Abd.* Done a poor woman's part,
And in an inſtant, what theſe men ſo long
Stood fooling for.
*Mountf.* This aid was unexpected;
I kiſs thee for't.
*Rocca.* His right arm's only ſhot,
And that compell'd him to forſake his ſword;
He's elſe unwounded.
*Mountf.* Cut his throat!
*Abd.* Forbear!—
Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to ſave thee,
But that thou mayſt live to thy further torment,
To ſee who triumphs o'er thee. Come, Mountferrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands! The contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy ſanction, and much ſurer,
Than all the ſuperſtitious ceremonies
You Chriſtians uſe.

*Enter*

*Enter Norandine.*

*Rocca.* Who's this?
*Mountf.* Betray'd again?
*Nor.* By the report it made, and by the wind,
The piſtol was diſcharg'd here.
*Gom.* Norandine,
As ever thou lov'dſt valour, or wear'ſt arms.
To puniſh baſeneſs, ſhew it!
*Nor.* Oh, the devil!
Gomera wounded, and my brache[33], Black Beauty,
An actor in it?
*Abd.* If thou ſtrik'ſt, I'll ſhoot thee.
*Nor.* How! fright me with your pot-gun?—What art thou?
Good Heav'n, the rogue, the traitor rogue, Mountferrat!
To ſwinge the neſt of you, is a ſport unlook'd for.
Hell's plagues conſume you!
*Mountf.* As thou art a man,
(I'm wounded) give me time to anſwer thee!
*Gom.* Durſt thou urge this? this hand can hold a ſword yet.
*Nor.* Well done! to ſee this villain makes my hurts
Bleed freſh again; but had I not a bone whole,
In ſuch a cauſe I ſhould do thus, thus, raſcals!

*Enter Corporal and Watch.*

*Corp.* Diſarm them, and ſhoot any that reſiſts.
*Gom.* Hold, Corporal! I am Gomera.
*Nor.* 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties

[33] Brache.] *Brache*, ſays biſhop Warburton (note on Othello, act ii. ſcene i.) 'is a low ſpecies of *hounds of the chaſe*, and a term ge-'nerally uſed in contempt. Vlitius in his notes on Gratius, ſays, 'Racha *Sa onibus canem ſignificabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane* 'femina habent, *quod Anglis eſt* Brache. *Nos verò* (he ſpeaks of the 'Hollanders) Brach *non quemvis canem ſed ſagacem vocamus.* So the 'French, Braque, *eſpece de chien de chaſſe.*' *R.*

For

For ſucking pigs: 'Tis well. As you will anſwer
The contrary with your lives, ſee theſe forth-coming!
*Corp.* That we ſhall do.
*Nor.* You bleed apace. Good ſoldiers,
Go help him to a ſurgeon.
*Rocca.* Dare the worſt[34],
And ſuffer like yourſelf.
*Abd.* From me learn courage.
*Nor.* Now for Miranda! this news will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected. Corporal,
There's ſomething for thy care to-night. My horſe there! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Oriana and Lucinda.*

*Ori.* HOW does my boy?
*Luc.* Oh, wondrous luſty, madam;
A little knight already: You ſhall live
To ſee him toſs a Turk.
*Ori.* Gentle Lucinda,
Much muſt I thank thee for thy care and ſervice;

*Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.*

And may I grow but ſtrong to ſee Valetta[35],
My huſband, and my brother, thou ſhalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

---

[34] Rocca. *Dare the worſt.*] I ſuſpect a ſpeech of Mountferrat's is dropt upon us, here, and perhaps the reader may be of my opinion. *Sympſon.*

Surely, no; Mountferrat's party have been talking apart, to be ſure. *J. N.*

[35] ——— *to ſee* Valetta,
*My* huſband, *and my* brother.] Sympſon tranſpoſes the words thus,
——— *to ſee* Valetta,
*My* brother, *and my* huſband;
again miſunderſtanding (we ſuppoſe, for he does it tacitly) *Valetta* to mean the *Grand maſter*, not the *city*.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Look, captain, we muſt ride away this morning:
The Auberge ſits to-day, and the Great-maſter
Writes plainly, I muſt or deliver in
(The year expir'd) my probation-weed,
Or take the cloak. You likewiſe, Norandine,
For your full ſervice, and your laſt aſſiſtance
In falſe Mountferrat's apprehenſion,
Are here commanded to aſſociate me,
My twin in this high honour.

*Nor.* I will none on't!
Do they think to bind me to live chaſte, ſober,
And temperately, all days of my life?
They may as ſoon tie an Engliſhman to live ſo!
I ſhall be a ſweet Dane, a ſweet captain,
Go up and down drinking ſmall-beer, and ſwearing,
*'Ods neagues!* No; I'll live a ſquire at arms ſtill;
And do thou ſo too, an thou be'ſt wiſe.
I've found the myſtery now, why the gentlemen
Wear but three bars of the croſs, and the knights
The whole one.

*Mir.* Why, captain?

*Nor.* Marry, Sir,
To put us in remembrance, we are but
Three quarters croſs'd in our licence and pleaſures;
But the poor knights croſs'd altogether.
The brothers at arms may yet meet with their ſiſters
at arms,
Now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor knights
Cannot get a lady for love nor money:
'Tis not ſo in other countries, I wis. Pray haſte you!
For I'll along, and ſee what will come on't. [*Exit.*

*Mir.* Colonna, provide ſtraight all neceſſaries
For this remove, the litter for the lady,
And let Lucinda bear her company!
You ſhall attend on me.

*Col.* With all my duties. [*Exit.*

*Mir.* How fare you, gracious miſtreſs?

*Ori.* Oh, Miranda,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title

When

When I was free, and could diſpoſe myſelf;
But now, no ſmile, no word, no look, no touch,
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my Gomera; and who dares accept
Is an uſurper.
*Mir.* Leave us.—I have touch'd thee, [*Exit Luc.*
Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful!—
Hold but this teſt, ſo rich an ore was never
Tried by the hand of man, on the vaſt earth.—
Sit, brighteſt Oriana! Is it ſin
Still to profeſs I love you, ſtill to vow
I ſhall do ever? Heav'n my witneſs be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That ſuperficially doth ſnare young men,
Which has caught me! Read over in your thoughts
The ſtory that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.
*Ori.* Only thought
Can comprehend it!
*Mir.* And can you be
So cruel, thankleſs, to deſtroy his youth
That ſav'd your honour, gave you double life,
Your own, and your fair infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even Heaven's meſſenger, by Providence
Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
Into theſe arms, to give eaſe to your throws,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due, Miranda,
For ſhe was thine! Gomera's jealouſy
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee ſecond life!
Let me but now enjoy thee! Oh, regard
The torturing fires of my affections!
*Ori.* Oh, maſter them, Miranda, as I mine!
Who follows his deſires, ſuch tyrants ſerves
As will oppreſs him inſupportably.
My flames, Miranda, riſe as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;

Yet would I now conſent, or could I think
Thou wert in earneſt, (which, by all the ſouls
That have for chaſtity been ſanctified,
I cannot) in a moment I do know
Thou'dſt call fair Temperance up to rule thy blood.
Thy eye was ever chaſte, thy countenance too, honeſt,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleaſures, and to luſt,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And precious, as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

*Mir.* Find ſuch another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man!

*Ori.* I was not worthy of thee, at my beſt,
(Heav'n knew I was not; I had had thee elſe)
Much leſs now, gentle Sir. Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And ſhall we now begin to ſtain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two ſhall breed,
Continuing as we are, for chaſteſt dames
And boldeſt ſoldiers to peruſe and read,
Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
To cauſe the modeſt caſt the book away,
And the moſt honour'd captain fold it up.

*Mir.* Faireſt, let go my hand! my pulſe beats thick,
And my mov'd blood rides high in every vein!—
Lord of thyſelf now, ſoldier, and ever!
I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
This bark of fleſh, no better ſteers-man had
Than has Mountferrat's.—May you kiſs me, lady?

*Ori.* No; though't be no eſſential injury,
It is a circumſtance due to my lord,
To none elſe; and, my deareſt friend, if hands
Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?

*Mir.* Oh, what a tongue is here! Whilſt ſhe doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,

She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires ſhe quencheth with her arguments,
But as ſhe breathes 'em they blow freſher fires.—
Sit further! now my flame cools. Huſband! wife!
There is ſome holy myſt'ry in thoſe names
That ſure the unmarried cannot underſtand.

*Ori.* Now thou art ſtraight, and doſt enamour me
So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very ſoul dotes on thee, and my ſpirits
Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kiſs;
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleaſure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love! the other ſhort,
Yet languiſhing fruition. Ev'ry ſwain
And ſweating groom may claſp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto.
Nor is our ſpiritual love a barren joy;
For mark what bleſſed iſſue we'll beget,
(Dearer than children to poſterity)
A great example to mens' continence,
And womens' chaſtity; that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir!

*Mir.* If all wives were but ſuch, Luſt would not find
One corner to inhabit; ſin would be
So ſtrange, remiſſion ſuperfluous.—
But one petition, I have done.

*Ori.* What, ſweet?

*Mir.* To call me lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on Gomera firſt.

*Ori.* Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought ſelf for a poor woman,
That has been once ſold, us'd, and loſt her ſhow!
I am a garment worn, a veſſel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
My colour ſullied, and my odour chang'd.
If when I was new-bloſſom'd, I did fear
Myſelf unworthy of Miranda's ſpring,

Thus

Thus over-blown, and ſeeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.
*Mir.* Riſe, miracle! ſave Malta with thy virtue!
If words could make me proud, how has ſhe ſpoke!
Yet I will try her to the very block.—
Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my induſtries,
That with a ſoft painted hypocriſy
Cozen'ſt, and jeer'ſt my perturbation,
Expect a weighty and a fell revenge[35]!
My comfort is, all men will think thee falſe:
Beſide, thy huſband, having been thus long
(On this occaſion) in my fort, and power—

*Enter Norandine, Colonna, and Lucinda with a child.*

I'll hear no more words!—Captain, let's away!
With all care ſee to her; and you, Lucinda,
Attend her diligently: She's a wonder!
*Nor.* Have you found ſhe was well delivered?
What, had ſhe a good midwife? is all well?
*Mir.* You're merry, Norandine.
*Luc.* Why weep you, lady?
*Ori.* Take the poor babe along.
*Col.* Madam, 'tis here.
*Ori.* Diſſembling death, why didſt thou let me live
To ſee this change, my greateſt cauſe to grieve?
[*Exeunt.*

[35] *Expect a* witty *and a fell revenge.*] The coupling of theſe two epithets, perhaps, never was from the Poet's pen. I am inclined to think that we have the ſame corruption here, as in the Wild-Gooſe Chace; and that in both places we ſhould read not *witty* but *weighty*. *Sympſon.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

[*Synnet*; i. e. *Flouriſh of trumpets*[36]. *Enter Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Valetta, Gomera, Knights, two Biſhops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, ſword, and ſpurs.*

*Val.* A tender huſband haſt thou ſhew'd thyſelf,
My deareſt brother, and thy memory,
After thy life[37], in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be regiſter'd
To ages conſequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undiſtinguiſh'd chaos[38];
And on the top of that thy name ſhall ſtand
Freſh, and without decay.

*Gom.* Oh, honour'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any bliſs to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my ſoul,
Or expiate the treſpaſs 'gainſt my wife,
That in one hour's ſuſpicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other huſbands, ſleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleaſing penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make ſuch a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to reſume the order
And habits that to men are neceſſary;
All breath I'll ſpend in ſighs, all ſound in groans,
And know no company but my waſting moans.

---

[36] *Scene II. Enter Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Valetta*, Gomera, Synnet, *Knights, two Biſhops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, ſword, and ſpurs*; Gomera.] This ſtage-direction corrected by Sympſon.

[37] *After* my *life*.] Amended by Sympſon.

[38] ——— *till Time's running hand*
*Beats back the world to undiſtinguiſh'd* chaos.] *Running* is, I allow, a proper epithet to Time, but *Time's running hand beating the world to chaos*, does not ſeem to me a very clear and conſiſtent metaphor; and as *ruining* is ſo very near the trace of the letters, and appears to have much more propriety and energy than the former, I think it bids fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

*Aſto.* This will be wilful murder on yourſelf,
Nor like a Chriſtian do you bear the chance
Which the inſcrutable will of Heav'n admits.
*Gom.* What would you have my weakneſs do, that
Suffer'd itſelf thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious midwife to abortive births,
And cruel inſtrument to his decrees?
By forgery they firſt aſſail'd her life,
Heav'n playing with us yet in that, he wrought
My deareſt friend, the ſervant to her virtue,
To combat me, againſt his miſtreſs' truth.
That yet effectleſs, this enchanting witch
Bred baneful jealouſy againſt my lady,
My moſt immaculate lady, which ſeiz'd on her
Almoſt to death. Oh, yet, not yet content,
She in my hand put (to reſtore her life,
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their dev'liſh malice. Further, great with child
Was this poor innocent: That too was loſt;
They doubled death upon her! Not ſtaying there,
They have done violence unto her tomb,
Not granting reſt unto her in the grave.
I wiſh Miranda had enjoy'd my prize;
For ſure I'm puniſh'd for uſurping her.
Oh, what a tiger is reſiſted luſt!
How it doth forage all!
*Mountf.* Part of this tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poiſon given her.
*Abd.* I would it had! we had been far enough,
If we had been ſo wiſe; and had not now
Stood curt'ſing for your mercies here.
*Mountf.* Beſide,
What is become o' th' body we know not.
*Val.* Peace, impudents!
And, dear Gomera, practiſe patience,
As I myſelf muſt: By ſome means at laſt
We ſhall diſſolve this riddle.
*Gom.* Wherefore comes

This

This villain in this feſtival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?
*Caſt.* That is by our appointment: Give us leave;
You ſhall know why anon.

*Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.*

*Val.* One of the Eſguard [39].
*Eſg.* The gentlemen are come.
*Val.* Truce then awhile,
With our ſad thoughts!—What, are ye both reſolv'd?
*Nor.* Not I, my lord: Your down-right captain ſtill
I'll live, and ſerve you. Not that altogether
I want compunction of conſcience;
I have enough to ſave me, and that's all:
Bar me from drink, and drabs? ev'n hang me too!
You muſt ev'n make your captains capons firſt!
I have too much fleſh for this ſpiritual knighthood,
And therefore do deſire forbearance, Sir,
'Till I am older, or more mortified;
I am too ſound yet.
*Val.* What ſay you, Miranda?
*Mir.* With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.
*Val.* Proceed to th' ceremony.
*Gom.* Before you match with this bright honour'd title,
Admir'd Miranda, pardon that [40] in thought
I ever did tranſgreſs againſt your virtue;

[39] Val. *One of th'* Eſguard.
Eſg. *The gentlemen are come.*] Mr. Seward ſaw with me, that to put *One of the* Eſguard into *Valetta*'s mouth, was falſe and ridiculous. The ſtage direction was undoubtedly given by our Authors thus,

Enter one of the *Eſguard.*

Eſg. *The gentlemen are come.*
Val. *Truce then a while*
*With your ſad thoughts.*

Enter Miranda, Norandine and Colonna.

*What, are you both reſolv'd?* &c. *Sympſon.*

[40] *Pardon* what *in thought.*] So the former editions.

And may you find more joy with your new bride,
Than poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his!
(But 'twas mine own crime, and I ſuffer for't.)
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilſt I obſcurely in ſome corner vaniſh!

*Mir.* Have ſtronger thoughts, and better.—Firſt, I crave,
According to the order of the court,
I may diſpoſe my captives, and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitlier I may indue my robe.

*All.* 'Tis granted.

*Enter Oriana veil'd, ladies, Lucinda with a child.*

*Mir.* Bring the captives!—To your charge
And ſtaid tuition, my moſt noble friend,
I then commend this lady. Start not off!
A fairer and a chaſter never liv'd.
By her own choice you are her guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own requeſt was, to Gomera's hands
She might be giv'n in cuſtody, for ſh' had heard
He was a gentleman, wiſe, and temperate,
Full of humanity to women-kind,
And, 'cauſe he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a lady.

*Val.* What countrywoman is ſhe?

*Mir.* Born a Greek.

*Val.* Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And ſeeks to ſhrowd her under Virtue's wing.

*Gom.* Excuſe me, noble Sir! Oh, think me not
So dull a devil[40], to forget the loſs
Of ſuch a matchleſs wife as I poſſeſs'd,

[40] *So* dull *a devil.*] Seward propoſes reading, *ſo* FULL *a devil*; 'i. e.' (ſays he) 'Think me not ſo *altogether* a devil as to forget the 'worth of her I have killed: The uſe of *full* in this manner I could 'give many inſtances of.' This, however, we much doubt.

And

And ever to endure the ſight of woman!
Were ſhe the abſtract of her ſex for form,
The only warehouſe of perfection,
Were there no roſe nor lily but her cheek,
No muſick but her tongue, virtue but hers,
She muſt not reſt near me. My vow is graven
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd;
And when I break it——
*Aſto.* This is rudeneſs, Spaniard;
Unſeaſonably you play the Timoniſt[41],
Put on a diſpoſition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
*Gom.* Sir——
*Caſt.* We cannot force you, but we would perſuade.
*Gom.* Beſeech you, Sir, no more! I am reſolv'd
To forſake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
To fair Jeruſalem, for my lady's ſoul,
And will not be diverted.
*Mir.* You muſt bear
This child along wi'ye then.
*Gom.* What child?
*All.* How's this?
*Mir.* Nay then, Gomera, thou'rt injurious!
This child is thine, and this rejected lady
Thou haſt as often known as thine own wife;
And this I'll make good on thee, with my ſword.
*Gom.* Thou durſt as well blaſpheme!—If ſuch a ſcandal—
(I crave the rights due to a gentleman)
Woman, unveil!
*Ori.* Will you refuſe me yet? [*Unveiling.*
*Gom.* My wife!
*Val.* My ſiſter!
*Gom.* Somebody thank Heav'n!
I cannot ſpeak.
*All.* All praiſe be ever giv'n!

[41] *Timoniſt.*] *i. e.* Timon of Athens, alluding to the miſanthropy of that character.

*Mountf.* This ſaves our lives. Yet 'would ſhe had
been dead!
The very ſight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of puniſhment, or my diſgrace.
*Val.* How came you to the temple?
*Mir.* Sir, to do
My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For ſcaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin.—I reſtore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, buſy Nature,
If thou wilt ſtill make women, but remember
To work 'em by this ſampler!—Take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir...
*Gom.* When I do,
Death take me ſuddenly!
*Mir.* To encreaſe your happineſs,
To your beſt wife take this addition.
*Gom.* Alack, my poor knave! [*To the child.*
*Val.* The confeſſion
The Moor made, it ſeems, was truth.
*Nor.* Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever
Iſſued out of hell, which her black jaws reſemble.
A plague o' your bacon-face! you muſt be giving
Drinks, with a vengeance! Ah, thou branded bitch!
Do you ſtare, goggles? I hope to make
Winter-boots o' thy hide yet; ſhe fears not damning!
Hell-fire can't parch her blacker than ſhe is.
Do you grin, 'chimney-ſweeper?
*Ori.* What is't, Miranda?
*Mir.* That you would pleaſe Lucinda might attend
you.
*Col.* That ſuit, Sir, I conſent not to.
*Luc.* My huſband?
My deareſt Angelo?
*Nor.* More jiggam-bobs? Is not this the fellow
that
Swam like a duck to the ſhore in our ſea-ſervice?
*Col.* The very ſame. Do not you know me now, Sir?
My name is Angelo, tho' Colonna veil'd it,

Your

Your countryman and kinſman, born in Florence;
Who from the neighbour-iſland here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thouſand ſouls.
Since, in Conſtantinople have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this Turkiſh damſel firſt.
A tedious ſuitor was I for her love;
And, pitying ſuch a beauteous caſe ſhould hide
A ſoul prophan'd with infidelity,
I labour'd her converſion, with my love,
And doubly won her: To fair faith her ſoul
She firſt betroth'd, and then her faith to me.
But fearful there to conſummate this contract,
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By thoſe ſame gallies 'fore Valetta fought:
Since, in your ſervice I attended here,
Where, what I ſaw and heard hath joy'd me more
Than all my paſt afflictions griev'd before.

*Val.* Wonders crown wonders! Take thy wife.—Miranda,
Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel;
And thou her evil, Mountferrat.

*Nor.* We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black
Gib there, his Succuba, his devil's ſeed,
His ſpawn of Phlegethon, that, o' my conſcience,
Was bred o' th' ſpume of Cocytus.—Do you ſnarl, you black Gill?
She looks like the picture of America.

*Val.* Why ſtay we now?

*Mir.* This laſt petition to the court;
I may bequeath the keeping of my fort
To this my kinſman, tow'rd the maintenance
Of him and his fair virtuous wife: Diſcreet,
Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.

*Val.* You muſt not aſk in vain, Sir.

*Col.* My beſt thanks
To you, my noble couſin, and my ſervice
To the whole court: May I deſerve this bounty!

*Val.* Proceed to th' ceremony. One of our Eſguard

Degrade Mountſerrat firſt!
*Mountf.* I will not ſue
For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy worſt!
[*Muſick.*

*An altar diſcover'd, with tapers and a book on it. The two Biſhops ſtand on each ſide of it; Mountſerrat, as the ſong is ſinging, aſcends up the altar.*

See, ſee, the ſtain of honour, Virtue's foe,
Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow!
That broken hath his oath of chaſtity,
Diſhonour'd much this holy dignity;
Off with his robe, expel him forth this place,
Whilſt we rejoice, and ſing at his diſgrace!

*Val.* Since by thy actions thou haſt made thyſelf
Unworthy of that worthy ſign thou wear'ſt,
And of our ſacred order, into which
For former virtues we receiv'd thee firſt,
According to our ſtatutes, ordinances,
For praiſe unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our ſociety,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.
*Iſſg.* Uſing th' authority the ſuperior
Hath giv'n unto me, I unty this knot,
And take from thee the pleaſing yoke of Heaven;
We take from off thy breaſt this holy croſs,
Which thou haſt made thy burden, not thy prop;
Thy ſpurs we ſpoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honour[42], that have kick'd againſt
Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy ſword,
And give thee armleſs to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodneſs, and to God;
Laſt, 'bout thy ſtiff neck, we this halter hang,

[42] *Bare of* thy *honour* ] Sympſon thinks we ſhould read, *bare of* their *honour*.

And

And leave thee to the mercy of the court.

*Val.* Inveſt Miranda[43].

SONG.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal doſt come,
With joy to aſk the white-croſs cloak,
And yield unto this pleaſing yoke!
That being young, vows chaſtity,
And chuſeſt wilful poverty;
As this flame mounts, ſo mount thy zeal! thy glory
Riſe paſt the ſtars, and fix in Heav'n thy ſtory!

1 *Biſhop.* What crave you, gentle Sir?

*Mir.* Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy hoſpital
Of great Jeruſalem.

2 *Biſhop.* Breathe out your vow.

*Mir.* To Heav'n, and all the bench of ſaints above,
(Whoſe ſuccour I implore t' enable me)
I vow henceforth a chaſte life; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to myſelf; obedience
To my ſuperiors, whom religion
And Heav'n ſhall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn
E'en unto death the Chriſtian enemy:
This do I vow t' accompliſh!

*Eſg.* Who can tell,
Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one, or is in ſervitude?

*All.* He's free from all theſe.

1 *Biſhop.* Put on his ſpurs, and gird him with the ſword,
The ſcourge of infidels, and types of ſpeed.
Buildeſt thy faith on this? [*Preſenting the Croſs.*

*Mir.* On him that died
On ſuch a ſacred figure, for our ſins.

2 *Biſhop.* Here then we fix it on thy left ſide, for

[43] *Inveſt Miranda.*] The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be ſeen at large in Vertot's Hiſtory of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18. R.

Thy

Thy increaſe of faith, Chriſtian defence, and ſervice
To th' poor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
That thou mayſt love it ev'n with all thy heart;
With thy right-hand protect, preſerve it whole;
For if thou fighting 'gainſt Heav'n's enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the croſs,
The enſign of thy holy general,
With ſhame thou juſtly ſhalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.

*Mir.* I aſk no favour.

1 *Biſhop.* Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it ſweet and light; in which,
Thy ſoul find her eternal reſt!

*Val.* Moſt welcome!

*All.* Welcome, our noble brother!

*Val.* Break up the court.—Mountferrat, tho' your deeds,
Conſpiring 'gainſt the lives of innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not ſtain
Our white croſs with your blood: Your doom is then
To marry this co-agent of your miſchiefs;
Which done, we baniſh you to th' continent[44]:
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.

*Nor.* Away, French ſtallion! Now
You have a Barbary mare of your own; go leap her,
And engender young devilings!

*Val.* We will find ſomething, noble Norandine,
To quit your merit.—So, to civil feaſts,
According to our cuſtoms; and all pray
The dew of grace bleſs our new Knight to-day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[44] *We baniſh you the continent.*] Would not one think, tho' they are here in an iſland, that they were actually upon the continent? Certainly the Engliſh of our days, and that of our poets, has undergone great alterations, if we ought not to read by a ſmall addition,

——*we baniſh you* to th' *continent.* *Symſon.*

LOVE's CURE; or, the MARTIAL MAID.
Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous visag'd knave,
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain! Act II.
M.A. Rooker delin.
C. Grignion sculp.
Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May 1777

# LOVE'S CURE;

## OR, THE

# MARTIAL MAID.

## A COMEDY.

---

*This Play is by Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verſes, aſcribed to Fletcher ſingly; but the Prologue ſpeaks of it as the Production of both Authors, although again the Epilogue takes notice of but one. There never were any alterations made in this Comedy, nor has it been acted for many years paſt.*

PROLOGUE

# PROLOGUE,

## AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

STATUES and pictures challenge price and fame,
If they can juſtly boaſt and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a ſympathy;
Yet their works may decay, and loſe their grace,
Receiving blemiſh in their limbs or face;
When the mind's art has this preheminence,
She ſtill retaineth her firſt excellence.
Then why ſhould not this dear piece be eſteem'd,
Child to the richeſt fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meaneſt off-ſpring, that came forth,
But bore the image of their fathers' worth.
Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whoſe deſert out-weighs
The beſt applauſe, and their leaſt ſprig of bays
Is worthy Phœbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he ſhall not rob the treaſure.
Nor can you ever ſurfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, tho' they be dainty:
The more you take, the more you do them right;
And we will thank you for your own delight.

DRAMATIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Aſſiſtant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young gentleman, enemy to Alvarez.*
Lamoral, *a fighting gallant, friend to Vitelli.*
Anaſtro, *an honeſt gentleman, friend to Vitelli.*
Alvarez, *enemy to Vitelli.*
Syavedra, *friend to Alvarez.*
Lucio, *Son to Alvarez, brought up as a woman.*
Alguazeir, *a ſharking panderly conſtable.*
Pachieco, *a cobler,*
Mendoza, *a botcher,* } *of worſhip.*
Metaldie, *a ſmith,*
Lazarillo, *Pachieco's hungry ſervant.*
Bobadilla, *ſteward to Alvarez.*
*Herald.*
*Officer.*

### WOMEN.

Eugenia, *a virtuous lady, wife to don Alvarez.*
Clara, *the* Martial Maid, *daughter to Alvarez, enamoured of Vitelli.*
Genevora, *ſiſter to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.*
Malroda, *a wanton miſtreſs of Vitelli.*

SCENE, SEVIL.

LOVE'S

# LOVE'S CURE;

## OR, THE

# MARTIAL MAID.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anaſtro.*

*Vitelli.* ALVAREZ pardon'd?
*Ana.* And return'd.
*Lam.* I ſaw him land
At St. Lucar's; and ſuch a general welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the eaſy people prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune,
Holland, with thoſe Low Provinces that hold out
Againſt the arch-duke, were again compell'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.
*Vit.* You amaze me!
For tho' I've heard, that when he fled from Sevil
To ſave his life (then forfeited to law
For murdering don Pedro my dear uncle)
His extreme wants enforc'd him to take pay
I' th' army, ſat down then before Oſtend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe favour
He durſt preſume to entertain a thought

Of

Of coming home with pardon.
*Ana.* 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wiſh far from our enemies.
*Lam.* Sir, 'tis moſt certain, the infanta's letters,
Aſſiſted by the arch-duke's, to king Philip,
Have not alone ſecur'd him from the rigor
Of our Caſtilian juſtice, but return'd him
A free man, and in grace.
*Vit.* By what curs'd means
Could ſuch a fugitive ariſe unto
The knowledge of their highneſſes? Much more,
(Tho' known) to ſtand but in the leaſt degree
Of favour with them?
*Lam.* To give ſatisfaction
To your demand, (tho' to praiſe him I hate
Can yield me ſmall contentment) I will tell you,
And truly; ſince, ſhould I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in myſelf.
Briefly to paſs his tedious pilgrimage
For ſixteen years, a baniſh'd guilty man,
And to forget the ſtorms, th' affrights, the horrors,
His conſtancy, not fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little ſon, grown man,
(Tho' 'twas ſaid here he took a daughter with him)
To Oſtend's bloody ſiege, that ſtage of war,
Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
And the whole Chriſtian world ſpectators were;
There by his ſon (or were he by adoption
Or Nature his) a brave ſcene was preſented,
Which I make choice to ſpeak of, ſince from that
The good ſucceſs of Alvarez had beginning.
*Vit.* So I love virtue in an enemy,
That I deſire in the relation of
This young man's glorious deed, you'll keep yourſelf
A friend to Truth, and it.
*Lam.* Such was my purpoſe.
The town being oft aſſaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendants to a ſally,

Weary

Weary of eaſe, don Inigo Peralta,
Son to the general of our Caſtile forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within ſhot of their walls,
From whence the muſqueteers play'd thick upon him;
Yet he, brave youth, as careleſs of the danger
As careful of his honour, drew his ſword,
And waving it about his head, as if
He dar'd one ſpirited like himſelf to trial
Of ſingle valor, he made his retreat,
With ſuch a ſlow, and yet majeſtick [1], pace,
As if he ſtill call'd loud, 'Dare none come on?'
When ſuddenly, from a poſtern of the town
Two gallant horſemen iſſued, and o'ertook him,
The army looking on, yet not a man
That durſt relieve the raſh adventurer;
Which Lucio, ſon to Alvarez, then ſeeing,
As in the vant-guard he ſat bravely mounted,
(Or were it pity of the youth's misfortune,
Care to preſerve the honour of his country,
Or bold deſire to get himſelf a name)
He made his brave horſe like a whirlwind bear him
Among the combatants; and in a moment
Diſcharg'd his petronel, with ſuch ſure aim
That of the adverſe party from his horſe
One tumbled dead; then wheeling round, and drawing
A falchion, ſwift as lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one ſtrong blow,
In view of the amazed town and camp,
He ſtruck him dead, and brought Peralta off
With double honour to himſelf.

*Vit.* 'Twas brave!
But the ſucceſs of this?

*Lam.* The camp receiv'd him
With acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for addition to the fair reward,
(Being a maſſy chain of gold giv'n to him

[1] *And* yet *majeſtic pace.*] Sympſon objects to the word *yet*, and would read,

——— *a ſlow, and* that *majeſtic, pace.*

By young Peralta's father) he was brought
To the Infanta's preſence, kiſs'd her hand,
And from that lady, (greater in her goodneſs
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:
'Go on, young man! Yet, not to feed thy valour
'With hope of recompenſe to come from me,
'For preſent ſatisfaction of what's paſt,
'Aſk any thing that's fit for me to give
'And thee to take, and be aſſur'd of it.'
*Ana.* Excellent princeſs!
*Vit.* And ſtil'd worthily
The heart-blood, nay, the ſoul of ſoldiers.
But what was his requeſt?
*Lam.* That the repeal
Of Alvarez makes plain: He humbly begg'd
His father's pardon, and ſo movingly
Told the ſad ſtory of your uncle's death,
That the Infanta wept; and inſtantly
Granting his ſuit, working the arch-duke to it,
Their letters were directed to the king,
With whom they ſo prevail'd, that Alvarez
Was freely pardon'd.
*Vit.* 'Tis not in the king
To make that good.
*Ana.* Not in the king? What ſubject
Dares contradict his pow'r?
*Vit.* In this I dare,
And will; and not call his prerogative
In queſtion, nor preſume to limit it.
I know he is the maſter of his laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour:
And ſince (forgetting my brave uncle's merits,
And many ſervices, under duke d'Alva)
He ſuffers him to fall, wreſting from Juſtice
The powerful ſword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this Aſtrea's empty hand,
And in my juſt wreak make this arm the king's.
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his houſe,

Which

Which as I grew in years hath ſtill encreas'd,
(As if it call'd on Time to make me man)
Slept while it had no object for her fury,
But a weak woman, and her talk'd-of daughter;
But now, ſince there are quarries worth her flight[2],
Both in the father and his hopeful ſon,
I'll boldly caſt her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: To further which, your friendſhip,
And oaths[3]! Will your aſſiſtance let your deeds
Make anſwer to me? Uſeleſs are all words,
'Till you have writ performance with your ſwords.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Go, fetch my work. This ruff was not well ſtarch'd,
So tell the maid; 't has too much blue in it:
And look you that the partridge and the pullen
Have clean meat and freſh water, or my mother
Is like to hear on't.

*Bob.* Oh, good St. Jaques, help me! Was there ever

---

[2] *Quarries, worth her* ſight.] This *ſight*, tho' it is not altogether void of ſenſe, diſcontinues the chain of metaphors taken from falconry. Our buſineſs then muſt be to join it again (a thing not hard to be done) by changing one letter, and adding another, thus,

*But now, ſince there are quarries, worth her* flight.

Mr. Seward concurred too in the ſame correction. *Sympſon.*

[3] ——*to further which, your friendſhip,*
*And oaths; will your aſſiſtance, let your deeds.*] Thus point the two laſt editions, and the firſt not a great deal better. Had the editors of any one of the copies underſtood this paſſage, they would have taken better care in the punctuation, and given the text as Mr. Seward and myſelf have done in the preſent edition.

*Sympſon.*

Theſe gentlemen point,

——*to further which, your friendſhip,*
*And oaths, will your aſſiſtance: let,* &c.

We think they have quite miſtaken the paſſage, and hope we have been more ſucceſsful in preſenting the meaning of the Poet.

Such an hermaphrodite heard of? Would any
Wench living, that ſhould hear and ſee what I do,
Be wrought to believe, that the beſt of a man lies
Under this petticoat, and that a cod-piece
Were far fitter here, than a pinn'd placket?

*Lucio.* You had beſt talk filthily, do; I have a tongue
To tell my mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

*Bob.* Nay, you have ten womens' tongues
That way, I am ſure! Why, my young maſter,
Or miſtreſs, madam, don, or what you will,
What the devil have you to do with pullen or partridge?
Or to ſit pricking on a clout all day?
You have a better needle, I know, and might
Make better work, if you had grace to uſe it.

*Lucio.* Why, how dare you ſpeak this before me, ſirrah?

*Bob.* Nay, rather, why dare not you do what I ſpeak?
Tho' my lady, your mother, for fear of
Vitelli and his faction, hath
Brought you up like her daughther, and has kept you
Theſe twenty years (which is ever ſince
You were born) a cloſe priſoner within doors;
Yet ſince you are a man, and are as well
Provided as other men are, methinks
You ſhould have the ſame motions of the fleſh
As other cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

*Lucio.* Indeed, you have cauſe to love thoſe wanton motions,
They having holpe you to an excellent whipping[4],
For doing ſomething (I but put you in mind of it)
With th' Indian maid, the governor ſent my mother
From Mexico.

*Bob.* Why, I but
Taught her a Spaniſh trick in charity,
And holpe the king to a ſubject, that may live
To take grave Maurice priſoner[5], and that was

[4] *They having* hope *you to an*—] Amended in 1750.

[5] *To take* grave *Maurice priſoner.*] *Grave* is printed in the laſt editions

More good to the ſtate, than a thouſand ſuch as you
Are ever like to do. And I will tell you,
(In a fatherly care of the infant, I ſpeak it)
If he live (as, bleſs the babe, in paſſion I
Remember him!) to your years, ſhall he ſpend his time
In pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming,
As you do? No; he ſhall to the wars,
Uſe his Spaniſh pike, tho' with the danger of the laſh,
As his father has done; and when he is provok'd,
As I am now, draw his toledo deſperately,
As——

*Lucio.* You will not kill me? Oh!

*Bob.* I knew this
Would ſilence him: How he hides his eyes!
If he were a wench now, as he ſeems, what an
Advantage had I, drawing two toledos
When one can do this! But—Oh me, my lady!
I muſt put up.—Young maſter, I did but jeſt.
Oh, Cuſtom, what haſt thou made of him!

*Enter Eugenia and Servant.*

*Eug.* For bringing this, be ſtill my friend; no more
A ſervant to me.

*Bob.* What's the matter?

*Eug.* Here,
E'en here, where I am happy to receive
Aſſurance of my Alvarez' return,
I will kneel down; and may thoſe holy thoughts
That now poſſeſs me wholly, make this place
A temple to me, where I may give thanks

editions with a great letter and in *Italics*, as if it was a proper name, whereas it is an epithet only, and a characteriſtic of prince Maurice of Naſſau, who after performing great actions againſt the Spaniards, is ſaid to have died of grief, on account of the ſiege of Breda. *Strada de Bello Belgico*, tho' a bigotted Jeſuit, and extremely prejudic'd againſt the Proteſtants, gives prince Maurice the following character. *Hic illi Mauritius eſt, à nobis ſæpe, nec ſine fortis & cauti Ducis laude memorandus*, i. e. This is that Maurice whom we ſhall often ſpeak of, and never without the character of a brave and *cautious* general. *Seward.*

For this unhop'd-for bleſſing, Heav'n's kind hand
Hath pour'd upon me!

*Lucio.* Let my duty, madam,
Preſume, if you have cauſe of joy, to entreat
I may ſhare in it.

*Bob.* 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet[6].

*Eug.* Thou ſhalt: But firſt kneel with me, Lucio,
No more Poſthumia now! thou haſt a father,
A father living to take off that name,
Which my too-credulous fears, that he was dead,
Beſtow'd upon thee. Thou ſhalt ſee him, Lucio,
And make him young again by ſeeing thee,
Who only hadſt a being in my womb
When he went from me, Lucio. Oh, my joys
So far tranſport me, that I muſt forget
The ornaments of matrons, modeſty,
And grave behaviour! But let all forgive me,
If in th' expreſſion of my ſoul's beſt comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine age,
And play the wanton in the entertainment
Of thoſe delights I have ſo long deſpair'd of!

*Lucio.* Shall I then ſee my father?

*Eug.* This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life in which thou ſhalt appear
To be ſuch as I brought thee forth, a man.
This womaniſh diſguiſe, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou ſhalt now caſt off,
And change thoſe qualities thou didſt learn from me
For maſculine virtues; for which ſeek no tutor,
But let thy father's actions be thy precepts.
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true ſervice.

*Bob.* Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano? learn

---

[6] ——*how I frighted him* yet.

*Eug. Thou ſhalt.*] Sympſon thinks it undoubted that we ſhould read,

——*how I frighted him.*

*Eug.* That *thou ſhalt.*

To

To know me more reſpectively! How doſt
Thou think I ſhall become the ſteward's chair? ha?
Will not theſe ſlender haunches ſhew well with
A gold chain[7] and a night-cap after ſupper[8],
When I take the accounts?

*Eug.* Haſte, and take down thoſe blacks with which my chamber
Hath like the widow, her ſaid miſtreſs, mourn'd,
And hang up for it the rich Perſian arras,
Us'd on my wedding-night; for this to me
Shall be a ſecond marriage! Send for muſic,
And will the cooks to uſe their beſt of cunning
To pleaſe the palate.

*Bob.* Will your ladyſhip have
A potatoe-pie[9]? 'Tis a good ſtirring diſh
For an old lady, after a long Lent.

*Eug.* Begone, I ſay! Why, Sir, you can go faſter?

*Bob.* I could, madam; but I am now to practiſe
The ſteward's pace; that's the reward I look for.
Every man muſt faſhion his gait according
To his calling: You, fellow Stephano, may walk faſter,
To overtake preferment; ſo, uſher me.

*Lucio.* Pray, madam, let the waiſtcoat I laſt wrought
Be made up for my father! I will have
A cap, and boot-hoſe, ſuitable to it.

*Eug.* Of that
We'll think hereafter, Lucio; our thoughts now
Muſt have no object but thy father's welcome;
To which, thy help!

*Lucio.* With humble gladneſs, madam. [*Exeunt.*

7 *Chain.*] See note 3 on the Lovers' Progreſs.

8 *With a chain, and* gold *night-cap.*] Corrected from Sympſon's conjecture.

9 POTATOE-*pie.*] See note 36 on the Loyal Subject.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Alvarez and Clara.*

*Alv.* Where loſt we Syavedra?

*Clara.* He was met,
Ent'ring the city, by ſome gentlemen,
Kinſmen, as he ſaid, of his own, with whom
For compliment-ſake (for ſo I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to ſtay; tho' I much wonder
A man that knows to do, and has done well
I' th' head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home,
Can learn ſo ſuddenly t' abuſe his time
In apiſh entertainment. For my part,
(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I'd rather meet ten enemies i' th' field,
All ſworn to fetch my head, than be brought on
To change an hour's diſcourſe with one of theſe
Smooth city-fools, or tiſſue-cavaliers,
(The only gallants, as they wiſely think)
To get a jewel, or a wanton kiſs
From a court-lip, tho' painted.

*Alv.* My love Clara,
(For Lucio is a name thou muſt forget,
With Lucio's bold behaviour) tho' thy breeding
I' th' camp, may plead ſomething in the excuſe
Of thy rough manners, cuſtom having chang'd
(Tho' not thy ſex) the ſoftneſs of thy nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel ſtep-dame to thee,
Impos'd upon thy tender ſweetneſs burdens
Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, ſuch as would crack
The ſinews of a man, not born a ſoldier;
Yet, now ſhe ſmiles, and like a nat'ral mother
Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain
Her proffer'd bounties with a willing boſom:
Thou ſhalt no more have need to uſe thy ſword;
Thy beauty (which e'en Belgia hath not alter'd)
Shall be a ſtronger guard, to keep my Clara,

Than

Than that has been (tho' never us'd but nobly):
And know thus much——

*Clara.* Sir, I know only that
It ſtands not with my duty to gain-ſay you
In any thing: I muſt and will put on
What faſhion you think beſt, tho' I could wiſh
I were what I appear.

*Alv.* Endeavour rather [*Muſick.*
To be what you are, Clara; entring here,
As you were born, a woman.

*Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.*

*Eug.* Let choice muſick,
In the beſt voice that e'er touch'd human ear,
(For joy hath tied my tongue up) ſpeak your welcome!

*Alv.* My ſoul (for thou giv'ſt new life to my ſpirit)
[*Embraces her.*
Myriads of joy, tho' ſhort in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia,
Th' aſſurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of ſorrow but a dream;
And by the nectar which I take from theſe
I feel my age reſtor'd, and, like old Æſon,
Grow young again.

*Eug.* My lord, long wiſh'd-for, welcome!
'Tis a ſweet briefneſs! yet in that ſhort word
All pleaſures which I may call mine begin,
And may they long encreaſe, before they find
A ſecond period! Let mine eyes now ſurfeit
On this ſo-wiſh'd-for object, and my lips
Yet modeſtly pay back the parting kiſs
You truſted with them, when you fled from Sevil,
With little Clara my ſweet daughter! Lives ſhe?
Yet I could chide myſelf, having you here,
For being ſo covetous of all joys at once,
T' enquire for her; you being, alone, to me
My Clara, Lucio, my lord, myſelf,
Nay, more than all the world!

*Alv.* As you to me are.

*Eug.*

*Eug.* Sit down, and let me feed upon the ſtory
Of your paſt dangers, now you're here in ſafety!
It will give reliſh, and freſh appetite
To my delights, if ſuch delights can cloy me.
Yet do not, Alvarez! let me firſt yield you
Account of my life in your abſence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preſerv'd
The jewel left lock'd up within my womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your country,
Suffer'd a civil death.

*Alv.* Do, my Eugenia;
'Tis that I moſt deſire to hear.

*Eug.* Then know——

*Alv.* What noiſe is that? [*Within claſhing of ſwords.*

*Syav.* [*within.*] If you are noble enemies,
Oppreſs me not with odds, but kill me fairly!

*Vit.* [*within.*] Stand off! I am too many of myſelf.

*Enter Bobadilla.*

*Bob.* Murder, murder, murder! Your friend, my lord,
Don Syavedra is ſet upon in the ſtreets,
By your enemies, Vitelli and his faction:
I am almoſt kill'd with looking on them.

*Alv.* I'll free him, or fall with him! Draw thy ſword,
And follow me! [*Exit.*

*Clara.* Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occaſion once more to uſe it. [*Exit.*

*Bob.* Nay, hold not me, madam! If I do any hurt, hang me.

*Luc.* Oh, I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
Your cloſet, mother.

*Eug.* No hour of my life
Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once diſpatch me!

*Enter Vitelli, purſued by Alvarez and Syavedra, Clara beating off Anaſtro.*

*Clara.* Follow him!
Leave me to keep theſe off.

*Alv.*

*Alv.* Aſſault my friend,
So near my houſe?
*Vit.* Nor in it will ſpare thee,
Tho' 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the prieſt, and thou the ſacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.
*Alv.* Haſte thou to him,
And ſay I ſent thee!
*Clara.* 'Twas put bravely by——
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare
I' th' wars, where emulation and example
Join to encreaſe the courage, and make leſs
The danger! valour, and true reſolution
Never appear'd ſo lovely—brave again!
Sure he is more than man; and if he fall,
The beſt of virtue, fortitude, would die with him:
And can I ſuffer it? forgive me, duty!
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Againſt my father, and redeem it, tho'
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
*Vit.* Come on!
All is not loſt yet: You ſhall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
*Clara.* Fear me not!
Thy worth has took me priſoner, and my ſword
For this time knows thee only for a friend,
And to all elſe I turn the point of it.
*Syav.* Defend your father's enemy?
*Alv.* Art thou mad?
*Clara.* Are ye men rather? Shall that valour, which
Begot you lawful honour in the wars,
Prove now the parent of an infamous baſtard
So foul, yet ſo long liv'd, as murder will
Be to your ſhames? Have each of you, alone,
With your own dangers only, purchas'd glory
From multitudes of enemies, not allowing
Thoſe neareſt to you to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Againſt a ſingle oppoſite? Hath the mercy

Of

Of the great king, but newly waſh'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleav'd to your name and family, like an ulcer,
In this again to ſet a deeper dye upon
Your infamy? You'll ſay he is your foe,
And by his raſhneſs call'd on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was firſt wrong'd, and honour
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
Where now he is, your houſe, which by the laws
Of hoſpitable duty ſhould protect him;
Have you been twenty years a ſtranger to't,
To make your entrance now in blood? or think you
Your countryman, a true-born Spaniard, will be
An off'ring fit to pleaſe the genius of it?
No; in this I'll preſume to teach my father,
And this firſt act of diſobedience ſhall
Confirm I am moſt dutiful.

*Alv.* I'm pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to.—
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

*Clara.* Set free
A noble enemy: Come not on! by Heaven,
You paſs to him thro' me! The way is open.
Farewell! when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I ſee you worthy,
And therefore now preſerve you, for the honour
Of my ſword only.

*Vit.* Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe
Deſerves ſo well! I thank you for my life;
But how I ſhall deſerve it, give me leave
Hereafter to conſider. [*Exit.*

*Alv.* Quit thy fear;
All danger is blown over: I have letters
To th' governor, i'th' king's name, to ſecure us
From ſuch attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
That have ſuch ſtrong guards of our own, dread others;
And, to encreaſe thy comfort, know, this young man,
Whom with ſuch ſervent earneſtneſs you eye,

Is

Is not what he appears, but ſuch a one
As thou with joy wilt bleſs, thy daughter Clara.
*Eug.* A thouſand bleſſings in that word!
*Alv.* The reaſon
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leiſure
I will impart unto you: Wonder not
At what you've ſeen her do, it being the leaſt
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honour.
*Eug.* I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my Alvarez: You, in a man,
Have giv'n to me a daughter; in a woman,
I give to you a ſon: This was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Diff'rent from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like ſucceſs; as ſhe appears
Alter'd by cuſtom, more than woman, he,
Transform'd by his ſoft life, is leſs than man.
*Alv.* Fortune in this gives ample ſatisfaction
For all our ſorrows paſt.
*Lucio.* My deareſt ſiſter!
*Clara.* Kind brother!
*Alv.* Now our mutual care muſt be
Employ'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, loſt by cuſtom:
To you I give my Clara, and receive
My Lucio to my charge; and we'll contend,
With loving induſtry, who ſooneſt can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Pachieco and Lazarillo.*

*Pach.* BOY, my cloak, and rapier! it fits not
A gentleman of my rank to walk the ſtreets
In *querpo*.

*Laz.* Nay, you are a very rank gentleman,
Signor. I am very hungry; they tell me
In Sevil here, I look like an eel,
With a man's head; and your neighbour the ſmith
Here hard by, would have borrow'd me the other day
To have fiſh'd with me, becauſe h' had loſt his angle-rod.

*Pach.* Oh, happy thou, Lazarillo, being the cauſe
Of other mens' wits, as in thine own! Live lean
And witty ſtill: Oppreſs not thy ſtomach
Too much: Groſs feeders, great ſleepers; great ſleepers, fat bodies;
Fat bodies, lean brains! No, Lazarillo;
I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity
Into deity, for I will teach thee
To live upon nothing.

*Laz.* Faith, ſignor,
I am immortal then already, or very
Near it, for I do live upon little or nothing.
Belike that is the reaſon the poets are ſaid
To be immortal; for ſome of them live
Upon their wits, which is indeed as good
As little or nothing. But, good maſter, let me
Be mortal ſtill, and let us go to ſupper.

*Pach.* Be abſtinent; ſhew not the corruption of
Thy generation: He that feeds ſhall die,
Therefore, he that feeds not ſhall live.

*Laz.* Ay, but how long
Shall he live? There's the queſtion.

*Pach.*

*Pach.* As long as he
Can without feeding. Didſt thou read of the
Miraculous maid in Flanders——
*Laz.* No, nor of
Any maid elſe; for the miracle of virginity
Now-a-days ceaſes, ere the virgin
Can read virginity?
*Pach.* She that liv'd three years
Without any other ſuſtenance than
The ſmell of a roſe?
*Laz.* I heard of her, ſignor; but they ſay her guts ſhrunk
All into luteſtrings, and her nether parts
Cling'd together like a ſerpent's tail; ſo that
Tho' ſhe continued a woman ſtill
Above the girdle, beneath yet ſhe was monſter.
*Pach.* So are moſt women, believe it.
*Laz.* Nay all women, ſignor,
That can live only upon the ſmell of a roſe.
*Pach.* No part of the hiſtory is fabulous.
*Laz.* I think rather,
No part of the fable is hiſtorical.
But for all this, Sir, my rebellious ſtomach
Will not let me be immortal: I will be
As immortal as mortal hunger will ſuffer.
Put me to a certain ſtint, Sir! allow me
But a red herring a-day!
*Pach. O, de Dios!*
Wouldſt thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?
*Laz.* He that eats nothing but a red herring a-day
Shall ne'er be broiled for the devil's raſher:
A pilchard, ſignor, a ſardina[10], an olive,
That I may be a philoſopher firſt,
And immortal after.
*Pach.* Patience, Lazarillo!
Let contemplation be thy food awhile:
I ſay unto thee,

[10] *A ſurdiny.*] See note 4 on Love's Pilgrimage. *Sympſon.*

One

One peaſe was a ſoldier's provant a whole day
At the deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

*Enter Metaldi and Mendoza.*

*Laz.* Ay, an it were any where but at
The deſtruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.
*Met.* Signor Pachieco Alaſto,
My moſt ingenious cobler of Sevil,
The *bonos noxios* to your ſignory!
*Pach.* Signor Metaldi de Forgio!
My moſt famous ſmith, and man of metal, I
Return your courteſy ten-fold, and do
Humble my bonnet beneath the ſhoe-ſole
Of your congie. The like to you,
Signor Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini,
My moſt exquiſite hoſe-heeler!
*Laz.* Here's a greeting
Betwixt a cobler, a ſmith, and a botcher!
They all belong to the foot, which makes them ſtand
So much upon their gentry.
*Mend.* Signor Lazarillo!
*Laz.* Ah, ſignor, *sì!* Nay, we are all ſignors
Here in Spain, from the jakes-farmer to the grandee,
Or adelantado. This botcher looks
As if he were dough-bak'd; a little butter now,
And I could eat him like an oaten cake!
His father's diet was new cheeſe and onions,
When he got him: What a ſcallion-fac'd raſcal 'tis?
*Met.* But why, ſignor Pachieco, do you ſtand
So much on the priority, and antiquity
Of your quality (as you call it) in compariſon
Of ours?
*Mend.* Ay; your reaſon for that.
*Pach.* Why, thou iron-pated ſmith, and thou
Woollen-witted hoſe-heeler, hear what I
Will ſpeak indifferently, and according
To antient writers, of our three profeſſions;
And let the upright Lazarillo be
Both judge and moderator!

*Laz.*

*Laz.* Still am I
The moſt immortally hungry that may be!
*Pach.* Suppoſe thou wilt derive thy pedigree,
Like ſome of the old heroes, (as Hercules,
Æneas, Achilles) lineally from
The gods, making Saturn thy great-grandfather,
And Vulcan thy father—Vulcan was a god——
*Laz.* He'll make Vulcan your godfather by and-by.
*Pach.* Yet, I ſay, Saturn was a crabbed block-head,
And Vulcan a limping horn-head; for Venus his wife
Was a ſtrumpet, and Mars begat all her children:
Therefore, however, thy original
Muſt of neceſſity ſpring from baſtardy. Further[11],
What can ſhew a more deject ſpirit in man, than
To lay his hands under every one's horſes' feet,
To do him ſervice, as thou doſt?—For thee,
I will be brief; thou doſt botch, and not mend,
Thou art a hider of enormities,
*Viz.* ſcabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels;
Much prone thou art to ſects, and hereſies,
Diſturbing ſtate and government; for how canſt thou
Be a ſound member in the commonwealth,
That art ſo ſubject to ſtitches in the ankles?
Bluſh and be ſilent then, oh, ye mechanicks!
Compare no more with the politick cobler!
For coblers, in old time, have propheſied;
What may they do now then, that have
Every day waxed better and better?
Have we not the length of every man's foot?
Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what menders?
Not horſe-menders——
*Laz.* Nor manners-menders.
*Pach.* But ſoal-menders:
Oh, divine coblers! Do we not, like the wiſe man,
Spin our own threads, (or our wives for us:)
Do we not, by our ſowing the hide, reap the beef?

[11] *Further, what can be a more dej & ſpirit* ] I cannot help thinking but the judicious reader will with, with me, that the Author had wrote, *what can ſhew*, &c. *Sympſon.*

Are not we of the gentle-craft, whilſt both you
Are but crafts-men? You will ſay, you fear
Neither iron nor ſteel, and what you get is wrought
Out of the fire; I muſt anſwer you again tho',
All this is but forgery. You may likewiſe ſay,
A man's a man, that has but a hoſe on his head:
I muſt likewiſe anſwer, that man is a botcher
That has a heel'd hoſe on his head. To conclude,
There can be no compariſon with
The cobler, who is all in all
In the commonwealth, has his politick eye and ends
On every man's ſteps that walks, and whoſe courſe
ſhall
Be laſting to the world's end.

*Met.* I give place:
The wit of man is wonderful! Thou
Haſt hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee
Six pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch ſhoe again.

*Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.*

*Pach.* Who's this? Oh, our Alguazier; as arrant a
knave
As e'er wore one head under two offices;
He is one ſide Alguazier.

*Met.* The other ſide Serjeant.

*Mend.* That's both ſides carrion, I am ſure.

*Pach.* This is he
Apprehends whores in the way of juſtice, and lodges
'em
In his own houſe, in the way of profit. He with
him
Is the grand don Vitelli, 'twixt whom and
Fernando Alvarez the mortal hatred is:
He is indeed my don's bawd, and does
At this preſent lodge a famous courtezan
Of his, lately come from Madrid.

*Vit.* Let her want nothing, ſignor, ſhe can aſk:
What loſs or injury you may ſuſtain
I will repair, and recompenſe your love:

Only

Only that fellow's coming I miſlike,
And did fore-warn her of him. Bear her this;
With my beſt love; at night I'll viſit her.
*Alg.* I reſt your lordſhip's ſervant!
*Vit.* Good ev'n, ſignors!—
Oh, Alvarez, thou haſt brought a ſon with thee
Both brightens and obſcures our nation,
Whoſe pure ſtrong beams on us ſhoot like the ſun's
On baſer fires. I would to Heav'n my blood
Had never ſtain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honour I might emulate,
Not perſecute ſuch virtue! I will ſee him,
Tho' with the hazard of my life; no reſt
In my contentious ſpirits can I find
'Till I have gratified him in like kind. [*Exit.*
*Alg.* I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye baſe beſognios [12]!
*Pach.* Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, d' you not know us?
Why, we are your honeſt neighbours,
The cobler, ſmith, and botcher, that have ſo often
Sat ſnoaring cheek by joll, with your ſignory,
In rug at midnight.
*Laz.* Nay, good ſignor,
Be not angry; you muſt underſtand, a cat
And ſuch an officer ſee beſt in the dark.
*Met.* By this hand,
I could find in my heart to ſhoe his head!

---

[12] *Beſognios.*] This appears to be a word of contempt, which perhaps will receive ſome explanation from the following paſſage in Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85. 'It may bee thought that 'every mercinarie man and common hireling (taken up for a while, 'or ſerving a ſmall ſeaſon) is a ſouldier fit to be regiſtred, or honoured 'among the renouned ſort of warlike people. For ſuch numbers of '*bezoingnies* or neceſſarie inſtruments for the time, are to fall to their 'occupation when the ſervice is ended, and not to live idlely or looke 'for imbraſing.' *R.*

*Beſognios* ſeem to mean the lower rank, people in want, and of baſe condition; ſo, *beſoin*, French, *need, want.*

*Pach.* Why then we know you, ſignor! Thou mungril,
Begot at midnight, at the gaol-gate, by a beadle,
On a catchpole's wife, are not you he that was
Whipt out of Toledo for perjury?
*Mend.* Next,
Condemn'd to the gallies for pilfery,
To the bull's pizzle?
*Met.* And after call'd
To the inquiſition, for apoſtacy?
*Pach.* Are not you he that, rather than you durſt
Go an induſtrious voyage, being preſs'd,
To the iſlands, ſkulk'd till the fleet was gone, and then
Earn'd your rial a-day by ſquiring punks
And punklings up and down the city?
*Laz.* Are not you
A Portugueſe born, deſcended o' the Moors,
And came hither into Sevil with your maſter,
An arrant tailor, in your red bonnet,
And your blue jacket louſy; tho' now
Your block-head be cover'd with the Spaniſh block,
And your laſhed ſhoulders with a velvet-pee.
*Pach.* Are not you he that have been of thirty callings,
Yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a chandler firſt,
Profeſs'd ſincerity, and would ſell no man
Muſtard to his beef on the ſabbath, and yet ſold
Hypocriſy all your life-time?
*Met.* Are not you he, that were ſince
A ſurgeon to the ſtews, and undertook
To cure, what the church itſelf could not, ſtrumpets?
That riſe to your office by being a great don's bawd?
*Laz.* That commit men nightly, offenceleſs, for the gain
Of a groat a priſoner, which your beadle ſeems
To put up, when you ſhare three-pence?
*Mend.* Are not you he
That is a kiſſer of men, in drunkenneſs,
And a betrayer in ſobriety?

*Alg.*

*Alg. Diabolo!* They'll rail me into the gallies
Again.

*Pach.* Yes, ſignor, thou art even he
We ſpeak of all this while. Thou mayſt, by thy place now,
Lay us by the heels, 'tis true; but take heed;
Be wiſer, pluck not ruin on thine own head;
For never was there ſuch an anatomy,
As we ſhall make thee then; be wiſe therefore,
Oh, thou child of the night! Be friends, and ſhake hands.
Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder:
Remember thy worſhipful function,
A conſtable; tho' thou turn'ſt day into night,
And night into day, what of that? Watch leſs,
And pray more: Gird thy bear-ſkin (*viz.* thy rug-gown)
To thy loins; take thy ſtaff in thy hand, and go
Forth at midnight[13]; let not thy mittens abate
The talons of thy authority[14], but gripe
Theft and whoredom, whereſoever thou meet'ſt 'em;
Bear 'em away like a tempeſt, and lodge 'em ſafely
In thine own houſe.

*Laz.* Would you have whores and thieves
Lodg'd in ſuch a houſe?

*Pach.* They ever do ſo;
I have found a thief or a whore there,
When the whole ſuburbs could not furniſh me.

*Laz.* But why do they lodge there?

*Pach.* That they may be
Safe and forth-coming; for in the morning uſually,
The thief is ſent to the gaol, and the whore proſtrates
Herſelf to the juſtice.

*Mend.* Admirable Pachiecho!

*Met.* Thou cobler of Chriſtendom!

*Alg.* There is no railing with theſe rogues:

[13] *Gird thy bear-ſkin* (viz *thy rug-gown*) *to thy loins; take thy ſtaff in thy hand, and go forth at midnight.*] Theſe words are found only in the firſt folio.

[14] *That is,* Let not thy mittens be the ſame to thy talons, as a button is to a foil. *Sympſon.*

I will cloſe with 'em, 'till I can cry quittance.
Why, ſignors, and my honeſt neighbours, will ye
Impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is
An imperfection in me? I have been
Sand-blind from my infancy; to make you amends
You ſhall ſup with me.

*Laz.* Shall we ſup with ye, Sir?
O' my conſcience, they have wrong'd the gentleman
Extremely.

*Alg.* And after ſupper, I have
A project to employ you in, ſhall make you
Drink and eat merrily this month. I am
A little knaviſh; why, and do not I know all
You to be knaves?

*Pach.* I grant you, we are all
Knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh, while you live,
Take heed of being a proud knave!

*Alg.* On then, paſs;
I will bear out my ſtaff, and my ſtaff ſhall bear out me.

*Laz.* Oh, Lazarillo, thou art going to ſupper! [*Exe.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Lucio and Bobadilla.*

*Lucio.* Pray be not angry.

*Bob.* I am angry, and I will be angry.
Diabolo! what ſhould you do in the kitchen?
Cannot the cooks lick their fingers without
Your overſeeing? nor the maids make pottage,
Except your dog's head be in the pot? Don Lucio?
Don Quot-Quean, don Spinſter! wear
A petticoat ſtill, and put on your ſmock a'Monday;
I will have a baby o'clouts made for it, like
A great girl! Nay, if you will needs be ſtarching
Of ruffs, and ſowing of black-work, I will
Of a mild and loving tutor, become a tyrant:

Your

Your father has committed you to my charge,
And I will make a man or a mouſe on you.
*Lucio.* What would you have me do? This ſcurvy ſword
So galls my thigh, I would it were burnt!—Piſh! look,
This cloak will ne'er keep on; theſe boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk ſtiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my ſpurs jingle like a morris-dancer;
Lord, how my head aches with this roguiſh hat!
This maſculine attire is moſt uneaſy,
I'm bound up in it; I had rather walk
In folio again, looſe, like a woman.
*Bob.* In *foolio*, had you not?
Thou mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy parents!
Thou tender leg of lamb! Oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiſs'd himſelf, and fleers!
Is this a gait for the young cavalier,
Don Lucio, ſon and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or does it walk on conſcience,
It treads ſo gingerly? Come on your ways!
Suppoſe me now your father's foe, Vitelli,
And ſpying you i'th' ſtreet, thus I advance:
I twiſt my beard, and then I draw my ſword.
*Lucio.* Alas!
*Bob.* And thus accoſt thee: Traiterous brat,
How durſt thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old ſtock, dew'd with my kinſman's gore,
Draw! for I'll quarter thee in pieces four.
*Lucio.* Nay, prithee Bobadilla, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy ſword. I will not meddle with you.
Ay, juſtle me, I care not, I'll not draw;
Pray be a quiet man.
*Bob.* D' ye hear? anſwer me,
As you would do don Vitelli, or I'll be
So bold as to lay the pommel of my ſword
Over the hilts of your head!—My name's Vitelli,
And I'll have the wall.
*Lucio.* Why then,

I'll have the kennel: What a coil you keep?
Signor, what happen'd 'twixt my ſire and your
Kinſman, was long before I ſaw the world;
No fault of mine, nor will I juſtify
My father's crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive,
'Tis Chriſtianity. I pray put up your ſword;
I'll give you any ſatisfaction,
That may become a gentleman. However,
I hope you're bred to more humanity,
Than to revenge my father's wrong on me,
That crave your love and peace. Law-you-now, Zancho,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellis?

*Bob.* Oh, craven-chicken of a cock o' th' game!
Well, what remedy? Did thy father ſee this,
O' my conſcience, he would cut off thy maſculine
Gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes,
And ſet thee in one of the pear-trees for a ſcare-crow!
As I am Vitelli, I am ſatisfied;
But as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho,
Steward of the houſe, and thy father's ſervant,
I could find in my heart to lop off
The hinder part of thy face, or to
Beat all thy teeth into thy mouth! Oh, thou
Whey-blooded milkſop, I'll wait upon thee no longer;
Thou ſhalt ev'n wait upon me. Come your ways, Sir;
I ſhall take a little pains with you elſe.

*Enter Clara.*

*Clara.* Where art thou, brother Lucio?—Ran, tan tan ta,
Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan!
Oh, I ſhall no more ſee thoſe golden days!
Theſe cloaths will never ſadge with me: A pox
O' this filthy fardingale, this hip-hape!—Brother,
Why are womens' haunches only limited, confin'd,
Hoop'd in as 'twere, with theſe ſame ſcurvy vardingales?

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Becauſe womens' haunches only are moſt ſubject
To diſplay and fly out.
*Clara.* Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats,
I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!
*Lucio.* Hold,
If you love my life, ſiſter! I am not
Zancho Bobadilla; I am your brother, Lucio.
What a fright you have put me in!
*Clara.* Brother? and wherefore thus?
*Lucio.* Why, maſter ſteward here, ſignor Zancho,
Made me change: He does nothing but miſ-uſe me,
And call me coward, and ſwears I ſhall
Wait upon him.
*Bob.* Well! I do no more
Than I have authority for.—'Would I were away tho'!
For ſhe's as much too maniſh, as he
Too womaniſh: I dare not meddle with her;
Yet I muſt ſet a good face on it, if I had it.—
I have like charge of you, madam; I
Am as well to mollify you, as to
Qualify him. What have you to do with
Armors, and piſtols, and javelins, and ſwords,
And ſuch tools? Remember, miſtreſs, Nature
Hath given you a ſheath only, to ſignify
Women are to put up mens' weapons, not
To draw them!—Look you now, is this a fit
Trot for a gentlewoman? You ſhall ſee
The court-ladies move like goddeſſes, as if
They trod air; they will ſwim you their meaſures,
Like whiting-mops, as if their feet were finns,
And the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they
Love to ride great horſes, as you do? no;
They love to ride great aſſes ſooner. Faith,
I know not what to ſay t'ye both: Cuſtom hath
Turn'd Nature topſy-turvy in you.
*Clara.* Nay,
But, maſter ſteward!
*Bob.* You cannot trot ſo faſt,
But he ambles as ſlowly.

*Clara.*

*Clara.* Signor Spindle!
Will you hear me?
*Bob.* He that ſhall come to
Beſtride your virginity, had better be
A-foot o'er the dragon.
*Clara.* Very well!
*Bob.* Did ever
Spaniſh lady pace ſo?
*Clara.* Hold theſe a little!
*Lucio.* I'll not touch 'em, I.
*Clara.* Firſt do I break your office o'er your pate,
You dog-ſkin-fac'd rogue, pilcher, you Poor-John!
Which I will beat to ſtock-fiſh.
*Lucio.* Siſter!
*Bob.* Madam!
*Clara.* You cittern-head! who have you talk'd to, ha?
You naſty, ſtinking, and ill-countenanc'd cur!
*Bob.* By this hand, I'll bang your brother for this, when
I get him alone.
*Clara.* How! Kick him, Lucio!
He ſhall kick you, Bob, ſpite o' thy noſe; that's flat.
Kick him, I ſay, or I will cut thy head off!
*Bob.* Softly, you had beſt!
*Clara.* Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-viſag'd knave,
Thou falſe and peremptory ſteward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain!
*Lucio.* Good ſiſter, do not choak him.
*Bob.* Murder! murder! [*Exit.*
*Clara.* Well! I ſhall meet w' ye.—Lucio, who bought this?
'Tis a reaſonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's champion ne'er us'd truer; with this ſtaff
Old Alvarez has led up men ſo cloſe,
They could almoſt ſpit in the cannon's mouth;

Whilſt

Whilſt I with that, and this, well mounted[15], ſkirr'd
A horſe-troop thro' and thro', like ſwift Deſire,
And ſeen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gaſh'd
Like bleeding ſhads.

*Lucio.* Bleſs us, ſiſter Clara,
How deſperately you talk! What d' ye call
This gun? a dag?

*Clara.* I'll give't thee; a French petronel.
You never ſaw my Barbary, the Infanta
Beſtow'd upon me, as yet Lucio:
Walk down, and ſee it.

*Lucio.* What, into the ſtable?
Not I; the jades will kick: The poor groom there
Was almoſt ſpoil'd the other day.

*Clara.* Fy on thee!
Thou wilt ſcarce be a man before thy mother.

*Lucio.* When will you be a woman?

*Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.*

*Clara.* 'Would I were none!
But Nature's privy ſeal aſſures me one.

*Alv.* Thou anger'ſt me! Can ſtrong habitual cuſtom
Work with ſuch magick on the mind and manners,
In ſpite of ſex and Nature? Find out, ſirrah,
Some ſkilful fighter.

*Bob.* Yes, Sir.

*Alv.* I will rectify

---

[15] —*and this, well mounted,* ſcour'd
*A horſe-troop through and through,*—] The old folio reads *ſcurr'd*, which I take to be only a falſe ſpelling of a better word, viz. *ſkirr'd*: Thus Shakeſpear in Macbeth, act v. ſcene iii.

*Send out more horſes*; ſkir *the country round.*

To *ſkir* is *velitari*, to fight as the light-horſe do, from whence the ſubſtantive *ſkirmiſh*.

In Henry V. Shakeſpear uſes the word for *flying ſwiftly*, tho' from an enemy. The king ſays of the French horſe, act iv. ſcene xiii.

*He'll make 'em* ſkir *away, as ſwift as ſtones*
*Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.*

No reader of taſte wou'd bear the change of the word *ſkir*, which is perfectly poetical, as the ſound is an echo to the ſenſe, for *ſcour*; and Fletcher has not ſuffered much leſs by the change. *Seward.*

And

And redeem either's proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new-mold 'em.

*Bob.* Believe your eyes, Sir; I tell you, we waſh an Ethiop. [*Exit.*

*Clara.* I ſtrike it, for ten ducats.

*Alv.* How now, Clara,
Your breeches on ſtill? And your petticoat
Not yet off, Lucio? art thou not gelt?
Or did the cold Muſcovite beget thee,
That lay here leger[16], in the laſt great froſt?
Art not thou, Clara, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you ſearch'd; by Heaven, I ſtrongly doubt!
We muſt have theſe things mended. Come, go in!
[*Exit.*

*Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.*

*Bob.* With Lucio, ſay you? There he's for you.

*Vit.* And there's for thee.

*Bob.* I thank you. You have now bought
A little advice of me: If you chance
To have conference with that lady there,
Be very civil, or look to your head!
She has ten nails, and you have but two eyes:
If any fooliſh hot motions ſhould chance
To riſe in the horizon, under your equinoctial there,
Qualify it as well as you can, for I fear

[16] *That* lay *here* lieger.] So, in Greene's Quip for an Upſtart Courtier, 4to. 1592. 'Indeed, I have been *lieger* in my time in London, 'and have play'd many madde prancks, for which cauſe you may 'apparently ſee I am made a curtall; for the pillory (in the ſight of 'a great many good and ſufficient witneſſes) hath eaten off booth my 'eares, and now, Sir, this rope-maker hunteth me heere with his 'halters.'——And in the Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurſe, by Middleton and Dekkar,

'What durſt move you, Sir,
'To thinke me whooriſh? a name which I'de teare out
'From the hye Germaine's throat, *if it lay ledger* there!
'To diſpatch privy ſlanders againſt mee!' *R.*

Dr. Johnſon ſays, *leger* is derived from the Dutch *legger*; and ſignifies. 'Any thing that lies in a place; as, a *leger*-ambaſſador, a reſi-'dent; a *leger*-book, a book that lies in the compting-houſe.'

The

The elevation of your pole will not
Agree with the horoſcope of her conſtitution:
She is Bell and the Dragon, I aſſure you. [*Exit.*
*Vit.* Are you the Lucio, Sir, that ſav'd Vitelli?
*Lucio.* Not I, indeed, Sir; I did never brabble:
There walks that Lucio metamorphoſed. [*Exit.*
*Vit.* D' you mock me?
*Clara.* No, he does not: I am that
Suppoſed Lucio that was, but Clara
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.
*Vit.* Amazement daunts me! 'Would my life were riddles,
So you were ſtill my fair expoſitor!
Protected by a lady from my death?
Oh, I ſhall wear an everlaſting bluſh
Upon my cheek from this diſcovery!
Oh, you, the faireſt ſoldier I e'er ſaw,
Each of whoſe eyes, like a bright beamy ſhield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious——
*Clara.* Sir, guard yourſelf; you're in your enemies houſe,
And may be injur'd.
*Vit.* 'Tis impoſſible:
Foe, nor oppreſſing odds, dares prove Vitelli,
If Clara ſide him, and will call him friend.
I would the diff'rence of our bloods were ſuch
As might with any ſhift be wip'd away!
Or 'would to Heav'n yourſelf were all your name;
That, having loſt blood by you, I might hope
To raiſe blood from you! But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers averſely over that fond hope;
And he, whoſe tongue thus gratifies the daughter[17]

[17] *Thus* gratifies *the daughter.*] This *gratifies* ſeems to come in oddly; for what gratification does Vitelli make Clara here? He gives her good words, 'tis true, and ſets off the ſervice ſhe had done him at her firſt appearance on the ſtage, but this ought rather to be called a panegyrick, than a gratification, and who knows but the Authors might have given it

——— *thus* glorifies *the daughter.* *Sympſon.*

And

And ſiſter of his enemy, wears a ſword
To rip the father and the brother up:
Thus you, that ſav'd this wretched life of mine,
Have ſav'd it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections ſhould promiſcuouſly
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiſs your hand!
*Clara.* You're treacherous,
And come to do me miſchief.
*Vit.* Speak on ſtill;
Your words are falſer, fair, than my intents,
And each ſweet accent far more treach'rous; for
Tho' you ſpeak ill of me, you ſpeak ſo well
I do deſire to hear you.
*Clara.* Pray be gone;
Or, kill me if you pleaſe.
*Vit.* Oh, neither can I:
For, to be gone were to deſtroy my life;
And to kill you were to deſtroy my ſoul.
I am in love, yet muſt not be in love!
I'll get away apace. Yet, valiant lady,
Such gratitude to honour I do owe,
And ſuch obedience to your memory,
That if you will beſtow ſomething, that I
May wear about me, it ſhall bind my wrath,
My moſt invet'rate wrath, from all attempts,
'Till you and I meet next.
*Clara.* A favour, Sir?
Why, I'll give you good counſel.
*Vit.* That already
You have beſtow'd; a ribbon, or a glove——
*Clara.* Nay; thoſe are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the butler with.
*Vit.* Your feather——
*Clara.* Fy!
The wenches give them to the ſerving-men.
*Vit.* That little ring——
*Clara.* 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faſter.

*Vit.*

*Vit.* Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
*Clara.* This ſmile; my good opinion; or myſelf!
But that, it ſeems, you like not.
*Vit.* Yes; ſo well,
When any ſmiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion ſhall in weight poize me
Againſt a thouſand ill; laſtly, yourſelf
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you till the table break.
So, whiteſt angels guard you!
*Clara.* Stay, Sir; I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not diſdain to wear.
*Vit.* What's that?
*Clara.* This ſword.—
I never heard a man ſpeak 'till this hour:
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lioneſs hath met a tamer here:
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I ſaying?
Oh, this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, faſt, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainſt all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me! I've kept it long,
And value it, next my virginity.—
But, good, return it; for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it ſhould have me too.
*Vit.* 'Would that were poſſible; but, alas, 'tis not:
Yet this aſſure yourſelf, moſt-honour'd Clara,
I'll not infringe an article of breath
My vow hath offer'd t' you; nor from this part
Whilſt it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. [*Exit.*
*Clara.* Oh, leave me living!—What new exerciſe
Is crept into my breaſt, that blancheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and muſt learn to fight
A ſofter ſweeter battle than with ſwords.

I'm

I'm ſick methinks; but the diſeaſe I feel
Pleaſeth, and puniſheth. I warrant, love
Is very like this, that folks talk of ſo;
I ſkill not what it is, yet ſure e'en here,
E'en in my heart, I ſenſibly perceive
It glows, and riſeth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the eſſence on't, nor name. [*Exit.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Malroda and Alguazier.*

*Malr.* HE muſt not? nor he ſhall not? who ſhall let him?
You, politick Diego, with your face of wiſdom!
Don Blirt! The pox upon your aphoriſms,
Your grave and ſage-ale phyſiognomy!
Do not I know thee for the Alguazier,
Whoſe dunghill all the pariſh ſcavengers
Could never rid? Thou comedy to men,
Whoſe ſerious folly is a butt for all
To ſhoot their wits at; whilſt thou haſt not wit,
Nor heart, to anſwer, or be angry!

*Alg.* Lady!

*Malr.* Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, ſupported by
A ſtaff of rott'ner office! Dare you check
Any's acceſſes that I will allow?
Piorato is my friend, and viſits me
In lawful ſort, t' eſpouſe me as his wife;
And who will croſs, or ſhall, our interviews?
You know me, ſirrah, for no chambermaid,
That caſt her belly and her waſtecoat lately.
Thou think'ſt thy conſtableſhip is much! not ſo;
I am ten offices to thee: Ay, thy houſe,
Thy houſe and office is maintain'd by me.

*Alg.* My houſe-of-office is maintain'd i'th' garden!

Go

Go to! I know you; and I have contriv'd,
(You're a delinquent) but I have contriv'd
A poiſon, tho' not in the third degree:
I can ſay, black's your eye, tho' it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this your friend, and you;
But what is got by this connivency?
I like his feature well [18]; a proper man;
Of good diſcourſe, fine converſation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the buſineſs,
Sweet-breaſted [19] as the nightingale or thruſh:
Yet I muſt tell you, you forget yourſelf;
My lord Vitelli's love, and maintenance,
Deſerves no other Jack i'th' box, but he.
What tho' he gather'd firſt the golden fruit,
And blew your pigs-coat up into a bliſter,
When you did wait at court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the bairn?
Beſide, what profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me ſerve your pleaſure, lady,
Your pleaſure muſt accommodate my ſervice;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knav'ry; all the world would be
Good, proſper'd goodneſs like to villainy.
I am the king's vicegerent by my place;
His right lieutenant in mine own precinct.

*Malr.* Thou'rt a right raſcal in all mens' precincts!
Yet now, my pair of twins, of fool and knave,
Look, we are friends; there's gold for thee: Admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my don,
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wiſe:
Thou ſhalt be my bawd, and my officer;
Thy children ſhall eat ſtill, my good night-owl,
And thy old wife ſell andirons to the court,
Be countenanc'd by the dons, and wear a hood,
Nay, keep my garden-houſe; I'll call her mother,
Thee father, my good poiſonous red-hair'd deel,
And gold ſhall daily be thy ſacrifice,

[18] *I like his feather well.*] Amended in 1750.
[19] *Sweet-breaſted.*] See note 28 on the Pilgrim.

Wrought from a fertile iſland of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an Indian queen.
*Alg.* And I will be thy devil, thou my fleſh,
With which I'll catch the world.
*Malr.* Fill ſome tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come
Before my don, admit him; if my don
Before my love, conduct him, my dear devil! [*Exit.*
*Alg.* I will, my dear fleſh.—Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd: Well ſaid!—
Oh, equal Heav'n, how wiſely thou diſpoſeſt
Thy ſeveral gifts! One's born a great rich fool,
For the ſubordinate knave to work upon;
Another's poor, with wit's addition,
Which well or ill us'd builds a living up,
And that too from the fire oft deſcends;
Only fair Virtue, by traduction
Never ſucceeds [26], and ſeldom meets ſucceſs:
What have I then to do with't? My free will,
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill.
Now ſince vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety, and my ſtars' confluence
Enforce my diſpoſition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practiſe
War, and grow that way great; religious,
And that way good! My chief felicity
Is wealth, the nurſe of ſenſuality;
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Muſt ſcratch great ſcabs, and claw a ſtrumpet's itch.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Piorato and Bobadilla.*

*Pio.* To ſay, Sir, I will wait upon your lord,
Were not to underſtand myſelf.
*Bob.* To ſay, Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,

[26] *Never ſucceeds.*] *i. e.* Never follows by *ſucceſſion.*

Were

Were not to underſtand my lord.
*Pio.* I'll meet him
Some half-hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His ſon a man again: The cure is eaſy;
I have done divers.
*Bob.* Women do you mean, Sir?
*Pio.* Cures I do mean, Sir. Be there but one ſpark
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my diſcourſe I'll blow it to a flame,
And with my practice into action.
I have had one ſo full of childiſh fear,
And womaniſh-hearted, ſent to my advice,
He durſt not draw a knife to cut his meat.
*Bob.* And how, Sir, did you help him?
*Pio.* Sir, I kept him
Seven days in a dark room by candle-light,
A plenteous table ſpread, with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a caſe of keen broad knives.
Upon the board, and he ſo watch'd he might not
Touch the leaſt modicum, unleſs he cut it:
And thus I brought him firſt to draw a knife.
*Bob.* Good!
*Pio.* Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt pork, Sir, and gammons of bacon;
A pill of caviare now and then,
Which breeds choler aduſt, you know——
*Bob.* 'Tis true.
*Pio.* And to purge phlegmatick humour, and cold crudities,
In all that time he drank me *aqua-fortis*,
And nothing elſe but——
*Bob.* *Aqua-vitæ*, ſignor;
For *aqua-fortis* poiſons.
*Pio.* *Aqua-fortis*,
I ſay again: What's one man's poiſon, ſignor,
Is another's meat or drink.
*Bob.* Your patience, Sir!
By your good patience, h' had a huge cold ſtomach.
*Pio.* I fired it, and gave him then three ſweats

In the Artillery-Yard, three drilling days;
And now he'll ſhoot a gun, and draw a ſword,
And fight, with any man in Chriſtendom.
*Bob.* A receipt for a coward! I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good preſcription.
*Pio.* Sir, hereafter
You ſhall, and underneath it put *probatum.*—
Is your chain right?
*Bob.* It is both right and juſt, Sir;
For, tho' I am a ſteward, I did get it
With no man's wrong.
*Pio.* You are witty.
*Bob.* So, ſo.
Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too raſh,
And over-daring? (there now's my diſeaſe)
Fool-hardy, as they ſay? for that in ſooth
I am.
*Pio.* Moſt eaſily.
*Bob.* How?
*Pio.* To make you drunk, Sir,
With ſmall beer once a-day, and beat you twice,
'Till you be bruis'd all over; if that help not,
Knock out your brains.
*Bob.* This is ſtrong phyſick, ſignor,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the med'cine worſe than the malady,
And therefore will remain fool-hardy ſtill.
You'll come, Sir?
*Pio.* As I am a gentleman.
*Bob.* A man o' th' ſword ſhould never break his word.
*Pio.* I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir,
A complimental viſitation
To offer to a miſtreſs lodg'd here by.
*Bob.* A gentlewoman?
*Pio.* Yes, Sir.
*Bob.* Fair, and comely?
*Pio.* Oh, Sir, the paragon, the nonpareil
Of Sevil, the moſt wealthy mine of Spain,

For

For beauty and perfection.

*Bob.* Say you ſo?
Might not a man entreat a courteſy,
To walk along with you, ſignor, to peruſe
This dainty mine, tho' not to dig in't, ſignor?
Hauh—I hope you'll not deny me, being a ſtranger;
Tho' I'm a ſteward, I am fleſh and blood,
And frail as other men.

*Pio.* Sir, blow your noſe!
I dare not, for the world: No; ſhe is kept
By a great don, Vitelli.

*Bob.* How!

*Pio.* 'Tis true.

*Bob.* See, things will veer about! This don Vitelli
Am I to ſeek now, to deliver letters
From my young miſtreſs Clara; and, I tell you,
Under the roſe, (becauſe you are a ſtranger,
And my eſpecial friend) I doubt there is
A little fooliſh love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my lord.

*Pio.* Happy diſcovery!
My fruit begins to ripen.—Hark you, Sir!
I would not wiſh you now to give thoſe letters;
But home, and ope this to madonna Clara,
Which when I come I'll juſtify, and relate
More amply and particularly.

*Bob.* I approve
Your counſel, and will practiſe it. *Bazi los manos!*
Here's two chewres chewr'd[21]! When Wiſdom is employ'd,
'Tis ever thus.—Your more acquaintance, ſignor!
I ſay not better, leſt you think I thought not
Yours good enough. [*Exit.*

[21] *Here's two* chewres chewr'd.] That is, *Here are two buſineſſes diſpatched. Chewre* may be a South-country word for *buſineſs*; but in the North we ſhould ſay,

*Here's two* chares char'd.

So in Noble Kinſmen, we have the ſame word, act iii. ſcene ii. the Gaoler's Daughter ſpeaking of Palamon, ſays,

*All's* char'd *when he is gone. No, no, I lie,*
*My father's to be hang'd for his eſcape,* &c. *Sympſon.*

*Enter Alguazier.*

*Pio.* Your ſervant, excellent ſteward!
'Would all the dons in Spain had no more brains!
Here comes the Alguazier: *Dieu vous guarde, monſieur!*
Is my cuz ſtirring yet?

*Alg.* Your cuz, good couſin?
A whore is like a fool, a-kin to all
The gallants in the town. Your cuz, good ſignor,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other couſin,
My lord Vitelli; ſince when there hath been
Some dozen couſins here to enquire for her.

*Pio.* She's greatly allied, Sir.

*Alg.* Marry is ſhe, Sir;
Come of a luſty kindred! The truth is,
I muſt connive no more; no more admittance
Muſt I conſent to: My good lord has threaten'd me,
And you muſt pardon——

*Pio.* Out upon thee, man!
Turn honeſt in thine age? one foot i'th' grave?
Thou ſhalt not wrong thyſelf ſo for a million.
Look, thou three-headed Cerberus (for wit
I mean), here is one ſop, and two, and three;
For ev'ry chap a bit!

*Alg.* Ay, marry, Sir!—
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you, 'faith, this hour,
Where, what I ſaid—Go to! ſhe loves your valour;
Oh, and your muſick moſt abominably!
She is within, Sir, and alone.—What mean you?

[*Piorato changes ſides.*

*Pio.* That is your ſergeant's ſide, I take it, Sir;
Now I endure your conſtable's much better;
There is leſs danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmleſs monſter in the light,
The ſergeant, ſalvage both by day and night.

*Alg.* I will call her to you for that.

*Pio.* No, I'll
Charm her.

*Alg.*

*Alg.* She's come.
*Pio.* My ſpirit!

*Enter Malroda.*

*Malr.* Oh, my ſweet!
Leap hearts to lips, and in our kiſſes meet!

SONG.

*Pio.* Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,
How pale and ſickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh, envious Light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, Night, and piece two breaſts as one;
When what Love does, we will repeat in dreams.
Yet, thy eyes open, who can Day hence fright?
Let but their lids fall, and it will be Night!

*Alg.* Well, I will leave you to your fortitude,
And you to temperance. Ah, ye pretty pair!
'Twere ſin to ſunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place elſe. [*Exit.*

*Malr.* No, you will not marry;
You are a courtier, and can ſing, my love,
And want no miſtreſſes; but yet I care not,
I'll love you ſtill, and when I'm dead for you,
Then you'll believe my truth.

*Pio.* You kill me, fair!
It is my leſſon that you ſpeak. Have I
In any circumſtance deſerv'd this doubt?
I am not like your falſe and perjur'd don,
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his faith;
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A lady not far off.

*Malr.* How's that?

*Pio.* 'Tis ſo:
And therefore, miſtreſs, now the time is come
You may demand his promiſe; and I ſwear
To marry you with ſpeed.

*Malr.* And with that gold
Which don Vitelli gives, you'll walk ſome voyage[22],
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a lord.

*Pio.* You anger me extremely! Fare you well!
What ſhould I ſay to be believ'd? Expoſe me
To any hazard; or, like jealous Juno,
Th' incenſed ſtep-mother of Hercules,
Deſign me labours moſt impoſſible[23],
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; ſo at laſt
You will believe me.

*Malr.* Come; we're friends; I do!
I'm thine; walk in. My lord has ſent me outſides,
But thou ſhalt have 'em; the colours are too ſad.

*Pio.* 'Faith, miſtreſs, I want cloaths indeed.

*Malr.* I have
Some gold too, for my ſervant.

*Pio.* And I have
A better metal for my miſtreſs. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at ſeveral doors.*

*Alg.* Undone!—Wit, now or never help me!—My maſter?

[22] Walk *ſome voyage.*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to journies at ſea; but it properly ſignifies a journey either by land or ſea, as the French uſe the word *voyage.* The word *journey* is derived from *jour* the day; voyage is from *voye, via,* the *way:* And here is uſed in its proper ſignification. *Seward.*

[23] *Labours moſt impoſſible.*] This place, at firſt ſight, appears to be a contradiction: for if the labours were impoſſible they could not be done either by Piorato or Hercules. *Moſt,* I take it here ſhould be wrote thus,

——— *Labours 'moſt impoſſible,*

*i. e.* almoſt. The uſing of a ſimple for a compound word is frequent in our poets; and we have it again in this very play, act v. ſcene ii.

—— *being by your beams of beauty* form'd, i. e. *inform'd.*
*Sympſon.*

This is refinement. The labours of Hercules were enjoined as ſuppoſed impoſſibilities. *Almoſt impoſſible* is a poor phraſe indeed. Poetry is not logick or mathematicks.

He'll

He'll cut my throat!—I'm a dead conſtable!
And he'll not be hang'd neither; there's the grief,—
The party, Sir, is here——
*Vit.* What?
*Alg.* He was here;
(I cry your lordſhip mercy!) but I rattled him;
I told him here was no companions
For ſuch debauch'd, and poor-condition'd fellows;
I bid him venture not ſo deſp'rately
The cropping of his ears, ſlitting his noſe,
Or being gelt——
*Vit.* 'Twas well done.
*Alg.* Pleaſe your honour,
I told him there were ſtews; and then at laſt
Swore three or four great oaths ſhe was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in conſcience,
Being for your lordſhip.
*Vit.* What became of him?
*Alg.* Faith, Sir, he went away with a flea in's ear,
Like a poor cur, clapping his trundle tail
Betwixt his legs.—A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha!—Now, luck!

*Enter Malroda and Piorato.*

*Malr.* 'Tis he; do as I told thee; bleſs thee, ſignor!—Oh, my dear lord.
*Vit.* Malroda? what, alone?
*Malr.* She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble thoughts, my lord; and mine are ſuch,
Being only of your lordſhip.
*Vit.* Pretty laſs!
*Malr.* Oh, my good lord, my picture's done; but 'faith,
It is not like. Nay, this way, Sir! the light
Strikes beſt upon it here.
*Pio.* Excellent wench! [*Exit.*
*Alg.* I am glad the danger's o'er. [*Exit.*
*Vit.* 'Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature Could

Could make but once.

*Malr.* All's clear; another tune
You muſt hear from me now.—Vitelli, thou'rt
A moſt perfidious and a perjur'd man,
As ever did uſurp nobility!

*Vit.* What mean'ſt thou, Mal?

*Malr.* Leave your betraying ſmiles,
And change the tunes of your enticing tongue
To penitential prayers; for I am great
In labour, e'en with anger, big with-child
Of woman's rage [24], bigger than when my womb
Was pregnant by thee! Go, ſeducer, fly
Out of the world; let me the laſt wretch be
Diſhonour'd by thee! Touch me not; I loath
My very heart, becauſe thou lay'ſt there long.
A woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering outſide of you all!
'Would I had honeſtly been match'd to ſome
Poor country ſwain, ere known the vanity
Of court! peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an hour's pomp,
To be a whore unto my dying day!

*Vit.* Oh, th' uncomfortable ways ſuch women have [25]!
Their different ſpeech and meaning, no aſſurance
In what they ſay or do: Diſſemblers
E'en in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek
That flatter'd Troy a-fire, had been their Adam;

[24] ——— *for I am great*
*In labour, e'en with anger, big with child*
*Of woman's rage.*——] Here we have a ſtrange anticlimax, ſhe is *in labour* with anger, and yet only *big* with child of rage. The Editor poſſibly might be the Author of this inconſiſtency, who ſeeing the line wrote

——— *E'en with anger big with child*, &c.

thought that the meaſure was deficient, and ſo might out of his own head give us *in labour* to make up the deficiency: But he did not ſee the inconſiſtency of this addition, which makes the place nonſenſe. *Sympſon.*

[25] *Oh th'* uncomfortable *ways ſuch women have.*] Seward thinks *uncomfortable* a corruption, and that we ſhould read *unſtable.*

Liars,

Liars, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falſhood of the man,
Diſpos'd into that rib! Do I know this,
And more; nay, all that can concern this ſex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rational diſcourſe ſometimes
Advance my ſpirit into Heav'n, before
It has ſhook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy fleſh to maſter it,
With ſight of ſuch fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am abſent, eaſily I reſolve
Ne'er more to entertain thoſe ſtrong deſires
That triumph o'er me, e'en to actual ſin;
Yet when I meet again thoſe ſorcerer's eyes,
Their beams my hardeſt reſolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of ice and July met;
And her ſighs, powerful as the violent North,
Like a light feather twirl me round about,
And leave me in mine own low ſtate again.—
What ail'ſt thou? Prithee, weep not!—Oh, thoſe tears,
If they were true, and rightly ſpent, would raiſe
A flow'ry ſpring i' th' midſt of January;
Celeſtial miniſters with chryſtal cups
Would ſtoop to ſave 'em for immortal drink!
But from this paſſion—Why all this?

*Malr.* D'you aſk?
You're marrying! having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters muſt be my burdens now, to live;
And fitting me yourſelf for carts and beadles,
You leave me to 'em! And who, of all the world,
But the virago, your great arch-foe's daughter?
But on! I care not, this poor ruſh! 'Twill breed
An excellent comedy; ha! ha! It makes me laugh;
I cannot chuſe. The beſt is, ſome report
It is a match for fear, not love, o' your ſide.

*Vit.* Why, how the devil knows ſhe that I ſaw
This lady? are all whores piec'd with ſome witch?
I will be merry.—'Faith, 'tis true, ſweetheart,

I am

I am to marry——

*Malr.* Are you? You baſe lord!
By Heav'n, I'll piſtol thee.

*Vit.* A roaring whore?—
Take heed! there's a correction-houſe hard by.
You ha' learn'd this o' your ſwordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your fencers, and your drunkards. But whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why, I muſt tell you
I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd,
But ſaid I'd love you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you ſwore:
And how you've fail'd of that, ſweetheart, you know.
You fain would ſhew your power; but, fare you well!
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.

*Malr.* Nor I my boſom for a Turk. D'ye hear?
Go! and the devil take me, if ever
I ſee you more! I was too true.

*Vit.* Come; piſh!
That devil take the falſeſt of us two!

*Malr.* Amen!

*Vit.* You're an ill clerk, and curſe yourſelf:
Madneſs tranſports you. I confeſs, I drew you
Unto my will; but you muſt know that muſt not
Make me dote on the habit of my ſin:
I will, to ſettle you to your content,
Be maſter of my word. And yet he lied,
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you ſlave me to your tyranny
So cruelly, I ſhall not dare to look
Or ſpeak to other women? make me not
Your ſmock's monopoly. Come, let's be friends!
Look, here's a jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and——

*Malr.* What? I'faith you ſhall not, Sir.

*Vit.* I'faith and troth, and verily, but I will.

*Malr.* Half-drunk, to make a noiſe, and rail?

*Vit.* No, no;
Sober, and dicted for th' nonce. I'm thine!

I've

I've won the day.

*Malr.* The night, tho', ſhall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Clara and Bobadilla.*

*Clara.* What ſaid he, ſirrah?

*Bob.* Little, or nothing. Faith, I ſaw him not,
Nor will not: He doth love a ſtrumpet, miſtreſs,
Nay, keeps her ſpitefully, under the conſtable's noſe:
It ſhall be juſtified by the gentleman,
Your brother's maſter, that is now within
A-practiſing. There are your letters! Come,
You ſhall not caſt yourſelf away, while I live;
Nor will I venture my right-worſhipful place
In ſuch a buſineſs. Here's your mother (down!)
And he that loves you; another 'gates fellow—I wiſh,
If you had any grace——

*Clara.* Well, rogue!

*Bob.* I'll in,
To ſee don Lucio manage: He will make
A pretty piece of fleſh, I promiſe you;
He does already handle's weapon finely. [*Exit.*

*Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.*

*Eug.* She knows your love, Sir, and the full allowance
Her father and myſelf approve it with;
And I muſt tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought ſome impreſſion by her alteration:
She ſighs, and ſays *forſooth*, and cries *heigh-ho!*
She'll take ill words o' th' ſteward, and the ſervants,
Yet anſwer affably, and modeſtly;
Things, Sir, not uſual with her. There ſhe is;
Change ſome few words.

*Syav.* Madam, I am bound t' you.
How now, fair miſtreſs? working?

*Clara.* Yes, forſooth;

Learning

Learning to live another day.
*Syav.* That needs not.
*Clara.* No, forſooth? by my truly, but it does;
We know not what we may come to.
*Eug.* 'Tis ſtrange!
*Syav.* Come, I've begg'd leave for you to play.
*Clara.* Forſooth,
'Tis ill for a fair lady to be idle.
*Syav.* Sh' had better be well buſied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn; ſhall I ſit by you?
*Clara.* If you be weary, Sir, y' had beſt be gone;
I work not a true ſtitch, now you're my mate.
*Syav.* If I be ſo, I muſt do more than ſide you[26].
*Clara.* Ev'n what you will, but tread me.
*Syav.* Shall we bill?
*Clara.* Oh, no, forſooth.
*Syav.* Being ſo fair, my Clara,
Why d'you delight in black-work?
*Clara.* Oh, white Sir,
The faireſt ladies like the blackeſt men:
I ever lov'd the colour; all black things
Are leaſt ſubject to change.
*Syav.* Why, I do love
A black thing too; and the moſt beauteous faces
Have oftneſt of them; as the blackeſt eyes,
Jet-arched brows, ſuch hair. I'll kiſs your hand.
*Clara.* 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my mother
Will chide me if I do not do my taſk.
*Syav.* Your mother, nor your father ſhall chide.—You
Might have a prettier taſk, would you be rul'd,
And look with open eyes.
*Clara.* I ſtare upon you,
And broadly ſee you; a wondrous proper man!
Yet 'twere a greater taſk for me to love you,
Than I ſhall ever work, Sir, in ſeven year.

[26] ——*I muſt do more* then, *ſide you.*] We ſhould certainly read, *I muſt do more* THAN *ſide you.*

Plague

Plague o' this ſtitching! I had rather feel
Two, than ſow one.—This rogue has given me a ſtitch
Clean croſs my heart. Good faith, Sir, I ſhall prick you!
*Syav.* In gooder faith, I would prick you again!
*Clara.* Now you grow troubleſome! Piſh, the man's fooliſh!
*Syav.* Pray wear theſe trifles.
*Clara.* Neither you, nor trifles:
You are a trifle; wear yourſelf, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
*Syav.* Come, you're deceiv'd in me; I will not wake,
Nor faſt, nor die for you.
*Clara.* Goofe, be not you deceiv'd!
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor faſt, nor watch, nor pray for you.
*Eug.* Her old fit!
*Syav.* Sure, this is not the way.——Nay, I will break
Your melancholy——
*Clara.* I ſhall break your pate then.
Away, you ſanguine ſcabbard!
*Eug.* Out upon thee!
Thou'lt break my heart, I'm ſure.

*Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.*

*Syav.* She's not yet tame.
*Alv.* On, Sir! put home! or I ſhall goad you here
With this old fox of mine, that will bite better.
Oh, the brave age is gone! In my young days
A chevalier would ſtock[27] a needle's point
Three times together ſtrait i' th' hams; or ſhall I
Give you new garters?
*Bob.* Faith, old maſter, there

[27] Stock *a needle's point.*] Seward would read *ſtrike* for *ſtock*; and Sympſon *ſtick.*

Is

Is little hope; the linen ſure was dank
He was begot in, he's ſo faint and cold!
Ev'n ſend him to Toledo, there to ſtudy;
For he will never fadge with theſe Toledos.
Bear y' up your point there, pick his teeth! Oh, baſe!
*Pio.* Fy! you're the moſt untoward ſcholar!—Bear
Your body gracefully; what a poſture's there!
You lie too open-breaſted.
*Lucio.* Oh!
*Pio.* You would
Never make a good ſtateſman.
*Lucio.* Pray no more!
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not
The practice of theſe dang'rous qualities:
I do not mean to live by't, for I truſt
You'll leave me better able.
*Alv.* Not a button!
Eugenia, let's go get us a new heir.
*Eug.* Ay, by my troth, your daughter's as untoward.
*Alv.* I'll break thee bone by bone, and bake thee, ere
I will ha' ſuch a wooden ſon to inherit.—
Take him a good knock; ſee how that will work.
*Pio.* Now for your life, ſignor!
*Lucio.* Oh, alas, I'm kill'd!
My eye is out! Look, father! Zancho!
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.
*Clara.* 'Heart, ne'er a rogue in Spain ſhall wrong my brother,
Whilſt I can hold a ſword.
*Pio.* Hold, madam, madam!
*Alv.* Clara!
*Eug.* Daughter!
*Bob.* Miſtreſs!
*Pio.* *Bradamante!*
Hold, hold, I pray.
*Alv.* The devil's in her, o' th' other ſide ſure!—
There's gold for you.—They have chang'd what-ye-cal't's.
Will no cure help? Well, I have one experiment,
And

And if that fail, I'll hang him; there's an end on't.
Come you along with me! and you, Sir!
*Bob.* Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt Alv. Eug. Lucio, and Bob.*
*Syav.* I'll e'en along with ye; ſhe's too great a lady,
For me, and would prove more than my match. [*Ex.*
*Clara.* You're he ſpoke of Vitelli to the ſteward?
*Pio.* Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat me for't.
*Clara.* But are you ſure you do not wrong him?
*Pio.* Sure?
So ſure, that if you pleaſe venture yourſelf,
I'll ſhew you him and his cockatrice together,
And you ſhall hear 'em talk.
*Clara.* Will you? By Heaven, Sir,
You ſhall endear me ever; and I aſk
You mercy!
*Pio.* You were ſomewhat boiſterous.
*Clara.* There's gold to make y' amends; and for this pains,
I'll gratify you further. I'll but maſk me,
And walk along w' ye. Faith, let's make a night on't!
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, and Lazarillo.*

*Alg.* Come on, my brave water-ſpaniels! you
That hunt ducks in the night, and hide more knavery
Under your gowns than your betters! Obſerve my precepts,
And ediſy by my doctrine. At yond corner
Will I ſet you: If drunkards moleſt the ſtreet,
And fall to brabbling, knock you down the malefactors,
And take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring them
To me; they are lawful priſoners, and muſt
Be ranſom'd ere they receive liberty. What elſe

You are to execute upon occaſion,
You ſufficiently know, and therefore I
Abbreviate my lecture.
*Met.* We
Are wiſe enough, and warm enough.
*Mend.* Vice this night
Shall be apprehended!
*Pach.* The terror of rug-gowns
Shall be known, and our bills diſcharge us
Of after-reckonings.
*Laz.* I will do any thing,
So I may eat!
*Pach.* Lazarillo, we will ſpend no more;
Now we are grown worſe, we will live better; let us
Follow our calling faithfully.
*Alg.* Away then!
The commonwealth is our miſtreſs; and who would ſerve
A common miſtreſs, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaſtro, and two pages with lights.*

*Lam.* I Pray you ſee the maſque, my lord.
*Ana.* 'Tis early night yet.
*Gen.* Oh, if it be ſo late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your preſence
To be my warrant.
*Vit.* You might ſpare this, ſiſter,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is,
By your allowance, and his choice, your ſervant,
And, may my counſel and perſuaſion work it,
Your huſband ſpeedily.—For your entertainment
My thanks! I will not rob you of the means
To do your miſtreſs ſome acceptable ſervice,
In waiting on her to my houſe.

*Gen.*

*Gen.* My lord——

*Vit.* As you reſpect me, without further trouble
Retire, and taſte thoſe pleaſures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

*Lam.* When you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Malroda and Alguazier.*

*Malr.* You'll leave my chamber?

*Alg.* Let us but bill once,
My dove, my ſparrow, and I, with my office,
Will be thy ſlaves for ever.

*Malr.* Are you ſo hot?

*Alg.* But taſte the difference of a man in place:
You'll find that, when authority pricks him forward,
Your don, nor yet your Diego, comes not near him,
To do a lady right! No men pay dearer
For their ſtol'n ſweets than we; three minutes' trading
Affords to any ſinner a protection,
For three years after; think on that. I burn!
But one drop of your bounty——

*Malr.* Hence, you rogue!
Am I fit for you? is't not grace ſufficient
To have your ſtaff a bolt to bar the door
Where a don enters, but that you'll preſume
To be his taſter?

*Alg.* Is no more reſpect
Due to this rod of juſtice?

*Malr.* Do you diſpute?
Good doctor of the dungeon, not a word more!
Pox! if you do, my lord Vitelli knows it.

*Alg.* Why, I am big enough to anſwer him,
Or any man.

*Malr.* 'Tis well!

*Vit.* [*within.*] Malroda!

*Alg.* How?

*Malr.* You know the voice; and now crouch like a cur.

Ta'en worrying ſheep: I now could have you gelded
For a bawd rampant; but, on this ſubmiſſion,
For once I ſpare you.
*Alg.* I will be reveng'd!—
My honourable lord.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vit.* There's for thy care.
*Alg.* I'm mad, ſtark mad! Proud Pagan'! ſcorn her hoſt?

*Enter Piorato and Clara, above.*

I would I were but valiant enough to kick her!
I'd wiſh no manhood elſe.
*Malr.* What's that?
*Alg.* I'm gone. [*Exit.*
*Pio.* You ſee I've kept my word.
*Clara.* But in this object
Hardly deſerv'd my thanks.
*Pio.* Is there aught elſe
You will command me?
*Clara.* Only your ſword,
Which I muſt have. Nay, willingly! I yet know
To force it, and to uſe it.
*Pio.* 'Tis yours, lady.
*Clara.* I aſk no other guard.
*Pio.* If ſo, I leave you.
And now, if that the conſtable keep his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a lord. [*Exit.*
*Malr.* By this good kiſs, you ſhall not.
*Vit.* By this kiſs,
I muſt, and will, Malroda! What, d' you make
A ſtranger of me?
*Malr.* I'll be ſo to you,
And you ſhall find it.
*Vit.* Theſe are your old arts,
T' endear the game you know I come to hunt for;
Which I have borne too coldly.
*Malr.* Do ſo ſtill!
For if I heat you, hang me!

*Vit.*

*Vit.* If you do not,
I know who'll ſtarve for't. Why, thou ſhame of women,
Whoſe folly or whoſe impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine! this to me,
That know thee for a whore?
*Malr.* And made me one;
Remember that!
*Vit.* Why, ſhould I but grow wiſe,
And tie that bounty up, which nor diſcretion
Nor honour can give way to, thou wouldſt be
A bawd ere twenty; and, within a month,
A barefoot, lowſy, and diſeaſed whore,
And ſhift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from poſt to poſt.
*Malr.* Piſh! all our college
Know you can rail well in this kind.
*Clara.* 'Fore me,
He never ſpake ſo well!
*Vit.* I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great fortunes; made thee ſhine
As if thy name were glorious; ſtuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of ſtars;
And in it made thee ſo remarkable,
That it grew queſtionable whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice ſo ſet forth as it is in thee,
Were ev'n by Modeſty's ſelf to be preferr'd:
And am I thus repaid?
*Malr.* You're ſtill my debtor!
Can this, tho' true, be weigh'd with my loſt honour,
Much leſs my faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you had ne'er known what luſt was,
Nor what the ſorrow for't.
*Vit.* 'Tis falſe!
*Malr.* 'Tis true!
But how return'd by you? thy whole life being
But one continued act of luſt, and ſhipwreck
Of womens' chaſtities.
*Vit.* But that I know

That ſhe that dares be damn'd dares any thing,
I ſhould admire thy tempting me; but preſume not
O' th' power you think you hold o'er my affections;
It will deceive you! Yield, and preſently,
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou muſt quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.

*Malr.* Touch me not!
You know I have a throat: By Heaven, if you do,
I will cry out a rape, or ſheath this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and us'd for julip-water,
T' allay the heat which luſcious meats and wine,
And not deſire, hath rais'd.

*Vit.* A deſp'rate devil!
My blood commands my reaſon; I muſt take
Some milder way.

*Malr.* I hope, dear don, I fit you;
The night is mine, altho' the day was yours!
You are not faſting now. This ſpeeding trick
Which I would as a principle leave to all
That make their maintenance out of their own Indies,
As I do now) my good old mother taught me:
Daughter, quoth ſhe, conteſt not with your lover,
His ſtomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him: 'Tis a ſure one!
His looks ſhew he is coming.

*Vit.* Come, this needs not,
Eſpecially to me: You know how dear
I ever have eſteem'd you——

*Clara*, Loſt again!

*Vit.* That any ſigh[28] of yours hath power to change
My ſtrongeſt reſolution; and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind ſhould
Should kneel in vain for.

*Malr.* Pray you pardon thoſe
That need your favour, or deſire it.

*Vit.* Prithee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit

[28] *That any ſigh of yours.*] Amended from Sympſon's conjecture.

For

For my raſh anger, this purſe fill'd with gold.
Thou ſhalt have ſervants, gowns, attires; what not?
Only continue mine.
*Malr.* 'Twas this I fiſh'd for.
*Vit.* Look on me, and receive it.
*Malr.* Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride t' abuſe it.
You ſee a trifle pleaſes me: We're friends;
This kiſs, and this, confirms it.
*Clara.* With my ruin!
*Malr.* I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.
*Vit.* They're yours.
*Malr.* But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me tomorrow? 'Tis a faſhion
Your lords of late have us'd.
*Vit.* But I'll not follow.
*Clara.* That any man at ſuch a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance!
*Vit.* Shall we to-bed now?
*Malr.* Inſtantly, ſweet. Yet, now I think on't better,
There's ſomething firſt that in a word or two
I muſt acquaint you with.
*Clara.* Can I cry aim[29]
To this, againſt myſelf? I'll break this match,
Or make it ſtronger with my blood! [*Deſcends.*

*Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.*

*Alg.* I'm yours!
A don's not privileg'd here more than yourſelf:
Win her, and wear her.
*Pio.* Have you a prieſt ready?
*Alg.* I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have
Married this ſcornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make ſuit to me: There is a trick
To bring a high-pric'd wench upon her knees.
For you, my fine neat harpies, ſtretch your talons,

[29] *Can I cry ayme.*] See note 71 on the Faſe One.

And prove yourſelves true night-birds.
*Pach.* Take my word
For me and all the reſt.
*Laz.* If there be meat
Or any banquet ſtirring, you ſhall ſee
How I'll beſtow myſelf.
*Alg.* When they are drawn,
Ruſh in upon 'em; all's fair prize you light on.
I muſt away: Your officer may give way
To th' knav'ry of his watch, but muſt not ſee it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*
*Met.* There look for us.
*Vit.* Who's that?
*Malr.* My Piorato? Welcome, welcome!
Faith, had you not come when you did, my lord
Had done I know not what to me.
*Vit.* I'm gull'd!
Firſt cheated of my jewels, and then laugh'd at!
Sirrah, what makes you here?
*Pio.* A buſineſs brings me,
More lawful than your own.
*Vit.* How's that, you ſlave?
*Malr.* He's ſuch, that would continue her a whore,
Whom he would make a wife of!
*Vit.* I'll tread upon
The face you dote on, ſtrumpet!
*Enter Clara.*
*Pach.* Keep the peace there!
*Vit.* A plot upon my life too?
*Met.* Down with him!
*Clara.* Shew your old valour, and learn from a woman!
One eagle has a world of odds againſt
A flight of daws, as theſe are.
*Pio.* Get you off;
I'll follow inſtantly.
*Pach.* Run for more help there!
[*Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.*
*Vit.* Loſs of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too,
Afflicts

Afflicts me not ſo much as the having Clara
The witneſs of my weakneſs.
*Clara.* He turns from me!
And yet I may urge merit; ſince his life
Is made my ſecond gift.
*Vit.* May I ne'er proſper
If I know how to thank her!
*Clara.* Sir, your pardon
For preſſing thus, beyond a virgin's bounds,
Upon your privacies; and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th' excuſe
Of my ſoliciting that from you, which ſhall not
Be granted on my part, altho' deſir'd
By any other. Sir, you underſtand me;
And 'twould ſhew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a further boldneſs, which I muſt
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Tho' with my loſs of bluſhes and good name.
*Vit.* Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,
If it were poſſible I could affect
The daughter of an enemy.
*Clara.* That fair falſe one,
Whom with fond dotage you have long purſued,
Had ſuch a father; ſhe to whom you pay
Dearer for your diſhonour, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
*Vit.* 'Tis truth.
*Clara.* Yet, with her, as a friend, you ſtill exchange
Health for diſeaſes, and, to your diſgrace,
Nouriſh the rivals to your preſent pleaſures,
At your own charge; us'd as a property
To give a ſafe protection to her luſt,
Yet ſhare in nothing but the ſhame of it.
*Vit.* Grant all this ſo, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for ſhould I offend you
(As 'tis not eaſy ſtill to pleaſe a woman)
You're of ſo great a ſpirit, that I muſt learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have

My

My breeches from me.

*Clara.* Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will eſteem it happineſs from you
To ſuffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a ſearch within me, and expell'd
All but my natural ſoftneſs, and made perfect
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I will ſhew ſtrength in nothing, but my duty
And glad deſire to pleaſe you, and in that
Grow every day more able.

*Vit.* Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget! I find
A kind of yielding; and no reaſon why
I ſhould hold longer out: She's young, and fair,
And chaſte, for ſure; but with her leave, the devil
Durſt not attempt her. Madam, tho' you have
A ſoldier's arm, your lips appear as if
They were a lady's.

*Clara.* They dare, Sir, from you
Endure the trial.

*Vit.* Ha! once more, I pray you!
The beſt I ever taſted; and 'tis ſaid
I have prov'd many. 'Tis not ſafe, I fear,
To aſk the reſt now. Well, I will leave whoring,
And luck herein ſend me with her!—Worthieſt lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forſwear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.

*Clara.* Which if you do,
From me, all mankind women learn to wooe[30]!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[30] *Mankind women.*] In Shakeſpeare's Coriolanus, Sicinius aſks Volumnia, 'Are you *mankind?*' On which Dr. Johnſon remarks, that 'A *mankind woman* is a woman with the roughneſs of a man, 'and, in an aggravated ſenſe, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager 'to ſhed blood.' Mr. Upton ſays, *mankind* means wicked, and gives the following examples:

'See,

## SCENE III.

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and Lazarillo.*

*Alg.* A cloak? Good purchaſe! And rich hangers? well!
We'll ſhare ten piſtolets a-man.
*Laz.* Yet ſtill
I'm monſtrous hungry! Could you not deduct
So much out of the groſs ſum, as would purchaſe
Eight loins of veal, and ſome two dozen of capons?
*Pach.* Oh, ſtrange proportion for five!
*Laz.* For five? I have
A legion in my ſtomach, that have kept
Perpetual faſt theſe ten years: For the capons,
They are to me but as ſo many black-birds.
May I but eat once, and be ſatisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ſhip is fraught,
And I ſhall hang in peace.
*Alg.* Steal well to-night,
And thou ſhalt feed to-morrow. So! now you are
Yourſelves again, I'll raiſe another watch
To free you from ſuſpicion: Set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
T' aſſiſt you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
*Met.* Oh, brave officer!

---

'See, ſee, this *mankinde* ſtrumpet, ſee (he cride)
'This ſhameleſſe whore.' Fairfax's Taſſo, xx. 95.
'Out! a *mankind* witch!' Winter's Tale, act ii.

Moroſe, being interrupted by the intruſion and noiſe of men and women, cries out,

'O *mankind* generation!'

And Mr. Steevens adds the following from Ben Jonſon:

'Pallas, nor thee I call on, *mankind* maid.'

See Upton's Remarks on Ben Jonſon, p. 92, and Johnſon and Steevens's Shakeſpeare, vol. vii. p. 393. *R.*

*Mankind*, applied to women, both here and in Ben Jonſon, plainly ſignifies *maſculine*.

*Enter*

*Enter Alvarez, Lucio, and Bobadilla.*

*Pach.* 'Would every ward had one but ſo well given,
And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet!
*Mend.* Stand cloſe; a prize!
*Met.* Sattin, and gold lace, lads!
*Alv.* Why doſt thou hang upon me?
*Lucio.* 'Tis ſo dark
I dare not ſee my way; for Heav'n ſake, father,
Let us go home!
*Bob.* No, even here we'll leave you.—
Let's run away from him, my lord.
*Lucio.* Oh, 'las!
*Alv.* Th' haſt made me mad, and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a mortar, and new-mold thee,
But I will alter thee.
*Bob.* 'Twill never be:
He has been three days practiſing to drink,
Yet ſtill he ſips like to a waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murd'ring of a fart
Among wild Iriſh ſwaggerers.
*Lucio.* I have ſtill
Your good word, Zancho. Father——
*Alv.* Milk-ſop, coward!
No houſe of mine receives thee; I diſclaim thee;
Thy mother on her knees ſhall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee!
*Lucio.* Pray you ſpeak for me!
*Bob.* I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.
*Alv.* There's only one courſe left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to ſtrike the next man that you meet;
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and uſe her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamſtrings.
*Pach.* This makes for us.
*Alv.* What doſt thou do now?
*Lucio.* Sir, I'm ſaying my prayers;

For

For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

*Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anaſtro, and Pages with lights.*

*Lam.* Madam, I fear
You'll wiſh y' had us'd your coach; your brother's houſe
Is yet far off.
*Gen.* The better, Sir; this walk
Will help digeſtion after your great ſupper,
Of which I have fed largely.
*Alv.* To your taſk!
Or elſe you know what follows.
*Lucio.* I am dying:
Now, Lord have mercy on me!—By your favour,
Sir, I muſt ſtrike you.
*Lam.* For what cauſe?
*Lucio.* I know not.
And I muſt likewiſe talk with that young lady,
An hour in private.
*Lam.* What you muſt, is doubtful;
But I am certain, Sir, I muſt beat you.
*Lucio.* Help, help!
*Alv.* Not ſtrike again?
*Lam.* How! Alvarez?
*Ana.* This for my lord Vitelli's love!
*Pach.* Break out;
And, like true thieves, make prey on either ſide,
But ſeem to help the ſtronger[11].
*Bob.* Oh, my lord!
They've beat him on his knees.
*Lucio.* Tho' I want courage,
I yet have a ſon's duty in me, and
Compaſſion of a father's danger; that,
That wholly now poſſeſſes me.
*Alv.* Lucio,

[11] *But ſeem to help the* ſtranger.] Corrected from Sympſon's conjecture.

This

This is beyond my hope.

*Met.* So! Lazarillo,
Take up all, boy! Well done!

*Pach.* And now ſteal off
Cloſely and cunningly.

*Ana.* How! have I found you?
Why, gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourſelves
A prey to rogues?

*Lam.* 'Would we were off!

*Bob.* Thieves, thieves!

*Lam.* Defer our own contention, and down with them.

*Lucio.* I'll make you ſure!

*Bob.* Now he plays the devil.

*Gen.* This place is not for me. [*Exit.*

*Lucio.* I'll follow her:
Half of my penance is paſt o'er. [*Exit.*

*Enter Alguazier, Aſſiſtant, and other watches.*

*Alg.* What noiſe,
What tumult's there? Keep the king's peace, I charge you.

*Pach.* I'm glad he's come yet.

*Alv.* Oh, you keep good guard
Upon the city, when men of our rank
Are ſet upon in the ſtreets.

*Lam.* The Aſſiſtant
Shall hear on't, be aſſur'd.

*Ana.* And if he be
That careful governor he is reported,
You will ſmart for it.

*Alg.* Patience, good ſignors!
Let me ſurvey the raſcals. Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: They are pilf'ring rogues
Of Andaluzia, that have perus'd
All priſons in Caſtile. I dare not truſt
The dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own houſe.

*Pach.* We'd rather go to priſon.

*Alg.*

*Alg.* Had you ſo, dog-bolts? yes, I know you had!
You there would uſe your cunning fingers on
The ſimple locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.
*Lam.* My miſtreſs loſt? good night! [*Exit.*
*Bob.* Your ſon's gone too;
What ſhould become of him?
*Alv.* Come of him what will,
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed.
Look to your priſoners, Alguazier. [*Exit with Bob.*
*Alg.* All's clear'd.
Droop not for one diſaſter; let us hug,
And triumph in our knav'ries.
*Aſſiſt.* This confirms
What was reported of him.
*Met.* 'Twas done bravely!
*Alg.* I muſt a little glory in the means
We officers have to play the knaves, and ſafely:
How we break thro' the toils pitch'd by the law,
Yet hang up them that are far leſs delinquents!
A ſimple ſhopkeeper's carted for a bawd,
For lodging, tho' unwittingly, a ſmock-gameſter;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my houſe, as in a cloiſter,
Without taint or ſuſpicion.
*Pach.* But ſuppoſe
The governor ſhould know it?
*Alg.* He? Good gentleman,
Let him perplex himſelf with prying into
The meaſures in the market, and th' abuſes
The day ſtands guilty of: The pillage of
The night is only mine, mine own fee-ſimple,
Which you ſhall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
*Pach.* Admirable landlord!
*Alg.* Now we'll go ſearch the taverns, commit ſuch
As we find drinking, and be drunk ourſelves
With what we take from them. Theſe ſilly wretches,
Whom I for form-ſake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.

*Aſſiſt.*

*Aſſiſt.* And we will
See you ſafe lodg'd, moſt worthy Alguazier,
With all of you, his comrades.
*Met.* 'Tis the governor.
*Alg.* We are betray'd.
*Aſſiſt.* My guard there!—Bind them faſt.

*Enter Guard.*

How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and eſtimations wrong'd
By their ſubord'nate miniſters! yet ſuch
They cannot but employ; wrong'd Juſtice finding
Scarce one true ſervant in ten officers.
T'expoſtulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes' due puniſhment, which ſhall fall upon you
So ſpeedily, and ſeverely, that it ſhall
Fright others by th' example; and confirm,
However corrupt officers may diſgrace
Themſelves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Bring them away.
*Alg.* We'll ſuffer noble yet,
And like to Spaniſh gallants.
*Pach.* And we'll hang ſo.
*Laz.* I have no ſtomach to't; but I'll endeavour.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Lucio and Genevora.*

*Gen.* Nay, you are rude! pray you forbear! you offer now
More than the breeding of a gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
*Lucio.* 'Tis but to kiſs you;
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoin'd me for a penance, lady.
*Gen.* You've met a gentle confeſſor; and, for once,
(So then you will reſt ſatisfied) I vouchſafe it.
*Lucio.* Reſt ſatisfied with a kiſs? Why, can a man
Deſire more from a woman? is there any

Pleaſure

Pleaſure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is!
*Gen.* Sweet innocence!
*Lucio.* What ſtrange new motions do I feel!—My veins
Burn with an unknown fire; in ev'ry part
I ſuffer alteration; I am poiſon'd,
Yet languiſh with deſire again to taſte it,
So ſweetly it works on me.
*Gen.* I ne'er ſaw
A lovely man, 'till now.
*Lucio.* How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiſs'd often, and brought off
My lips unſcorch'd: Yours are more lovely, lady,
And ſo ſhould be leſs hurtful. Pray you vouchſafe
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from your lip!
Perhaps that may reſtore me.
*Gen.* Willingly.
*Lucio.* The flame encreaſes! If to touch you burn thus,
What would more ſtrict embraces do? I know not:
And yet, methinks, to die ſo were to aſcend
To Heaven, thro' Paradiſe.
*Gen.* I'm wounded too;
Tho' modeſty forbids that I ſhould ſpeak
What ignorance makes him bold in.—Why d' you fix
Your eyes ſo ſtrongly on me?
*Lucio.* Pray you ſtand ſtill!
There's nothing elſe that's worth the looking on:
I could adore you, lady.
*Gen.* Can you love me?
*Lucio.* To wait on you in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were ſuch a happineſs—I am reſolv'd,
I'll ſell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myſelf your ſlave.

*Enter Lamoral.*

*Gen.* On eaſier terms

Receive it, as a friend.

*Lam.* How! giving favour?—
I'll have it, with his heart.

*Gen.* What will you do?

*Lucio.* As you are merciful, take my life rather!

*Gen.* Will you depart with it ſo [32]?

*Lucio.* Does that grieve you?

*Gen.* I know not; but ev'n now you appear'd valiant.

*Lucio.* 'Twas to preſerve my father; in his cauſe
I could be ſo again.

*Gen.* Not in your own?
Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?
Away, unworthy creature! I begin
To hate myſelf, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee. For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayſt thou dote on it deſp'rately! but never
Preſume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favour that was raviſh'd from thee.

*Lam.* He wears my head too then. [*Exit.*

*Gen.* Poor fool, farewell! [*Exit.*

*Lucio.* My womaniſh ſoul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward fleſh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her beauty is inſpir'd
A new and maſc'line one, inſtructing me
What's fit to do or ſuffer. Powerful Love!
That haſt with loud, and yet a pleaſing thunder
Rous'd ſleeping manhood in me, thy new Creature,
Perfect thy work; ſo that I may make known
Nature (tho' long kept back) will have her own!
[*Exit.*

[32] *Depart.*] This word is here uſed in the ſenſe of *part*.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Lamoral and Lucio.*

*Lam.* CAN it be poſſible, that in ſix ſhort hours,
The ſubject ſtill the ſame, ſo many habits
Should be remov'd? or this new Lucio (he
That yeſternight was baffled and diſgrac'd,
And thank'd the man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a woman) ſhould now dare
On terms of honour to ſeek reparation,
For what he then appear'd not capable of?

*Lucio.* Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their ſhames to ſee; for puniſhment
And ſcourge to their proud follies.

*Lam.* Prithee leave me:
Had I my page or footman here to fleſh thee,
I durſt the better hear thee.

*Lucio.* This ſcorn needs not:
And offer ſuch no more!

*Lam.* Why, ſay I ſhould,
You'll not be angry?

*Lucio.* Indeed, I think I ſhall!
Would you vouchſafe to ſhew yourſelf a captain,
And lead a little further, to ſome place
That's leſs frequented——

*Lam.* He looks pale.

*Lucio.* If not,
Make uſe of this.

*Lam.* There's anger in his eyes too:
His geſture, voice, behaviour, all new faſhion'd;
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in ſhow it promiſes to make good,
Ulyſſes' Cyclops, Io's transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from hell, with all the reſt
Of Ovid's fables, I'll put in my creed;

And, for proof all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womaniſh Lucio, fought.
*Lucio.* And Lamoral,
The ſtill employ'd great duelliſt Lamoral,
Took his life from him.
*Lam.* 'Twill not come to that ſure!
Methinks the only drawing of my ſword
Should fright that confidence.
*Lucio.* It confirms it rather:
To make which good, know you ſtand now oppos'd
By one that is your rival; one that wiſhes
Your name and title greater, to raiſe his;
The wrong you did leſs pardonable than it is,
But your ſtrength to defend it more than ever
It was when Juſtice friended it; the lady
For whom we now contend, Genevora,
Of more deſert, (if ſuch incomparable beauty
Could ſuffer an addition); your love
To don Vitelli multiplied, and your hate
Againſt my father and his houſe encreas'd;
And laſtly, that the glove which you there wear,
To my diſhonour! (which I muſt force from you)
Were dearer to you than your life.
*Lam.* You'll find
It is, and ſo I'll guard it.
*Lucio.* All theſe meet then,
With the black infamy to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a man, to help your valour;
That, falling by your hand, I may or die
Or win in this one ſingle oppoſition
My miſtreſs, and ſuch honour as I may
Enrich my father's arms with!
*Lam.* 'Tis ſaid nobly;
My life with them are at the ſtake.
*Lucio.* At all then! [*Fight.*
*Lam.* She's your's! this, and my life too, follow your fortune!
And give not only back that part the loſer

Scorns

Scorns to accept of!

*Lucio.* What's that?

*Lam.* My poor life;

Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having deſpoil'd me of my ſword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all elſe
That made it worth the keeping.

*Lucio.* I take back
No more from you than what you forc'd from me,
And with a worſer title. Yet think not
That I'll diſpute this, as made inſolent
By my ſucceſs, but as one equal with you,
If ſo you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you pleaſe) that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only ſight
Of fair Genevora, was not beſtow'd on me
To bloody purpoſes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happineſs to ſee her,
But 'till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and ſhare with you
In all you ſuffer elſe.

*Lam.* This courteſy
Wounds deeper than your ſword can, or mine own:
Pray you make uſe of either, and diſpatch me!

*Lucio.* The barbarous Turk is ſatisfied with ſpoil;
And ſhall I, being poſſeſs'd of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel?

*Lam.* You were better be ſo
Than publiſh my diſgrace, as 'tis the cuſtom,
And which I muſt expect.

*Lucio.* Judge better of me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praiſe
To your diſhonour; 'tis a baſtard courage
That ſeeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodneſs,
But to her virtuous ſelf (the beſt part of it)
I never will diſcover on what terms
I came by theſe: Which yet I take not from you,
But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,

With the deſire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on further trial
Of manhood in me, ſeek me when you pleaſe,
(And tho' I might refuſe it with mine honour)
Win them again, and wear them. So, good morrow!
[*Exit.*

*Lam.* I ne'er knew what true valour was 'till now;
And have gain'd more by this diſgrace, than all
The honours I have won: They made me proud,
Preſumptuous of my fortune, a mere beaſt,
Faſhion'd by them, only to dare and do,
Yielding no reaſons for my wilful actions
But what I ſtuck on my ſword's point, preſuming
It was the beſt revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd make us to others, which
Ending with ſhame, teach us to know ourſelves!
I will think more on't.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vit.* Lamoral!

*Lam.* My lord?

*Vit.* I came to ſeek you.

*Lam.* And unwillingly
You ne'er found me 'till now! Your pleaſure, Sir?

*Vit.* That which will pleaſe thee, friend! Thy vow'd love to me
Shall now be put in action; means are offer'd
To uſe thy good ſword for me, that which ſtill
Thou wear'ſt as if it were a part of thee.
Where is't?

*Lam.* 'Tis chang'd for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.

*Vit.* Why, I ne'er thought
That there was magick in it[31], but aſcrib'd

[31] *That there was* muſick *in it.*] The Editors of 1750 object to the expreſſion, *muſick of a ſword*, and ſubſtitute *magick*, ſaying, 'We 'ſuppoſe the line might originally run thus,

'——*there ne'er was* magick *in it*,

'i. e. the wonders of his ſword were not owing to any charm, or 'enchantment like the ſwords of knights-errant, but only to the 'powerful

'The fortune of it to the arm.
*Lam.* Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendſhip: I am one new vanquiſh'd,
Yet ſhame to tell by whom!
*Vit.* But I'll tell thee
'Gainſt whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honour loſt, if there be any ſuch.
The king, by my long ſuit, at length is pleas'd
That Alvarez and myſelf, with either's ſecond,
Shall end the difference between our houſes,
Which he accepts of: I make choice of thee;
And, where you ſpeak of a diſgrace, the means
To blot it out, by ſuch a publick trial
Of thy approved valour, will revive
Thy antient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll ſeek ſome other.
*Lam.* As I am,
You may command me.
*Vit.* Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Genevora with a letter, and Bobadilla.*

*Gen.* This from madonna Clara?
*Bob.* Yes, an't pleaſe you.
*Gen.* Alvarez' daughter?
*Bob.* The ſame, lady.
*Gen.* She
That ſav'd my brother's life?
*Bob.* You're ſtill i' th' right:
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and, knowing
How neceſſary a diſcreet wiſe man
Was, in a buſineſs of ſuch weight, ſhe pleas'd

---

' powerful arm that wielded it.' We heartily agree with them in the variation to *magick*, but can ſcarce believe that the Authors mean any allusion to knight-errantry.

To think on me. It may be, in my face
Your ladyſhip, not acquainted with my wiſdom,
Finds no ſuch matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you pleaſe.
*Gen.* 'Tis ſtrange——
*Bob.* That I ſhould be wiſe, madam?
*Gen.* No, thou art ſo.
There's for thy pains; and prithee tell thy lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy preſent abſence.
Farewell, farewell, I ſay! Now thou art wiſe.
[*Exit Bob.*
She writes here, ſhe hath ſomething to impart
That may concern my brother's life: I know not;
But general fame does give her out ſo worthy,
That I dare not ſuſpect her; yet wiſh Lucio

*Enter Lucio.*

Were maſter of her mind: But, fy upon't!
Why do I think on him?—See, I am puniſh'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for preſence: Now I muſt
Endure another tedious piece of courtſhip,
Would make one forſwear courteſy.
*Lucio.* Gracious madam, [*Kneels.*
The ſorrow paid, for your juſt anger tow'rds me,
Ariſing from my weakneſs, I preſume
To preſs into your preſence, and deſpair not
An eaſy pardon.
*Gen.* He ſpeaks ſenſe: Oh, ſtrange!
*Lucio.* And yet believe, that no deſires of mine,
Tho' all are too ſtrong in me, had the power,
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded; it being in your part
To leſſen your great rigor when you pleaſe,
And mine to ſuffer with an humble patience
What you'll impoſe upon it.
*Gen.* Courtly too!
*Lucio.* Yet hath the poor and contemn'd Lucio, madam,

(Made

(Made able only by his hope to ſerve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not juſtice,
Was taken from him; and here at your feet,
With theſe, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of Lamoral ('tis all I ſay of him)
For rudely touching that, which, as a relick,
I ever would have worſhipp'd, ſince 'twas yours.

*Gen.* Valiant, and every thing a lady could
Wiſh in her ſervant!

*Lucio.* All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the oppoſite to baſe luſt,
(Which would have all men worthy) hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cheriſh as your own creature!

*Gen.* I am gone
Too far now to diſſemble.—Riſe, or ſure
I muſt kneel with you too: Let this one kiſs
Speak the reſt for me! 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chaſtity would, I could wiſh more.

*Lucio.* In overjoying me, you are grown ſad!
What is it, madam? by Heav'n,
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet,
Favour'd by you, I ſhould as much as man)
But when you pleaſe, now, or on all occaſions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Diſpoſe of at your pleaſure.

*Gen.* If you break
That oath again, you loſe me: Yet, ſo well
I love you, I ſhall never put you to't;
And yet, forget it not. Reſt ſatisfied
With that you have receiv'd now! there are eyes
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be ſeen ſo private with you.

*Lucio.* I obey you.

*Gen.* But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am Vitelli's ſiſter!

*Lucio.* What's that, madam?

*Gen.*

*Gen.* Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels
Love's fire,
Would ever aſk to have means to deſire [34]. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Aſſiſtant, Syavedra, Anaſtro, Herald, and Attendants.*

*Aſſiſt.* Are they come in?
*Herald.* Yes.
*Aſſiſt.* Read the proclamation,
That all the people here aſſembled may
Have ſatisfaction, what the king's dear love,
In care of the republick, hath ordain'd.
Attend with ſilence. Read aloud.

*Herald* [*reading*]. Foraſmuch as our high and mighty maſter, Philip, the potent and moſt Catholick king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal perſon, b:en long and often ſolicited, and grieved, with the deadly and uncurable hatred ſprung up betwixt the two ancient and moſt honourably-deſcended houſes of theſe his two dearly and equally-beloved ſubjects, don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and don Pedro de Vitelli (all which in vain his majeſty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualify:) But that alſo through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily ariſing, falling, and flowing from theſe great heads, his publick civil government is ſeditiouſly and barbarouſly moleſted and wounded, and many of his chief gentry, (no leſs tender to his royal majeſty, than the very branches of his own ſacred blood) ſpoiled, loſt, and ſubmerg'd, in the impious inundation and torrent of their ſtill-growing malice; it hath therefore pleaſed his ſacred

[34] *To have means to deſire.*] *i. e.* To have the means to compaſs his deſire. *Sympſon.*

Surely, this is wrongly interpreted:—The meaning is, 'All who 'feel the pleaſure of love, would wiſh always to have the means of 'loving.' *To have means to deſire* cannot be conſtrued *means to compaſs his deſire.*

majeſty,

majeſty, out of his infinite affection to preſerve his commonwealth, and general peace, from further violation, (as a ſweet and heartily-loving father of his people) and on the earneſt petitions of theſe arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-choſen and beloved friend, armed at all points like gentlemen, in the Caſtle of St. Jago, on this preſent Monday-morning, betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted duel) this to be read aloud for the publick ſatisfaction of his majeſty's well-beloved ſubjects. 'Save the king! [*Drums within.*

*Syav.* Hark, how their drums ſpeak their inſatiate thirſt
Of blood, and ſtop their ears 'gainſt pious peace,
Who, gently whiſpering, implores their friendſhip!

*Aſſiſt.* Kings nor authority can maſter Fate:
Admit 'em then; and blood extinguiſh hate!

*Enter ſeverally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.*

*Syav.* Stay! yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring
(Wherein men now-a-days exceed e'en beaſts,
And think themſelves not men elſe) ſo tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of Chriſtianity!
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Unto the rudeſt hovel, but is great
With your aſſured valours' daily proofs:
Oh, will you then, for a ſuperfluous fame,
A ſound of honour, which, in theſe times, all
Like hereticks profeſs (with obſtinacy,
But moſt erroneouſly) venture your ſouls?
It is a hard taſk, thro' a ſea of blood
To ſail, and land at Heaven.

*Vit.* I hope not,
If Juſtice be my pilot. But, my lord,
You know if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long ſince we had ſhook hands:

I dare

I dare proteſt, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us; but blows the fire,
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.
*Alv.* Vitelli, thou ſay'ſt bravely, and ſayſt right;
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee ſo.
*Vit.* Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build
A ſtory with this arm, for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara ſeven years hence,
As ſhe ſits weeping by a winter-fire,
How ſuch a time Vitelli ſlew her huſband
With the ſame ſword his daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet. Come, Lamoral,
Redeem thyſelf!
*Lam.* Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this ſword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my preſented hat, laid at her feet.
*Lucio.* Thou talk'ſt well, Lamoral! but 'tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat.
Fy, father! I do cool too much.
*Alv.* Oh, boy! thy father's true ſon!
Beat drums! And ſo, good-morrow to your lordſhip!

*Enter above, Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.*

*Syav.* Brave reſolutions!
*Ana.* Brave, and Spaniſh, right!
*Gen.* Lucio!
*Clara.* Vitelli!
*Eug.* Alvarez!
*Alv.* How the devil
Got theſe cats into th' gutter? my puſs too?
*Eug.* Hear us!
*Gen.* We muſt be heard!
*Clara.* We will be heard!
Vitelli, look; ſee Clara on her knees,
Imploring thy compaſſion!—Heav'n, how ſternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each ſcorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, Death needs no ſword here! Oh, my ſiſter,

(Fate

(Fate fain would have it ſo) perſuade, entreat!
A lady's tears are ſilent orators[35],
Or ſhould be ſo at leaſt, to move beyond
The honeſt-tongued rhetorician[36];
Why will you fight? Why does an uncle's death,
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me,
But twenty days? Whoſe forc'd cauſe, and fair manner
You could not underſtand, only have heard.
Cuſtom, that wrought ſo cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my ſex, and knew not
Whether my body female were or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on thoſe deeds I did perpetrate.
How little pow'r tho' you allow to me,
That cannot with my ſighs, my tears, my prayers,
Move you from your own loſs, if you ſhould gain!
*Vit.* I muſt forget you, Clara: 'Till I have
Redeem'd my uncle's blood, that brands my face
Like a peſtif'rous carbuncle, I'm blind
To what you do, deaf to your cries, and marble
To all impulſive exorations.
When on this point I've perch'd thy father's ſoul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand,
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer;

---

[35] *A lady's tears are ſilent orators.*] So Craſhaw,

'Sententious ſhow'rs! O! let them fall!
'Their cadence is rhetorical.'

Again, in Daniel's complaint of Roſamond:

'Ah, beauty, ſyren, fair enchanting good!
'Sweet, ſilent rhetorick of perſuading eyes!
'Dumb eloquence, whoſe power doth move the blood,
'More than the words or wiſdom of the wiſe.'

Vide Steevens's notes on Shakeſpeare, vol. vii. p. 335.

[36] *The* honeſt-*tongu'd rhetorician.*] Seward propoſes ſubſtituting *loudeſt* for *honeſt*. The correction is from Sympſon's conjecture, who ſays, 'Our Poets, who were admirers of the claſſics, might poſſibly 'have had Neſtor in their eye, who is thus deſcribed by Homer,

'*Experienc'd Neſtor, in* perſuaſion ſkill'd,
'*Words ſweet as* honey, *from his lips diſtill'd.*'

'*Mr. Pope's tranſlation.*'

If

If thou canſt love me then, I'll marry thee,
And, for thy father loſt, get thee a ſon;
On no condition elſe!
*Aſſiſt.* Moſt barbarous!
*Syav.* Savage!
*Anâ.* Irreligious!
*Gen.* Oh, Lucio,
Be thou more merciful! thou bear'ſt fewer years,
Art lately wean'd from ſoft effeminacy;
A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart
Are neighbours ſtill to thee: Be then more mild;
Proceed not to this combat! Be'ſt thou deſp'rate
Of thine own life? Yet, deareſt, pity mine!
Thy valour's not thine own; I gave it thee;
Theſe eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breaſt would lodge it: Do not uſe my gifts
To mine own ruin! I have made thee rich;
Be not ſo thankleſs, to undo me for't!
*Lucio.* Miſtreſs, you know I do not wear a vein
I would not rip for you, to do you ſervice:
Life's but a word, a ſhadow, a melting dream,
Compar'd to eſſential and eternal honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother? If I firſt caſt down my ſword,
May all my body here be made one wound,
And yet my ſoul not find Heav'n thoro' it!
*Alv.* You would be catterwauling too; but, peace!
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your ſon, and me; we'll be exceeding merry.
Oh, Lucio, I will have thee cock of all
The proud Vitellis that do live in Spain!
Fy, we ſhall take cold! Hunch! By Heav'n, I'm hoarſe
Already.
*Lam.* How your ſiſter whets my ſpleen!
I could eat Lucio now.
*Gen.* Vitelli! brother!
Ev'n for your father's ſoul, your uncle's blood,
As you do love my life; but laſt, and moſt,
As you reſpect your own honour and fame,

Throw

Throw down your ſword! he is moſt valiant
That herein yields firſt.
*Vit.* Peace, you fool!
*Clara.* Why, Lucio,
Do thou begin: 'Tis no diſparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour
Is in his infancy.
*Gen.* Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'ſt it. Oh, that conſtant Time
Would but go back a week; then Lucio
Thou wouldſt not dare to fight!
*Eug.* Lucio, thy mother,
Thy mother begs it! throw thy ſword down firſt.
*Alv.* I'll throw his head down after then.
*Gen.* Lamoral,
You've often ſwore you'd be commanded by me.
*Lam.* Never to this; your ſpite and ſcorn, Genevora,
Has loſt all power on me!
*Gen.* Your hearing for ſix words!
*Aſſiſt. Syav. Ana.* Strange obſtinacy!
*Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam.* We'll ſtay no longer.
*Clara.* Then, by thy oath, Vitelli,
Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldſt return that ſword
When I ſhould aſk it, give it to me now;
This inſtant I require it!
*Gen.* By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to ſtrike a ſtroke! Now, he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Beſt, and dares firſt be damn'd, infringe his vow!
*Syav.* Excellent ladies!
*Vit.* Piſh, you tyrannize.
*Lucio.* We did equivocate.
*Alv.* On!
*Clara.* Then, Lucio,
So well I love my huſband, (for he is ſo,
Wanting but ceremony) that I pray

His

His 'vengeful ſword may fall upon thy head
Succeſsfully, for falſhood to his ſiſter.
*Gen.* I likewiſe pray, Vitelli, Lucio's ſword
(Who equally's my huſband as thou hers)
May find thy falſe heart, that durſt 'gage thy faith,
And durſt not keep it!
*Aſſiſt.* Are you men, or ſtone?
*Alv.* Men, and we'll prove it with our ſwords.
*Eug.* Your hearing for ſix words, and we have done!
Zancho, come forth!—We'll fight our challenge too:
Now ſpeak your reſolutions.

*Enter Bobadilla, with two ſwords and a piſtol.*

*Gen.* Theſe they are;
The firſt blow giv'n betwixt you ſheaths theſe ſwords
In one another's boſoms.
*Eug.* And, rogue, look
You at that inſtant do diſcharge that piſtol
Into my breaſt: If you ſtart back, or quake,
I'll ſtick you like a pig.
*Alv.* Hold! you are mad.
*Gen.* This we have ſaid; and, by our hope of bliſs,
This we will do! Speak your intents.
*Clara. Gen.* Strike!
*Eug.* Shoot!
*Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam.* Hold, hold! all friends!
*Aſſiſt.* Come down.
*Alv.* Theſe dev'liſh women
Can make men friends and enemies when they liſt!
*Syav.* A gallant undertaking, and a happy!
Why, this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer preſent to our maſter
Philip, than the return from his Indies.

*Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.*

*Clara.* Father, your bleſſing!
*Alv.* Take her: If ye bring not
Betwixt you boys that will find out new worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a falſe prophet.

*Vit.*

*Vit.* Brother,
There is a ſiſter. Long-divided ſtreams
Mix now at length, by fate.
*Bob.* I'm not regarded!
I was the careful ſteward that provided
Theſe inſtruments of peace; I put
The longeſt weapon in your ſiſter's hand,
My lord, becauſe ſhe was the ſhorteſt lady;
For likely the ſhorteſt ladies love the longeſt men.
And, for mine own part, I could have diſcharg'd it:
My piſtol is no ordinary piſtol;
It has two ramming bullets; but, thought I,
Why ſhould I ſhoot my two bullets into
My old lady? If they had gone, I would not
Have ſtay'd long after; I would ev'n have died too,
Bravely, i'faith, like a Roman ſteward; hung
Myſelf in mine own chain, and there had been
A ſtory of Bobadilla Spindola Zancho,
For after-ages to lament. Hum!
I perceive, I am not only not regarded,
But alſo not rewarded.
*Alv.* Prithee, peace!
'Shalt have a new chain, next St. Jaques' day;
Or this new gilt.
*Bob.* I'm ſatisfied; let Virtue have her due:
And yet I'm melancholy upon this atonement;
Pray Heaven the ſtate rue it not! I would
My lord Vitelli's ſteward and I could meet;
They ſhould find it ſhould coſt 'em a little more
To make us friends. Well, I will forſwear
Wine and women for a year; and then
I will be drunk tomorrow; and run a-whoring
Like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail;
Then will I repent next day, and forſwear 'em
Again more vehemently; be forſworn
Next day again, and repent my repentance:
For thus a melancholy gentleman doth
And ought to live.
*Aſſiſt.* Nay, you ſhall dine with me;

And afterward I'll with you to the king.
But firſt, I will diſpatch the caſtle's buſineſs,
That this day may be complete. Bring forth the malefactors!

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.*

You, Alguazier, the ring-leader of theſe
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office;
You muſt reſtore all ſtol'n goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelvemonth without any pay:
This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiſcate)
You're to be whipt, and ſent into the gallies.

*Alg.* I like all, but reſtoring; that Catholick doctrine
I do diſlike. Learn, all ye officers,
By this, to live uprightly—if you can! [*Exit.*

*Aſſiſt.* You cobler, to tranſlate your manners new;
Are doom'd to th' cloiſters of the Mendicants,
With this your brother botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel-hoſe for the poor friars,
'Till they allow your penance for ſufficient,
And your amendment; then you ſhall be freed,
And may ſet up again.

*Pach.* Mendoza, come:
Our ſouls have trod awry in all men's ſight;
We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Exeunt Pach. and Mend.*

*Aſſiſt.* Smith, in thoſe ſhackles you, for your hard heart,
Muſt lie by th' heels a year.

*Met.* I've ſhod your horſe, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Aſſiſt.* Away! For you, my hungry white-loaf'd face,
You muſt to th' gallies, where you ſhall be ſure
To have no more bits than you ſhall have blows.

*Laz.* Well; tho' I herrings want, I ſhall have rows.

*Aſſiſt.* Signor, you have prevented us, and puniſh'd
Yourſelf ſeverelier than we would have done:

You

You have married a whore; may she prove honest!

*Pio.* It is better, my lord, than to marry
An honest woman, that may prove a whore.

*Vit.* It is a handsome wench, an thou canst keep her tame.
I'll send you what I promis'd.

*Pio.* Joy to your lordships!

*Alv.* Here may all ladies learn, to make of foes
The perfect'st friends; and not the perfect'st foes
Of deerest friends, as some do now-a-days!

*Vit.* Behold the pow'r of Love[37]! Nature, tho' lost
By custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of friends' restoring, Love hath here retriev'd
To her own habit; made her blush to see
Her so-long-monstrous metamorphoses:
May strange affairs never have worse success! [*Exeunt.*

[37] *Behold the power of love, to nature lost*

*Love hath here retriev'd.*] Here is another difficult passage, at least to me, *Behold the power of love*, which (love) hath here *to* lost nature retrieved *to* her own habit. This the reader may make sense of if he can, while I endeavour to set the place right thus,

*Behold the power of love, nature* tho' lost

*Love hath retriev'd*
*To her own habit*, &c.

Here we have a glimmering of sense and reason, and the poets are clear'd from a blunder they could hardly be guilty of. *Sympson.*

# EPILOGUE.

OUR Author fears there are ſome rebel hearts,
Whoſe dullneſs doth oppoſe love's piercing darts;
Such will be apt to ſay there wanted wit,
The language low, very few ſcenes are writ
With ſpirit and life; ſuch odd things as theſe
He cares not for, nor ever means to pleaſe;
For if yourſelves, a miſtreſs, or Love's friends,
Are [38] lik'd with this ſmooth play, he hath his ends.

---

[38] *Lik'd.*] *i. e.* Pleaſed. *Yon.*

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

00052973

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016